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THE INDIANA WOMAN

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

FISCHER.

IND. ILL. CO.

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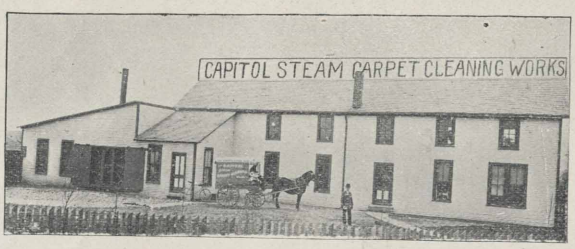

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THE INDIANA WOMAN

Vol. V. Indianapolis, Saturday Afternoon, January 1, 1898 No. 7.

E. H. BLASHFIELD.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand,
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—Tennyson.

IND. ILL. CO. INDPLS.

The Indiana Woman

An Illustrated Weekly Family Journal

Published by
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KATE MILNER RABB, Editor.

NEW YEAR'S WISHES.

What shall I wish thee?
Treasures of earth,
Songs in the spring-time,
Pleasures and mirth,
Flowers in thy pathway,
Skies ever clear?
Would this insure thee
A happy New Year?

What shall I wish thee?
What can be found,
Bringing thee sunshine
All the year round?
Where is the treasure,
Lasting and dear,
That shall ensure thee
A happy New Year?

Faith that increaseth,
Walking in light;
Hope that aboundeth,
Happy and bright;
Love that is perfect,
Casting out fear;
These shall ensure thee
A happy New Year.

Peace in the Saviour,
Rest at His feet,
Smile of His countenance,
Radiant and sweet,
Joy in His Presence!
Christ ever near!
This will ensure thee
A happy New Year.

—Frances R. Havergal.

A New Year's Dream.

A gloomy, rainy night! I drew closer to the fire and looked gloomily into the glowing coals. What did I care for its being New Year's eve? I had nothing to be glad or sorry for in the past year, and nothing to hope for in the coming one.

My lamp burned low. I raked the fire and leaned back in my chair. My paper fell to the floor, and I looked with half-closed eyes at the tongues of flame playing over the coals.

Nine, ten, eleven! rang out from the tower close by. Only one hour more of the old year.

"I am here." Was that delicate, clear sound I heard a voice?

I opened my eyes. Opposite me stood a delicate creature, whose fair hair hung down over her shoulders, and whose filmy drapery floated about her. Her great shining eyes were fixed on my face.

"Who art thou?" I asked wonderingly.

"I am Joy," she answered. "Your dear lost Joy. Have you so soon forgotten me? The old homestead where we used to play together is still in its place, and golden-haired children chase the butterflies as you once chased them. But the old home has not seen you for many years, and long ago you exiled Joy from you." A tear fell on her cheek.

"Dear, lost Joy!" I murmured, "have I found thee again? Hast thou come to make happy my remaining years?"

But she had disappeared, and another stood in her place. A wreath of flowers rested lightly on her curls. She smiled, and her lips were like Cupid's bow.

"And who art thou?"

"My name is Love," she sighed. "Do you not remember what companions we once were? Together we roamed in the forest, and carved your maiden's name and yours together on the trees."

"O false, false Love!" I cried. "You come but to torture me with the thought of happier days!"

The flowers she held were fading and she vanished at my words. When I looked again, a third stood before me. Her eyes were large and earnest, and lilies rested on her bosom.

"I am Faith, so long your friend," she said. "Do you not remember how many difficulties you once conquered by my aid? Out of how many sloughs of despond I helped you? And last year you thought you could do without me, so you went on alone."

"Poor Faith! My present companion, Doubt, is not as cheerful as you were wont to be, and——"

But she was gone, and another stood beside me. Her beauty far surpassed that of the others. On her forehead a star burned. Her eyes were earnest, and when she fixed them on me, I felt a strange thrill and a wonderful happiness.

"I am Hope," she said, "and I have never deserted you. Love and Joy are fleeting, but Hope is eternal. I bring with me again my sister Faith, and we have much happiness for you in the New Year."

Ten, eleven, twelve! thundered the town clock, hard by. I opened my eyes. My lamp had gone out, my fire had burned down and I was sitting in my gloomy room with Hope in my heart.

MRS. CHARLES E. KREGELO OF LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

Some Christmas Experiences.

"What did I get my wife for Christmas?" he repeated after his friend. "Well, I don't believe I remember. Think it's queer, do you? Well, after you've been married as long as I have, maybe you won't think so. She doesn't want me to select her present, my wife doesn't, and I don't care to, either. So I give her some money and she buys her own present. She hides it away, though, and I never see it until Christmas morning, and she pretends to be surprised, too. Now I come to think of it, I believe it was some sort of fur stuff to wrap around her neck, this time."

—

"Yes, I've bought my girl a present," confessed a young man, "but I can't present it to her with any grace, for I haven't enough confidence in my ability to select a present that will please her. Once, when I was younger and greener, I was very devoted to a young woman, I thought I would give her an elegant present. I finally decided on a beautiful pair of slippers. I worked myself down getting a pair which I thought were sufficiently pretty, and I finally bought some which were gorgeous, I can tell you. To make them still more so, they had beads sewed all over them. I took them to her, full of pride, and she opened the box and looked at them. She looked a long time without saying anything, and finally asked "where did you get them, dear?" I gave her the name of the department store, and she folded them snugly back into the box. The next week she took them back and had the price of the slippers put on her millinery bill. Since then, I haven't had much confidence in myself when it comes to the selection of a present."

—

"Did I get a Christmas present?" asked a young man in a disgusted tone "I should say I did, and I hope I shall never get another. On Christmas morning, I answered the bell only to find Miss C. standing at our door. She looked very much confused at seeing me, and poking a package at me, ran down the steps before I could open my mouth. And what do you suppose it was? A silly calendar, of all things! I hope I shall never get another! Joke about slippers and smoking caps all you will, they can't come up to this calendar nuisance!"

—

"We have our Christmas on Christmas eve, my husband and I," explained a young matron, and give the morning up to the children. "So on Christmas eve according to our custom, I brought out my presents and gave them to my husband. Then he went to get his. He brought in his overcoat and first got out the nuts and candy I had told him to get for the babies. Then he went down in his pockets and drew out two gifts for me. While I was admiring them, he was looking absently around the room. 'It seems to me I intended to get you something else,' he said, absently, 'but I suppose I forgot it; I can't remember what it was.' Then we sat down and passed a very pleasant evening. Some one came in, and as we sat talking, he suddenly remembered. 'I did get you something else,' he cried, 'I knew I did. I brought it home yesterday evening, and hid it in the parlor.' He hurried in and brought me out a pretty little statuette. We haven't done joking him about it, yet," she added.

—

"Did I get what I wanted for Christmas?" asked a pretty belle. "I did not. I asked Santa for a new beau. I am tired of the old ones, and I fear they are getting tired of me. But Santa didn't bring him down the chimney, nor in at the front door. I'm afraid I'll have to do without this year," and her pretty face clouded with a pout.

SIDNEY SWIFT.

With the Revolutionary Societies.

The National Society of New England Women has just given in New York a most successful entertainment, "The Carnival of American History," an account of which may be of interest to our readers. It certainly offers suggestions to members of the Revolutionary Societies who are looking for some novel and interesting entertainment by which to raise money for some charity.

The preparations for this entertainment which was very elaborate, have been going on for nearly a year, and the entertainment was given in the Metropolitan Opera House.

The interesting program was as follows: I. The Mayflower Period: Consisting of character parts, taken by lineal descendants of the original "Mayflower" pilgrims. Scene 1—Ye pilgrims prepare to keep ye Sabbath on shore. January 14, 1621, old style. Scene 2—Marriage of John Alden and Priscilla Mullins, 1623. This was very pretty and simple. A song, "The Breaking Waves Dashed High," by Hemans was given by a well known singer.

II. The Dutch Period: In this was depicted character parts, taken by lineal descendants of the original Dutch of New Amsterdam. The principal scene was the welcome to Governor Petrus Stuyvesant, 1647.

III. The Colonial Period: This number particularly interested the children. It represented the scene of a New England Thanksgiving, 1735, and a sleighing party's visit to dinner. An incidental song, "Hurrah for Old New England," was sung by a well known singer.

IV. The Revolutionary Period: This was very good. Scene 1—Evacuation of New York by the British, November 25, 1763. Scene 2. Raising the American Flag at the Battery. In these scenes Gov. Clinton and Gen. Washington was represented on Bowery Road receiving the news of the evacuation of the British troops, and then at the Battery raising the new flag. Their escorts were members of the Continental Guards, Squadron A., the Sons of the American Revolution, the Mary Washington Colonial Chapter, D. A. R., and members of the Old Guard, under command of Major Briggs.

V. The Constitutional Period: Here was presented. Scene 1—Inauguration of Washington, Federal Hall, April 30, 1789. The incidental character parts were taken by the members of the Order of Founders and Patriots of America. Then a song, "Hail Columbia," was sung. Then came scene 2—the Embassy Ball, representing social life in the first administration, May 14, 1789. A gavotte was danced in this scene. The movements of the dance were both graceful and picturesque in coloring and effect.

VI. The Period of the War of 1812: Presented a scene presenting the freedom of the city to Commodore Isaac Hull, of the U. S. frigate "Constitution" in the Council Chamber, City Hall, New York.

VII. The Civil War Period: This included the stirring patriotic features of action. Scene 1—Departure of the 7th Regiment for Washington, 1861, acted by Company G, 7th Reg., N. G. S. N. Y., under Capt. Wm. J. Underwood. Scene 2—Picket Guard at the Front, 1763. Very touching were the

Continued on page 14.

MONSIEUR SEGUIN'S GOAT.

Translated from the French of Daudet by Delight Sweetser.

TO MR. PIERRE GRINGOIRE, LYRIC POET, PARIS.

You'll be always the same, my poor Gringoire.

What! you've been offered a position as reporter on one of the first Paris newspapers and you have the assurance to refuse it—but look at yourself, my poor boy! Look at your worn coat and your fringed trousers and your thin face that tells of hunger. That is where your passion for beautiful rhymes has led you. That's what your ten years of faithful service to sire Apollo has done for you. Aren't you really ashamed of it yourself, after all? Become a reporter, my poor foolish fellow, become a reporter! You'll make many pretty dollars and you can dine at Brebant's and present yourself always at first nights with a new feather in your cap.

No! you don't want to? You mean to be free, to live according to your fancy to the end. Well, let me tell you the story of M. Seguin's goat. You'll see what one gains by a life of liberty.

Monsieur Seguin never had any luck with his goats. He lost them all in the same fashion; one fine morning they broke their cord and ran away to the mountains and there the wolf ate them. Nothing could keep them, neither the caresses of their master, nor the fear of the wolf. They were, it seems, independent goats who wanted the open air and liberty at any price. Good M. Seguin who didn't understand at all the character of these animal was in consternation. "Well," said the poor man, "I suppose that's the end of it. My goats are discontented with me and I shan't ever be able to keep them."

However, he didn't allow himself to become discouraged and after having lost six in the same way, he bought a seventh. Only this time he took care to get a very young one so that it should become accustomed to its life with him, in its youth.

Ah, but she was pretty, Gringoire!—M. Seguin's little goat. She had big soft eyes and an under officer's little beard and black shining hoofs and a coat of long, silky, white hair; she was almost as charming as Esmeralda's kid,—do you remember, Gringoire? And then she was docile and affectionate, letting herself be milked without stirring, never putting her foot in the pail—a love of a little goat.

M. Seguin had behind his house a yard with a hawthorne hedge. It was there he put his new boarder. He fastened her to a stake in the prettiest part of the enclosure, taking care to leave plenty of rope, and from time to time he went to see if all was well. The little goat was very happy and browsed away so contentedly that M. Seguin was enchanted. At last, thought the poor man, I have one that won't grow tired of her life here.

M. Seguin was mistaken. She grew unhappy.

One day she said to herself as she looked up at the mountains: "How fine it must be up there. How charming to gambol in the heather without this wretched cord to cut one's neck. It does very well for donkeys or cows to browse in a meadow, but goats should have more room."

From that minute the grass in the enclosure seemed tasteless. Ennui came to her. She grew thin and her milk dried up. It was pitiful really to see her, tugging all day long at the rope, her head turned toward the mountain, her nostrils spread, calling Ba-a-a-a sadly.

M. Seguin understood very well that something was the matter with his goat, but he didn't know what it was. One morning when he had finished milking her the goat turned to him and said in her patois, "Listen, Monsieur Seguin, I'm very unhappy here. Won't you let me go to the mountain?" "Ah, mon Dieu, this one too!" said M. Seguin, dismayed, letting fall his milkpail. "What, Blanquette, you want to leave me?" he said.

"Yes, Monsieur Seguin," Blanquette replied, sadly.

"Is it because there isn't enough grass here?"

"Oh, no, M. Seguin."

"Perhaps the cord isn't long enough; shall I lengthen it for you?"

"It isn't worth while, M. Seguin."

"Then what can I do for you, Blanquette? What is it you want?"

"I want to go to the mountain, M. Seguin."

"But my poor little friend you have forgotten about the wolf in the mountain. What will you do when he comes?"

"I'll strike him with my horns, M. Seguin."

"Ah, the wolf would laugh at your horns. He has killed goats with much more formidable horns than yours. You remember old Renaude who was here last year, such a fine animal, as strong and fierce as a ram. She fought with the wolf all night—and then in the morning he ate her."

"How terrible! Poor Renaude! But I can't help that, M. Seguin. Won't you let me go to the mountain?"

"Heavenly bounty," cried M. Seguin. "What in the world have they done to my goats? Here is another one that the wolf will eat for me. Well, not if I can help it. I'll save you in spite of yourself, you little wretch, and for fear you break the cord, I'll shut you in the stable and you can stay there all the time."

Thereupon M. Seguin carried Blanquette into a dark stable and closed the doors with a double bolt. Unfortunately he forgot the window and he had no sooner turned his back than the little goat jumped out and ran away.

You laugh, Gringoire? Of course, I suppose so. You are on the side of the goats, my good fellow, against worthy M. Seguin. We'll see if you laugh a little later.

When the white goat arrived in the mountain there was general rejoicing. The old pines had never seen anything so pretty. They received her like a little queen. The chestnut trees bent to the earth to caress her with the tips of their branches. The golden broom opened to make way for her and sent her its sweetest perfume. The whole mountain made merry for her.

You can guess, Gringoire, whether our little goat was happy. No more rope, no more stake, nothing to prevent her from skipping and browsing as she pleased. There was plenty of pasture. Up above her horns, my dear. And such pasture, toothsome, delicate, delicious—made of a thousand plants. How very different from the grass of the enclosure. And then the flowers! Great blue bells and purple fox-glove with long graceful cups, a forest of wild flowers brimful of intoxicating juice.

The white goat, half tipsy, buried herself in it, her legs in the air and then rolled pell mell down the slope among the fallen leaves and the chestnuts. Suddenly she jumped to her feet—Click! and away she went, her head up, across the pasture and underbrush, now on a hill, now in a ravine, now up, now down, everywhere! You would have thought there were ten of M. Seguin's goats in the mountains.

Our little Blanquette wasn't afraid of anything. She cleared at one bound the mountain torrents which splashed her with wet dust and foam. Then, dripping wet she went to stretch herself on some flat rocks to dry in the sun. Once, going up to the edge of a precipice, a toothsome flower in her mouth, she saw away down in the valley, M. Seguin's house with the enclosure behind it. It made her laugh until the tears came in her eyes.

"Ah how tiny it is," she cried. "How did I ever endure it there?"

Poor little lambling. When she found herself perched up there she thought she was at least as big as the world.

In a word, it was a fine day for M. Seguin's goat. About noon as she was running right and left she met a company of chamois who were having a feast of wild grape vines. Our white robed wanderer made a sensation. They gave her the best place at the vine and all the gentlemen were very gallant. It seems even—but this is between you and me, Gringoire,—that a young chamios in a black coat was fortunate enough to charm Blanquette. The lovers wandered in the woods for an hour or two and if you want to know what they said you must ask the gossiping brooks that run unseen in the moss.

Suddenly the wind freshened. The mountain grew violet. It was evening. "Already!" cried the little goat and stopped short in her astonishment.

Down below, the fields were drowned in mist. M. Seguin's inclosure was disappearing in the fog and you could only see the roof of the little house with a bit of smoke. She listened to the bells of the flock just entering the fold and felt sick at heart. A falcon homeward bound, brushed her with his wing. She trembled. Then she heard a long cry in the mountain.

Woo! Woo!

She thought of the wolf. All day long the madcap had forgotten all about him. At that moment a trumpet sounded far away in the valley. It was good M. Seguin who was making a last effort to save her.

"Woo! Woo!" cried the wolf.

"Come back! Come back!" cried the trumpet.

Blanquette wanted to go back, but then she remembered the stake and the cord and the hedge and she thought she couldn't endure that life. It would be better to stay.

The trumpet had ceased to sound.

The little goat heard a rustling of leaves behind her. She turned and in the shadow she saw two straight ears and two glistening eyes. It was the wolf.

There he was,sitting on his haunches, enormous, silent, looking at Blanquette and feasting on her in advance. He knew very well that he was going to eat her so he was in no hurry; only when she turned away he began to laugh wickedly. "Ha! ha! M. Seguin's little goat." And he licked his black lips with his big red tongue.

Blanquette felt that she was lost. For a minute, thinking of the story of old Renaude who fought all night only to be eaten in the morning, she thought it might be better to let the wolf eat her at once. But on second thought she fell on guard, with lowered head and advancing horns, like the brave goat of M. Seguin that she was. Not that she had any hope of killing the wolf—goats do not kill wolves—but only to see if she could resist as long as old Renaude had.

Then the monster advanced and the little horns began to dance.

Ah! the brave little goat. How courageously she defended herself. More than ten times, I'm telling you the truth, Gringoire, she forced the wolf to retreat to catch his breath. During those short truces the gourmand hastily gathered a bit of her loved grass and renewed the combat with her mouth full. The struggle lasted all night. Occasionally she looked up at the stars dancing in the clear heaven and said to herself "God grant that I live until dawn."

One by one the stars went out. Blanquette doubled the blows of her horns, the wolf doubled the wounds of his cruel teeth. A pale light appeared in the horizon. The hoarse cry of a cock arose from a farmyard.

"At last!" said poor Blanquette, who only awaited the daylight to die. Then she lay down on the ground. Her beautiful white coat was spotted with blood.

And the wolf fell upon her and ate her up.

Adieu, Gringoire.

The story I've just told you isn't a fairy tale of my own invention. If you ever come to Provence, you'll often hear our country people speak of "la cabro de moussu Seguin, que se battegue touto la nive eme lou loup, et piei lou matin lou loup mange."*

"You hear, Gringoire? Only to be eaten in the morning."

*M. Seguin's goat, who fought all night with the wolf, only to be eaten in the morning.

On New Years Day.

The Romans dedicated the day and the ensuing month to Janus, offering sacrifices to him on twelve altars, and ordering every word and act that they might be a happy augury of the twelve months of the year. They sent gifts to their kinsfolk, friends and acquaintances.

The Druids distributed branches of the sacred mistletoe, cut with peculiar ceremonies, as New Year's gifts among the people.

The Jewish New Year is celebrated with peculiar ceremonies, though it occurs at a different time from ours.

The Chinese New Year is the greatest celebration of the year, and is continued for three days. Preparatory to it, all accounts are settled and debts paid so far as possible. On New Year's day, calls are made upon friends, joyous greetings are exchanged in the streets, paper prayers are offered in the temples, fireworks are burned, gongs are beaten, and a general hubbub prevails.

In Korea, the night before New Year's corresponds to our Christmas.

The boys and girls are taught to dread an ugly old Quayshin or Devil, who is looking around to steal their nice things.

For this occasion, each boy and girl has an entirely new outfit of clothes—gorgeous red jackets, great, wide,snow-white trousers, padded with cotton, nice new shoes, daintily turned up at the toes, and gay ribbons to be worn in the braids of hair which adorn the heads of boys and girls alike.

Choice dainties in the way of food and confections are also prepared for this occasion, and the children are kept awake by their mothers till the new day comes in, lest this old Quayshin may come and carry off their nice things. Also, they must not leave their shoes on the door-step as usual, for if they do the old fellow will try them on and then they will be led into bad luck during the ensuing year. They must put an old sieve on the door-step for him to look into, however, for it is said that the numberless little openings of the sieve so puzzle the Quayshin that he at once takes himself away, and the boys and girls are spared the loss of their New Year's finery, feast and good luck.

POINTS BY PYKE.

Mildred reads the "Marriages"—
Her interest in them fails—
Father reads the "Politics,"
And mother reads the "Bargain Sales,"
Arthur reads the "Sporting News"—
His special hobby is baseball—
Says the man who reads the proofs,
No one living reads it all.

Bridget reads the "small ad. page,"
Looking for a better place;
Agnes reads the murders, and the
Tales of men in deep disgrace.
Ethel reads the list of guests
At the big Van Astor ball—
Says the man who reads the proofs,
No one living reads it all.

Forty pages every week,
Eight long columns to the page,
To read everything would add
A full twelve month to your age.
So each reads his special part,
Then he lets the paper fall.
Pity him who reads the proofs,
For he has to read it all.

—Somerville Journal

—

A happy New Year! And Pyke hopes that all his pretty, witty and wise readers have made one good resolution, even though they break it within the next week.

—

The minister thinks that's a very bad sort of New Year's wish. No, I say. It is like the mental training supposed to be gotten from the study of the Greek grammar and Analytical geometry. From these two subjects I suffered greatly in my youth and the consolation administered me was that I was to secure from them a much needed mental discipline. Arguing in the same way, I am inclined to think that some excellent mental and moral discipline will come from trying to make a few good resolutions and from the effort to keep them for a week or so. Moreover, it shows that there is a little good in one, that he tries to be good once in a while, even though that once in a while is only once a year.

—

I haven't made any particular resolutions this year. I have lumped them all. In this way, they are easier to make—and easier to break. My resolution? Oh, just to be good.

—

This includes a number of things. I must never be cross to Mrs. Pyke; I must do everything nice for her in my power; I must never lose my temper under any circumstances; I must go to church twice every Sunday; I must never once break the ten commandments, and must always observe the golden rule. You see, if I undertook to write out or to think out all these resolutions, it would require a great deal of valuable paper and time. Therefore, I have thought it was easier to lump it and just say that I will be good.

—

"It's better being good than bad,
Its better being meek than fierce," says Browning, and Pyke echoes the sentiment.

—

Caller—Is Mrs. Wicks at home?
Bridget—No, mum.
Caller—Oh, I'm very sorry.
Bridget—So I'm I, mum; but she's really out this time.

—

Another Indianapolis minister has written a book. This book is "Gabriel's Wooing," a story, by the Rev. Andrew J. Graham of Christ Church. We hope to be able to present our readers with a more extended notice of this book ere long.

—

There are some people who enjoy taking the opposite side in a discussion just for the sake of argument. Mr. J. W. Fesler did this once, to his sorrow, although he pretended to be convinced of the truth of the side he took. He wrote a paper for the Century Club, on John Brown, in which he took the stand that John Brown was an imposter, or a sham or some such thing. He got plenty of argument, too much in fact. And he says to this day he hears of it from his friends.

—

On Friday night, January seventh, the Indiana University Glee Club will give a concert at Roberts Park Church. This is the third appearance of this club in our city, and each time before they have been well received. Of course one is not expected to make as much fuss over these young "Hoosiers" as though they hailed from some great Eastern University, and went from place to place in a private car,—in his own country—you—know, one can not expect much appreciation. But those who are judges say that these young men sing very well, and their entertainment is interesting and creditable.

—

The January number of the "Ishmaelite" will contain an article on "The Man Who Writes" by Miss Harriet Noble. It is on Essay Topics, and Pyke hopes it will be read and digested by the club people.

—

An exchange informs us that it is now allowable for a bridesmaid to wear any kind of a frock. This informant is certainly a bit behind the times. He has not lived in Indianapolis, or he would have known that Indianapolis bridesmaids almost always wear "any kind of a frock." With my own eyes I have seen them arrayed in yellow, in green, in blue, in pink and in white, and one wedding where a baker's dozen of them were gowned in all the colors of the rainbow. Surely after this display we do not need to be informed all the way from Boston, that a bridesmaid may wear "any kind of a frock."

—

"What did you find the greatest difficulty you had to encounter in the Arctic regions, Mr. Iceberger?"
"Getting back home."

—

One of the prettiest gift books of the Christmas season was Mr. Riley's "Rubaiyat of Doc Sifers." It is safe to say that it found its way into many Indianapolis homes.

—

They say people in other cities enjoy nothing so much as receiving for holiday gifts from Indianapolis people, souvenirs of our popular poet in the way of his books and pictures. They seem to think it adds greatly to the gift that it comes from the home of the poet. Very popular are the paper weights with Riley's face upon them, and his photographs sell well, too. Altogether, from the present indications, our poet has no reason to fear an immediate decline in popularity.

—

General Wallace has not yet laid down the pen. The place of honor in the Christmas number of Harper's Magazine is given to a poem by this distinguished Indianian.

MISS EDITH DANIELS OF DAYTON, OHIO.

—

Every once in a while as I walk about down town, or hide myself in a corner at receptions, I see a pretty woman with a curl escaping from the soft coils of hair, at the back of her head, and the ladies have told me that this old fashion is coming to the front again. It is a pretty one as long as the curl is short and curly. I should welcome it even more warmly did I not remember when curls were once before in fashion. Then women frequently wore one curl so long that reached to their waists. Worse, it was often very much out of curl.

—

At the Dramatic Club's December play, the costumes which were those of the early Victorian period were very becoming. Miss Kate Smith wore a dainty pink and white gown, and part of the time a Victorian bonnet, which displayed to advantage the brown curls framing her pretty face. Miss Browning wore the curls, too, under the little widow's cap. They were prettier on the ladies than they are in pictures, and showed us that it would not be so hard to reconcile ourselves to them if they come in fashion again.

By the way, "they say" that Miss Browning made quite a hit in her performance. It was her first effort too, but she played with a great deal of dash, and acted as though she was perfectly at home on the boards.

PYKE.

Stray Tales of the Town.

The absent-minded man whose misdeeds have from time to time graced this column, wants it to be known that there are absent-minded women too, in Indianapolis. He tells me this story of one.

The other day she got ready to go to church and hurried a little, as it was late. When she was all ready to go to church and had the front door open, she bethought herself that it might be warm in church and that she would better go back and get a fan. She rushed back to her room, picked up one from the dresser, and was soon at church sitting primly in her pew with her hands folded.

Soon a friend came in and sat down beside her. They exchanged a few words. All at once the friend's eye fell on the absent-minded woman's lap.

"What in the world have you in your hands?" she whispered in an excited tone.

The absent-minded woman's eyes fell on her hands so primly folded in her lap. There, instead of the fan which she had supposed she had taken from the dresser, was a long black rubber comb!

She did not hear much of the sermon. Most of her time was occupied in thinking of how to conceal that comb.

—

Young B. realized to the full, the other night, just how uncomfortable it makes a man to get off a joke and have no one understand it. His wife appreciates it, too.

The B's were spending the evening with some acquaintances. These acquaintances were city bred. Mr. B. came from the eastern part of Indiana, and Mrs. B. from southern Indiana, and they had met—no matter where, had married and come to Indianapolis to live. Mr. B. has always enjoyed teasing his wife about the unpleasant reputation for ignorance her part of the state enjoys.

That evening, the conversation turned on the birthplaces of the different members of the party, and Mrs. B. was asked from what part of the state she came.

"From southern Indiana," she explained modestly, and I fear she added a little apology for it.

"Yes, it needs apologizing for," said Mr. B. jocosely. "Yes, Mrs. B. came from southern Indiana, and from Hooppole township," he added jocosely. "I always tell all our friends that she came from Hooppole township."

Nobody laughed. Perhaps they had never heard of Hooppole township; perhaps if they had, they thought Mrs. B. really hailed from that region. Perhaps they thought it one of those family jokes that are never funny to any one but the family. At any rate, the silence was unbroken for a while and then some one mercifully changed the subject.

Mrs. B. says that one good thing has resulted from the unfortunate joke; Mr. B. does not so often remark about her native birthplace in public.

—

A little girl who has recently been learning a great deal about Jesus, and among other things that he lives "up in the sky", was impelled to made some inquiries concerning Jack Frost after examining our ice-armored trees, last week.

"Where does he come from, mamma?" she queried.

"From up in the sky," replied mamma absently.

"Then is he Jesus's little boy?" inquired the little maid.

OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

Is it not time that we were having a new edition of our Red Book? Indianapolis people have found the Red Book very useful, but two years or more have passed since it was issued, and in that time many changes have occured in our society. Some prominent families have moved away; others have come to our city. To be properly useful, a new edition should be brought out every year. Indianapolis was certainly in crying need of one, until this one was given it, and now it is in need of a new edition.

—

"Theater sickness" is a new disease. It is very dangerous, and its symptoms somewhat resemble those of asphyxia. Some French doctor has been writing about it, and from his article it would seem that only men are affected by it. It will be difficult to convince the average young woman that this is anything but a scheme of some long-headed young man to keep from taking the young women of his acquaintance to the theater. "Theater sickness" may become popular on this side of the Atlantic.

—

We are told that the Hon. Mrs. Curzon, formerly Miss Mary Leiter, of Chicago, has "adopted" a new style of eyebrow, which is very much like the Japanese eyebrow, and is known as the "Curzon brow." Further more, this style of brow has become so popular in England as to almost entirely supersede the classic arch. To judge from the picture of Mrs. Curzon, there are very few types of face to which this brow would be at all becoming, so we warn our young women to cling to the arch and avoid the Curzon. By the way, does this bit of information convey with it also the alarming bit of news that our young women, dissatisfied with the brows nature has given them, deliberately manufacture their own brows?

—

One of the prettiest calendars of the season has six pages, each containing a beautiful photograph of a Madonna. The lettering is in the corners, leaving the picture without blemish, so that it can be framed when the two months are past. This is the most sensible kind of calendar yet displayed. What to do with the calendars after the year was past has always been a serious question. They are too pretty to throw away, yet one cannot have the house encumbered with the calendars of past seasons. The new calendar solves the question. Choose one of them and you may be sure you have conferred a boon upon a picture-loving friend.

—

All our exchanges look strange in their holiday dress. "Events" is enlarged, and is adorned with many beautiful pictures. The editor of this little paper is evidently bent on showing the world what a woman can do when she has set her mind to it.

—

The other day an Indianapolis family bought a copy of "The Stickit Minister', for a gift to a friend. They read it before sending it away and it occurred to them during the reading that they would like to know just what was meant by the term "stickit." It was not in the dictionary; it was not in the glossary of Burns' poems, and they even asked a Scotch friend all to no avail. They are still vainly searching for a definition of "Stickit." Can any of Pyke's readers tell them what it is?

—

I can not say that I am particularly fond of calendars, but some of the new ones are so beautiful that I can forgive their inventors. The offensive list of days of the month is tucked away quite out of sight in one corner, and the large pages are occupied with reproductions of famous master-pieces of art. The most beautiful calendar of this sort, to my mind, contains six famous Madonnas.

—

The Madonnas represented are the familiar and beautiful ones, the Mater Dolorosa, the Sistine Madonna, the Madonna of the Chair, Holbein's Madonna, and two of Murillo's. Perhaps the possession of these will suggest to their happy owner the procuring of other beautiful and famous Madonnas. There is the one used on the cover of our Christmas number; and there are many others, almost as beautiful.

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I should not omit that little picture of Millet's, the peasant mother working by the side of her sleeping child. Millet did not intend it for a Madonna, but the halo is around that mother's brow, nevertheless, and there is something in its homely sweetness of which one never tires. Can not you fancy the effect on a household of a room about which were hung these beautiful faces? Would not eternal patience and mother love, and all sweet influences grow and blossom there forever?

—

What a hopeless thing it seems to be anyway, to make people buy the right kind of pictures for their homes! Not but what they try hard enough. I know of one family which began with little chromos, and feasted their eyes and made their primitive callers green with envy by their lavish display of their primary colors. When they found that chromos had gone out of style they banished their collection to the bed rooms and laid in a supply of oil paintings, a little less gaudy, perhaps but of a magnificent size and in astonishing gilt frames. Then they moved to the city and learned that oil paintings had gone out. Hastily removing their paintings from the walls they rushed down town and bought a few etchings, had them framed in delicate white frames and hung upon their walls. Just what they will do next, remains to be seen. Perhaps water colors have already followed the etchings.

Some friend of humanity has been writing to the newspapers that bogus antique furniture is more desirable than the genuine, and that the genuine has to be refurbished so much that it is mostly "bogus." Whether he is a dealer in the bogus article, or whether he is really some benevolent and disinterested individual who fears for the nervous strain to which we have put ourselves in our mad chase after antiques, is unknown. At any rate his words are dripping with balm to those of us poor mortals who have no antiques save the imitation, and who shudder when we are interrogated concerning them. If it is really true that the so-called antique has very little of the antique remaining in it, we need not suffer so in fabricating tales regarding the origin of our "bogus" antiques.

—

Many and varied are the trials of the woman of social prominence. Eternal vigilance is the price she must pay for her lofty position. And as if it were not difficult enough to think up charming and sufficiently novel forms of entertainment, a new requirement has been made of her. When she invites her guests to dinner, she must now send them a menu with her invitation. This in itself does not sound so terrifying, since she must have a menu if she is going to have a dinner; but when one considers that the menu is to be subjected to close inspection by critical eyes, whose owners if they are not pleased, may decline the invitation, he realizes the gravity of the situation.

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Several interesting newspaper stories have reached us lately, growing out of the turkey season. One rash husband told his wife that her turkey was not cooked so well as his mother used to cook it, and before he realized what had happened, found himself minced with a razor. Several such happenings have come to our ears. These foolish men seem not to realize that they are living in an age when women refuse to be trodden underfoot, but assert themselves on every occasion. Twenty-five years ago, the man would have done the slashing at any little outbreak of independence on the part of his wife. Times have changed. And a man can but exclaim, "O tempora! O mores!"

—

It is said that the heroes, literary and otherwise who are "touring" through our country this winter reading and lecturing are suffering extremely from the refreshments served them at receptions given in their honor. Attractive ladies in charming gowns offer them tea and cake and macaroons and they partake, not daring to refuse, and forgetful for the moment that men of heroic mould can not long survive overdoses of these feminine dainties. The Humane Society will have to look after this matter, or there will shortly be a lack of lions for whom to give teas.

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The recurrence of New Year's Day calls to mind the old custom of beginning a diary on New Year's Day. I say, old custom; I wonder if any body nowadays has time to keep one. I myself have some vague recollection of beginning one on each recurring New Year; of writing in it diligently for a week or two, and finally abandoning it in the stress of more important duties. And as the years went on, the duties became so much heavier that there was no time for even beginning the diary on New Year's Day. Some of the old ones still lie in neglected corners of my desk; once in a while I happen upon their yellowed pages, and smile with a tear in my eye over the old careless happy days when I had time to begin a diary.

—

The long suffering public has lately been informed that McClaren's books have been dramatized and that we are shortly to suffer from a presentation of it. Is the end not yet? Will men never learn that because a thing reads well in a book, that it will not necessarily succeed upon the stage? If "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush" succeeds as a play, it will be because great changes have been made in it, and to the lover of the book, this will seem like desecration. Again this portion of the long suffering public would like to be informed immediately if the characters are going to converse in the Scotch dialect? If so, it is a fortunate thing that attendance at the theater is not compulsory.

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We may deplore the whirl of excitement attendant upon the holiday season, but when we scan the columns of our papers and observe that the people who have been "scrapping" about the theater and the pulpit have had to stop long enough to buy their Christmas presents, we should cease deploring and give thanks. One should be sincerely grateful for even so small a thing as a breathing space.

—

I have been occupying myself this week with thinking of the good resolutions I might make for other people on the occasion of the New Year and the new leaf. I should suggest that no one commits suicide during the year, or if he does that he take some more pleasant method than our people have taken during the past year. Why should not the French method of burning charcoal in one's room be introduced? It is said to be a painless and even a pleasant death, and it is certainly in better taste than carbolic acid, or butcher knives, or second story windows. The murderer too might employ some pleasanter method of committing homicide than he has done in the past, and avoid injuring the great trade industries as he has injured one, at least, in the past year. The papers, too, should do their part. If they would only assist in the betterment of humanity by agreeing not to publish details of all these unpleasant suicides and murders, so many foolish people would not know of the example and try to follow it.

Of course, the newspapers will claim that they must fill up their space, since the people demand just so many sheets of reading matter, "yellow" or otherwise. Perhaps the pleasant things the people are doing will do in place of the unpleasant things, and the Writers' Association might be called on to do the rest.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW

VIEW AT HAMMOND'S PARK.
Photo by Miss Ida Andrus.

INDIANA CLUBS AND THEIR WORK.

EDITED BY MRS. HARRIET W. KITTS.

ON PARLIAMENTARY USAGES.
II.

The moment that a body of people come together and agree to pursue a certain course of work or study, the individual ceases to govern and the organization begins. The province of parliamentary laws, or to speak simply, rules of order, is merely to carry out the instructions of the majority, while duly respecting the wishes of the minority. Where no law exists, and each individual is allowed to do as he pleases, there is no real liberty; for each is at all times exposed to the selfishness and cupidity of his neighbors, from whom he is allowed no protection. This is equally true, whether his neighbor covets his house or his privileges in a club. In order, then, to preserve the best interests of an organization, and to protect the rights of its individual members, some kind of laws must be made and followed. It matters not so much what these laws are, as that they exist, and are maintained. And as each member has a right to help frame them, so each has a right to expect them obeyed, whether he be present or absent at any subsequent meeting. They are his protection.

For example: Mrs. Allen is a very busy woman. She has her days apportioned out so that she may accomplish a hard week's work, and still leave one afternoon free for her club. It so happened that the last December date of this club came Wednesday before Christmas. At the previous meeting which Mrs. Allen did not attend as she had been called out of the city Mrs. Baker whose proverbial weakness is procrastination, suggested, that as the next meeting came just before Christmas it would better be postponed one week. No one objected—that is no one did so formally, because parliamentary laws are not understood in this club, and to differ with a member is to insult her. So the club met between the holidays. Mrs. Allen was not able to attend, because that particular day was full of work that could not be put aside. So she was compelled to forego her customary and rightful pleasure, and pay a fine besides, which she can ill afford and all because Mrs. Baker whose time is her own, selfishly considered her own pleasure and convenience before that of the club. Others beside Mrs. Allen were dissatisfied: some were having guests, some were preparing entertainments. A large majority, apparently, would have preferred the regular date. Had the question come properly before the meeting and been discussed, the club's dignity would have been maintained—for it is undignified to change an organization's established customs for a trivial or personal reason—and the right of Mrs. Allen and of the majority have been protected.

PEN PORTRAITS.

Mrs. Alice Archey, president, and Mrs. George Ramsey, treasurer, of the Gradatim Literary League of Greenfield, are two earnest, studious women, who have done much to place their club upon its present level of usefulness. They are the kind of members who are the very bone and sinew of every successful organization; and though their modesty precludes further mention of their busy, helpful lives, we take the liberty of paying this tribute to their worth. Mrs. Ramsey was the League's first president.

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Miss Harriet Noble, chairman of the Information Committee of the Indianapolis Local Council of Women, was graduated at "Vassar" in 1873. She was for ten years, Professor of Literature in Butler College, Irvington; but her time at present is largely occupied with private classes. She has delivered courses of lectures upon Shakespeare's tragedies which met with a most gratifying appreciation; for while entertaining her hearers with the more interesting features, Miss Noble's higher aim is to define and illustrate principles of dramatic art. In her book on "Literary Art" which has recently been published she has formulated her ideas on the critical study of literature, and has given her readers the benefit of her wide knowledge and experience. "The purpose of the book," so the author says. "is to recognize literary work as art; to gather in and define all the more essential properties of this art connectedly, and to exemplify their application in systematic analysis." As a guide to inexperienced lovers of good literature it is invaluable. Miss Noble is a daughter of Laz Noble, who was adjutant general under Morton during the Civil War. Miss Noble lives at No. 78 Blacherne.

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Mrs. Flora Sullivan Wulschner, president of the Indianapolis Local Council of Women, is a native of Indianapolis, her parents coming hither to make their home in 1834. Mrs Wulschner is devoting her life to charitable and reform work; yet such a fine economist of time is she, that she is able to enjoy something also of literary, art, and patriotic organizations. She served as Indiana's Department President, Woman's Relief Corps in 1886 and 1887, and Department Secretary in '87 and '88; she was Chairman of the Citizens' Committee for Women's Patriotic Societies when Indianapolis entertained the National G. A. R. in 1893. She is Corresponding Secretary and one of the Board of Managers of the Indianapolis Orphan's Asylum, of which body she has been a member for eleven years. She is closely and affectionately identified with church work, serving as president for nearly three years, of the Woman's Social and Business Union of the Roberts Park M. E. church, during which incumbency the society has raised about four thousand dollars for church purposes. She is assistant teacher in the primary department of the Sabbath school; is one of the "Boys' Club" Managers; President of the Indiana Conference Woman's Home Missionary Society; and a member of the Free Kindergarten Association, serving on the Board of Directors for a number of years. In patriotic circles, she is State President of the "Children of the American Revolution," and a member of the Caroline Scott Harrison Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Her "indulgences," are membership in the Art Association, Matinee Musicale, and German Literary Club.

MRS. FLORA SULLIVAN WULSCHNER,
President Indianapolis Local Council of Women.

THE INDIANAPOLIS LOCAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN.

Several Indiana towns possess local federations of clubs which are following out various lines of usefulness; but only two, Indianapolis and Bloomington, have a Local Council of Women. The Bloomington association has but recently been founded and has therefore had time to make only a good beginning; but the Indianapolis Council is a more mature organization, and has for several years wielded a powerful influence in civic reforms.

Local Councils differ from local federations chiefly in the fact that they embrace missionary, temperance and benevolent associations, as well as literary, music and art clubs; while federations as a rule number only the last three. The Indianapolis Local Council includes fifty societies, representing about 12,000 women. It is our great pleasure to present today, an extended account of this magnificent body of noble women who are bound together in the cause of humanity, and mutual happiness. "The first meeting called to consider the question of organizing a Local Council of Women in Indianapolis," writes a member, "was held in the Propylaeum, November 6, 1891. The Propylaeum Association took the initiative in this movement, and a committee of that association, of which Mrs. May Wright Sewall was chairman and Mrs. Annie Ames Spruance, secretary, had charge of the preliminary arrangements for this conference. Notices of the conference were sent to the various organizations of women in the city. The result of this first conference was so favorable toward such an organization, that a committee was appointed to draw up a constitution. A second meeting was called by Mrs. Sewall, chairman of the Constitutional Committee for February 1, 1892, at which time the constitution was adopted, and the following officers elected: Mrs. Margaret D. Chislett, president; Miss Julia Harrison Moore, vice-president; Mrs. Mary Coburn, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Elizabeth Marmon, treasurer. Mrs Josephine R. Nichols, so well and widely known, served as next president, with Mrs. Mary Isabell Jenckes, secretary, and Miss Agnes Dilks, treasurer.

In 1896, Mrs. Flora Sullivan Wulschner was elected president, with Mrs. S. E. H. Perkins, secretary, Mrs. Martha Hawkins, treasurer and Miss Hester McClung, corresponding secretary. In 1897, Mrs. Wulschner and Mrs. Hawkins were both re-elected and are in office at the present time.

The Council has increased in membership steadily, but noticeably so during the last two months when Hall Place M. E. church W. H. M. S., the Primary S. S. Teachers' Union, and the Monday Afternoon Literary Club were enrolled. The programs for both the past and present years have been particularly fine, under the able leadership of Miss Harriet Noble and Mrs. Charles M. Walker.

Of its work and accomplishments our correspondent continues modestly: "In view of the fact that in this city many of the enterprises carried on by Local Councils in other places, are here supported strongly by special organizations, the Council in Indianapolis seems to tend naturally in the direction of civic reforms—a direction in which a wide spread public sentiment is requisite to successful action. Its accomplished labors present no remarkable array of facts, and yet they justify the existence. It finds itself to have been an influence rather than a solitary doer of deeds. Yet it is fair to suppose that without its activities some important things would have gone undone."

After an enumeration of the many needed reforms it has helped to bring about, one is inclined to believe that "influence" is sufficiently powerful to accomplish most of the world's work: "After a written protest from it against the open patrol wagon, the closed patrol wagon only was used in our police service. Close upon its complaints of the slot machines, did the city officers discover that exacting laws would suffice for their suppression, and begin to enforce them. It has greatly popularized the idea of women on the school board, although failing to get one there. Its exposure of the evils of the liquor traffic in our city, especially of the wine rooms, led to the present statutes known as the Nicholson Law, restraining the sale of intoxicants and especially reducing the number of wine rooms. It gave a certain moral support to the police matron, when that officer was as yet only an experiment. Later it was an influence in the securing the state law providing for women attendants in all places of detention of the larger cities, where women and girls are held in confinement. Latterly in this city, the police matron's quarters have been greatly improved, and a matron has been established in the jail. Reluctantly accepted at first, these officers have won an estimation of great importance among the city officials. Within the last year the Council's energies went out in the direction of legislation. It presented several carefully prepared bills to the State Legislature. Its bill for compulsory education was taken by the City Superintendent of Education, Mr. Goss, for the basis of his work, and was also taken by the chairman of the educational committee in the senate, and thus appears in the bill that was finally passed by the Legislature. The Council has been active in urging the American Curfew Law upon the City Council. This followed by the active intercession of Mr. Hoagland has just about attained the desired consummation. The prospective work of the Council is too undefined to be given public expression, but it will doubtless follow down such lines as are indicated above."

The Indianapolis Local Council of Women is affiliated with the National Council of Women of the United States. Its officers are: president, Mrs. Flora Wulschner; recording secretary, Mrs. Rose S. Coleman; corresponding secretary, Miss Adelaide Carman; treasurer, Mrs. Martha L. Hawkins.

The several standing committees are: On Visitation of Municipal and State Institutions—Mrs. Pauline T. Merritt, chairman, Mrs. A. B. Gates, Mrs. Laura T. Hodges, Mrs. Nettie Ransford.

Committee on City and State Legislation—Mrs. May Wright Sewall, chair-

man, Mrs. Julia R. Woods, Miss Julia H. Moore.

Committee on Resolutions—Mrs. Julia C. Harding, chairman, Mrs. M. M. Finch, Mrs. C. Behymer.

MISS HARRIET NOBLE,
Chairman Information Committee, Indianapolis Local Council of Women.

Information Committee—Miss Harriet Noble, chairman, Mrs. Grace Julian Clarke, Mrs. Rose E. Brown, Mrs. Bertha R. Knefler.

Program Committee—Mrs. Claire M. Walker, chairman, Mrs. Anna M. Hanna, Mrs. Charlotte J. Dunn, Mrs. Lillian Wright Dean, Miss Emily Fletcher.

PROGRAM OF THE INDIANAPOLIS LOCAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN.

OCT. 5.—Council Business. Five Minute Reports from Affiliated Societies: Propylaeum Association; Indianapolis Orphan Asylum; Geo. H. Thomas W. R. C.; Laundry Workers' Union; Woman's Exchange. Address—"Temperance Citizenship," Rev. Matthias L. Haines.

NOV. 2.—Council Business. Paper—"The Aesthetic in the Life of a Community." Discussion—Architecture, Art, Music, The Home, The Beautifying of Cities. (The clubs participating in the discussion are: the Katherine Merrill, the Indianapolis Art Association, the Matinee Musicale, the German Literary and the Indianapolis Woman's Club.)

DEC. 7.—Council Business. Five minute Reports from Affiliated Societies: The Fortnightly Literary; the Magazine; Over the Tea Cups; Minerva; Clio. Paper—"Influence of Club Life upon Civic Life." Discussion.

JAN. 4.—Council Business. Reports from Affiliated Societies: Society of Hygiene; Indianapolis Center for the Extension of University Teaching; Indianapolis Flower Mission; Southeast W. C. T. U.; Ladies' Missionary Society of Second Presbyterian church. Paper—"Comparative Systems of Municipal Government," by Prof. T. F. Moran, Purdue University. Discussion.

FEB. 1.—Council Business. Reports from affiliated Societies: Ladies' Aid Society Memorial Presbyterian Church; Ladies' Social Circle First Baptist Church; St. Margaret's Guild St. Paul's Church; Women's Foreign Missionary Society Friends' Church; Women's Home Missionary Society Roberts' Park M. E. Church. Address—"Prison Reforms," by Alvin T. Hert, Warden State Reformatory Jeffersonville, Ind. Discussion.

MAR. 1.—Council Business. Reports from Affiliated Societies: German Ladies' Aid Society; Ramabai Circle; Union Veteran Legion Auxiliary No. 22; Hyperion B. V. R. Circle; Occasia Club. Address—"Industrial Training in the Public Schools," by Prof. Frank A. Manny. Discussion.

APR. 5.—Council Business. Annual Reports of Retiring Officers. Annual Election of Officers. Annual Reception given by the Retiring President.

MAY 3.—Council Business. Reports from Affiliated Societies: Marion County W. C. T. U.; Meridian W. C. T. U.; Queen Esther Auxiliary; Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Society, Sixth Presbyterian church; Ladies' Aid Society, Central Christian church. Address—"Home Responsibilities," by Mrs. Frances Foster. Dr. H. G. Martin. Discussion.

JUNE 7.—Council Business. Reports from Affiliated Societies: Home for Friendless Women; Friends' Boarding Home for Girls; Boys' Club; Indianapolis Bible Society; Central W. C. T. U. Address—"Rescue Work" by Mr. W. V. Wheeler. Discussion.

THE GRADATIM LITERARY LEAGUE OF GREENFIELD.

The story of the birth and christening of the Gradatim Literary League is a pretty one. A number of earnest women in the north and east part of Greenfield, who were members of a Home Bible class, which was carried on in the desultory way that is customary in these socicties, longed for some sort of a league which should encourage a systematic course of reading and study. Talking and explaining how they might have such a society, as their needs demanded, they with their president, G. B. Ramsey, withdrew from the class, and held several pleasant meetings, in which selections from American authors were read and discussed, and plans for a permanent organization were considered. "On the 9th of May 1895," writes a member, "a decisive meeting for a complete organization was held. The last selection read and studied by the ladies before their formal organization was J. G. Holland's beautiful 'Gradatim;' and as everyone was inspired with the gems in this poem, it only needed a suggestion by one member of the class to have the new club christened 'Gradatim Literary League.'"

MRS. GEORGE RAMSEY,
Treasurer of the Gradatim Literary League of Greenfield.

The first year, the club made an earnest study of American literature with Mrs. M. T. Smith as president. The second year was devoted to the history of Greece, and the present season considers Roman history. The brochure for the current year is a very neat and well arranged one. Its cover is white and gold. Its plan of study provides for one or two topics in Roman history at each meeting; and as the club meets every week, a very satisfactory course is completed by the end of the season. By way of pleasing variety, "an hour with living women writers, with responses at roll-call from their works" is arranged once a month; and at the other three meetings of the month, one modern subject is discussed at each session. These miscellaneous subjects are: Noted Women of Today, Marie Corelli, Characters in Romance, How can we accomplish best results as a class? Irish Wit, Curiosities, Progress of Inventions in the United States in the last fifty years, Noted Sculptors, Our Hobbies, Amelia Barr, Eminent Jurists, Sociology and Socialism, Wonders of the Sea, John Strange Winter, Hypnotism, Mesmerism, Animal Magnetism, Requirements of an Ideal Woman, Popular Superstitions, Self Reliance, Art of Body-building, Great Generals, Olive Schreiner, Ideas of Happiness, Ideas of Misery, Cartoons of Raphael, Mary Hartwell Catherwood, Great Philanthropists, Lost and Ruined Cities of the World, Mrs. Oliphant, Noted Explorers, Law Making Bodies of Nations, Latest Publications, Review of Quo Vadis, Annie Swan.

The season opened September 11, with a President's Day, when addresses from both the retiring and incoming presiding officers were delivered, and the class poem read—the club has loyally and prettily adopted J. S. Holland's 'Gradatim' as the class poem. Another and last topic for this occasion arouses our curiosity—"Reading Slips." So also does the program for February 23, which merely announces, "Roman Carnival." Sounds very inviting, that's certain! Perhaps we shall have our curiosity satisfied later on? The season closes April 29, with the annual election.

The "Gradatim" has recently become affiliated with the Indiana Union of Literary Clubs. It includes fifteen members. Its colors are pink and yellow; its flower, the pansy. Its officers are: president, Mrs. Alice Archey; vice-president, Mrs. Laura B. New; secretary, Mrs. Emma B. Justice; treasurer, Mrs. Lou Ella Ramsey.

The executive committee is: Mrs. Sarah Cummins, Miss Vania Gates, Mrs. Lillie May Mason, Mrs. Mary C. Kellar.

The social committee is: Mrs. Ramsey, Mrs. Peters, Mrs. Mack, Mrs. Ellis, Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. Rhue, Mrs. Ryder.

The program committee is: Miss Gates, Mrs. Kellar, Miss Comstock.

WITH THE CLUB EDITOR.

To all the clubs of Indiana, a Happy and Prosperous New Year!

The Crawfordsville clubs are agitating a public library, and are arousing enthusiasm among the townspeople.

We are in receipt of a pleasant account of a recent Holiday meeting held by the Altruistic Club of New Castle at the home of Mrs. D. W. Kinsey. The session was opened with the regular program which included two papers, "The Ninety Days and Waterloo," by Mrs. Mitchell, and "The Natural Resources of the Western States" by Mrs. Williams. After recess, however, a Holiday atmosphere pervaded the meeting. Mrs. Kinsey presented her guests with souvenirs which consisted of yellow and white satin bags, painted with the club flowers, and filled with Christmas bon-bons. Miss Blanche Morris recited some beautiful selections, and Mrs. Kinsey Jennings furnished choice music. The rooms were decorated with holly and "the meeting which rang out the program for 1897, was one long to be recalled with pleasure, by all who were privileged to enjoy it." An account of this excellent club was given in these columns, November 13, at which time we had the pleasure of presenting the portrait of the president, Mrs. Josephine Mellette, and the treasurer, Miss Blanche Morris.

NOTE—We should be glad to hear from any literary, art or music club in the state, whether or not it is a member of the Indiana Union of Literary Clubs. Address all communications upon club matters to Mrs. Harriet W. Kitts, Muncie, Indiana.

Indianapolis Club Calendar.

Monday, Jan. 3. Indianapolis Literary Club. Ladies' Night. "Girls I have Loved," Hewitt Howland.

Tuesday, Jan. 4. Century Club.

Tuesday, Jan. 4. Fortnightly Club 'The Tribe of Abrahamman," Mrs. Albert Rabb; "Noblesse Oblige," Mrs. W. H. Dye. conversation, "Peter Cooper," Mrs. Howard Blanton.

Tuesday Jan. 4. Local Council. Society of Hygiene, Miss Hester McClung; Indianapolis Center for the Extension of University Teaching, Rev. Frederick E. Dewhurst; Indianapolis Flower Mission, Mrs. Laura L. Elder; Southeast W. C. T. U., Mrs. P. T. Workman; Ladies' Missionary Society, Second Presbyterian church, Mrs. Harriet N. Lodge. Paper, "Comparative Systems of Municipal Government," Prof. T. F. Moran, Purdue University.

Wednesday, Jan. 5. Matinee Musicale. Song Recital, Anna K. McLaughlin.

Wednesday, Jan. 5. 2:30 p. m., Parlor Club with Mrs. E. E. Rexford; "The Influence of the Church on State and Literature," Miss Della Dearborn; "Jeremy Taylor," Miss Mary L. McKay; "Archbishop Tillotson." Mrs. H. H. Friedley; "Bishop Butler," Mrs. Elliott Perkins.

Thursday, Jan. 6. Aftermath Club. Mrs. M. J. Allison, Essays, "The Transcendentalist," "The Over Soul."

Friday, Jan. 7. Woman's Club. Guest Day. "My Lady of Rip Shin—A Character Sketch," Mrs. Hanford A. Edson; "Time's Wallett," Mrs. Charles Martindale; "The Cavaliers of Virginia," Mrs. W. A. Ketcham, leader.

Friday, Jan. 7. Clio Club. Hostess, Mrs. Arthur Timberlake; "Masterpieces in Literature and Art," Mrs. J. W. Harper; "Victor Hugo," Mrs. O. B. Nordyke.

Friday, Jan. 7. Over the Teacups. With Mrs. Maxwell; "The Maker in Literature," Mrs. D. L. Wood; "The Poets Laureate of England," Mrs. Henry Coe; conversation, "Home Life in Different Lands," Mrs. F. F. McCrea.

Friday, Jan. 7. Philomathian Club. With Mrs. E. L. Perkins; "Louis XIV," leader, Mrs. Grimes; paper, "Gavroche Javert," Mrs. Trout.

Saturday Jan. 8. Katharine Merrill Club. Old Poetry. "Petrarch," Mrs. Perry H. Clifford; "Lape de Vega," Miss Margaret Day; "Camoens," Mrs. James P. Baker.

Saturday, Jan. 8. Magazine Club. Miss Adelaide Carman; "The Hero as a Divinity," Mrs. E. P. Brown; "Scandinavian Mythology," Mrs. William Cumback, Jr.. "The Norse Sagas," Miss Roberta Weddell.

MRS. ALICE ARCHEY,
President of the Gradatim Literary League of Greenfield.

Monday, Jan. 3. Irvington Woman's Club. With Mrs. Goe; "The Lawmaking Power," Mrs. C. E. Newlin; conversation, "Electoral Methods," Mrs. E. F. Tibbott and Mrs. O. O. Carvin.

A CONFESSION.

I don't believe in flirting
You know men rarely do—
At least they'll not acknowledge;
But I'll confess to you
Of how, once, all unconscious
Of acting "gay" or not,
I chanced to pass a pretty girl,
And all the rules forgot.

You would have thought her charming
In form and features, too
And as she looked toward me,
As if my face she knew,
My eyes met her's, half fearing,
I dared not more than glance.
But 'twas enough; that instant
They bound me in a trance.

And ere I did recover,
She smiled on me so sweet,
To smile upon her smiling
I thought was only meet.
So, could I well have helped it?
No; but here let me state
That I was far past twenty,
While she was hardly eight!

—RICHARD OWEN.

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The State University Glee Club.

Close in the wake of the Princeton Glee Club comes the Glee Club of the State University, which will give an entertainment at Roberts Park church on Friday, January seventh. These young men have sung here before and were well received. The club is under the direction of Mr. Charles Norman Hassler of this city. The Mandolin Club accompanies the Glee Club. The University Male Quartet is composed of Mr. T. E. Bracken, Mr. E. P. Wiles, Mr. C. N. Hassler and Mr. C. E. Baker. There are also special artists—a violinist, a comic soloist and impersonator and others. The program is as follows:

PART I.

El Capitan - - - - - - - - - - Sousa.
Glee Club.
Comic Song - - - - - - - - - - - -
"The Students' Boarding House."
Mr. Wilhite.
Sunset - - - - - - - - Van De Water.
University Male Quartet.
Songe D' Amour (Intermezzo) - Czibulka
Mandolin Club.
I. U. College Song—Music by E. P. Wiles.
Words by E. F. Mahan.
Glee Club.

PART II.

Jabber Wock - - - - - - - - Vogrich.
Glee Club.
Baritone Solo—"At Eventide" - Buck.
Mr. Hassler.
Street Music - - - - - - - - Clarke.
University Male Quartet.
Violin Solo—"Fantaisie Caprice" - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - Vieuxtemps.
Mr. Mitchell.
Kentucky Babe - - - - - - - - Geibel.
Mr. Bracken and Glee Club.

PART III.

Medley of Popular Songs - - - - - -
- - - Arr. by Romney Leigh Wilson.
Glee Club.
Patrol of the Scissors Grinder - Brooke.
Mandolin Club.
Imitations - - - - - - - - - - - -
Mr. Wilhite.
Serenade - - - - - - - - Schubert.
Glee Club.

It is probable that a reception will be tendered the Glee Club in the church parlors immediately after the concert.

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How to Wear Gloves.

There are few women who know how to wear evening gloves. At a ball a few evenings ago a number of the girls came into the dressing room forming a group picture of dispair. The long gloves were in a thousand wrinkles and in many cases had slipped down below the elbow. Finally, a stylish matron came, her gloves following the outline of her arms and not showing the least inclination to slip down.

"How shall I hold up my gloves?" exclaimed one of the girls. The matron turned down the top of her glove and said: "That is an easy matter to do. Take white elastic the size of the arm. Sew it around the top of the glove and it will hold the glove in place."

Last year the wearing of evening gloves was optional. It is a pity that the women of Indianapolis's 400 do not discard them, as they require a Klondike pocketbook to keep them clean and fresh looking. The pretty, airy chiffons over taffeta are often spoiled by the wearer stretching on the shabbiest of evening gloves.

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People and Events.

Mrs. H. G. Bals gave a beautiful reception Wednesday afternoon for her sister, Mrs. Lawrence White George who was lately married. She was assisted by Mrs. James A. Mount, Mrs. J. H. Holliday, Mrs. E. C. Atkins, Mrs. J. P. Dunn, Mrs. Wocher, Mrs. Henry Coburn, Mrs. Merritt, Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Seaton and Miss Mount, Miss Wocher, Miss Vonnegut, Miss Knippenberg, Miss George, Miss Walk, and Miss Lamb, Miss Bals, Miss Hawkins, Miss Scott and Miss Atkins.

Many festivities were held in honor of the Princeton Glee Club this week. Mrs. Jameson's tea was one of the most elaborate and beautiful entertainments of the season and Mrs. Haughey's luncheon was pronounced by the guests a delightful affair. Mr. Parker Boice also gave a dinner for three of the young men and Miss Carrie Denny a luncheon, at the Columbia Club. After the concert a ball was given at the Propylaeum.

The Alumni of Indiana University, celebrated their reunion by a dinner at the Bates House on Wednesday evening, December 28. There were over a hundred present, many of them coming from other cities in the state to attend this dinner. basktes of roses formed the table decoration and a harpist played during the dinner. The toastmaster was the Hon. Charles L. Jewett, of New Albany. Toasts were responded to by Hon. O Z. Hubbell, Prof. William Lowe Bryan, of Bloomington, Prof. John W. Carr, of Anderson, Mr. William L. Taylor, and Mrs. Albert Rabb.

Mr. and Mrs. John S. Duncan observed their second day at home on Tuesday of this week. They were assisted by her sister, Mrs. McGuire of Richmond, Mrs. Miles of Cincinnati, and Miss Duncan, Miss Haynes and Miss Hawthorne. The house was beautifully decorated with Christmas greens.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Melcher, of Madison, Indiana, were in the city Tuesday afternoon en route to Washington, where Mr. Melcher has a government position. While in this city Mr. and Mrs. Melcher were the guests of their sister, Miss Isabel Melcher.

The Kappa Alpha Theta Alumni Club was entertained Wednesday afternoon at the home of Miss Mary Ritter. The meeting was well attended. A number of young ladies who are home from college, took advantage of the holiday meeting to be present.

The beautiful picture on our third page is a reproduction of the painting by E. H. Blashfield. A reproduetion of a painting was given by Mrs. Lois G. Hufford, of the High School, to her English pupils as a Christmas remembrance.

Mrs. O. D. Weaver and Mrs. E. E. Rexford received informally on Tuesday of this week for their sisters, Mrs. Myra Goodwin Plantz, of Appleton, Wisconsin, and Mrs. E. M. Goodwin, of Buffalo, N. Y.

Miss Florence Coffin has gone to Lafayette to visit Mrs. Henry Vinton. Sometime in January, Miss Coffin and her sister, Mrs. Murphy, will go to Decatur, Illinois to visit.

Mr. W. F. Medsker, of Cambridge City is in Indianapolis this week attending the "Sound Money" convention. He is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. McNaull in West Walnut street.

The Woman's Social and Business Union of Roberts Park M. E. church will hold a reception tomorrow afternoon from 2 to 5 in honor of Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Bacon.

Mr. and Mrs. Day will entertain next week in honor of their sons, Mr. Dwigh Huntington Day and Mr. William Edward Day who are home from college.

Dr. Ellison preaches his farewell sermon next Sunday at the First Baptist church. Dr. Ellison will leave for the East sometime in January.

The city has been filled with prominent educators from all parts of the state, in attendance at the State Teachers Association which adjourns today.

Miss Boyd of Noblesville, formerly on the State Library force, is in the city attending the convention of the State Librarians.

The choir of the First Baptist church presented their leader, Mr. Arthur P. Preston with a very elegant chair, Christmas.

Mrs. Frederick Rusch will give a coffee Sarurday afternoon and has issued cards to a reception Wednesday, January 12.

Miss Eva Fitzgerald and Miss Mary Stuart of the Shiel, are visiting in Elwood, the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Orland.

Miss Julla Hollweg gave a tea Thursday afternoon for Miss Nema Whitcomb, who is visiting Miss Mary Ransdall.

Mrs. Kate Perry Morris will entertain a party at dinner January 4, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Coffin.

Miss Mary Potter, of Glendale, Ohio, is visiting Dr. Theodore Potter and wife, at their home in Central avenue.

Mrs. J. H. Walsh has returned to Detroit after a visit with relatives and friends in this city.

Mrs. Jessie Noble Beard of New Castle, spent a part of the holiday week with friends in this city.

Miss Alma Haerle will leave Monday for Boston. She will visit the family of Judge Sherman.

Dr. D. L. Stein will spend New Year's day with Dr. and Mrs. Orland at Elwood, Indiana.

Mr. Clarence Kenyon has issued invitations for a card party Tuesday, January 4.

Mr. F. P. Ramsey left for Hanover today to spend New Year's day at home.

INDIANA UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB.

Hall's
Vegetable Sicilian
Hair Renewer

The greatest preserver of youth in the world. Never a single gray hair—no dandruff—but the rich, glossy hair of early life.

CLAY CLEMENT AT THE GRAND.

There has probably not been an attraction seen in the theaters of this City in years that created a more favorable impression than did Mr. Clay Clement and his excellent company, on their recent visit to this city, and it will, no doubt, be welcome news to those who are fond of a good play well played, to learn that Mr. Clement will return for an engagement beginning next Thursday night at the Grand, and which will include a popular Saturday matinee, when he will present his own Virginia story "The New Dominion," in which he will be seen in his excellent characterization of Baron Franz Victor Von Hohenstauffen, a German gentleman upon whom theater goers are bestowing more than usual attention. The cast will be practically the same as seen before, and the pretty scenic production the same. Since his visit to this city, Mr. Clement has won from sister cities the same good opinion that was bestowed upon him here. Louisville, Columbus. Toledo, Detroit and Grand Rapids are the principal cities he has visited since he was seen here. In all of these, Baron Hohenstauffen has at once attained great favor. The public press has had nothing but words of praise for Mr. Clement and his play. There is every indication that the return engagement in this city will prove a most successful one. Mr. Clement's work appeals to all classes of people; the gods of the gallery laugh as heartily and as boisterously at the fun produced by the gentlemanly German's entanglement with the English language as do those who sit in one dollar and a half plush seat down stairs. This is because Hohenstauffen is human—therefore he appeals to everyone within whose breast there beats a human heart. The simple, the tender, sweetly told story of "The New Dominion," thefore appeals to all classes.

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Mr. Thomas W. Keene, who has been playing in Indianapolis this week, was announced to play "Richelieu" recently in a one-night stand. During the afternoon he went into the hotel barber-shop to get his classic face dressed. After he had seated himself in the barber's chair, and while the dusky tonsorial artist was trying to get an edge on his razor, he was amused to hear the following conversation between the customer in the next chair and the colored man who was patiently scraping off the beard:

Barber:—"Did you say you was gwine to de show tonight?"

Customer:—"Yes, I am going to see Keene in 'Richelieu,"

Barber—"Well, I wouldn't go, 'cause he ain't no good in 'Richloo,' he ain't no good in nuffin' 'cept 'Richard III,' 'cause he's lame, an' he's got a humped back, but he's great in Richard, an' if he was gwine to play Richard, I'd be there tonight, sure."

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MRS. LESLIE CARTER.

On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights with Wednesday matinee, "The Heart of Maryland" will be given at English's with Mrs. Leslie Carter in the leading role. This is one of the most popular plays of the season and has won deserved praise in every city in which it has appeared.

On Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights with Saturday matinee, Sol Smith Russell will appear at English's.

GRAND
CLOSING SALE
This Week
DIAMONDS, WATCHES AND FINE JEWELRY
Big Bargains
All Next Week.
SPECIAL SALE
Rogers Bros. Knives, Forks and Spoons. We make the Lowest Prices.
EYES TESTED FREE by our optician, Dr. Woodard. Glasses and spectacles fitted scientifically. Don't miss this opportunity. It costs you nothing. The Doctor it a graduate and understands his business. We Guarantee you a Fit or Pay for Your Time. Save your eyes before it is too late.
Clock Repairing a Specialty. Clocks Called For and Delivered. Jewelry mending by expert workmen.
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BOOKS AND CAMERAS

Two things which won us many compliments during the before-Christmas trade, and two things which we take especial pride in. Some prices:

NEW BOOKS.

	Pub. Price	Our Price
Quo Vadis, by Sienkenwicz	$1 00	$ 75
Quo Vadis, better edition	2 00	1 50
Quo Vadis, holiday edition, 2 vol.	6 00	4 50
Hania, by Sienkenwicz	2 00	1 50
Let Us Follow Him, by Sienkenwicz	50	38
Trif and Trixy, by John Habberton	50	38
Rubaiyat of Doc Sifers, by Riley	1 50	1 20
Chimes from a Jester's Bells, by Robt. J. Burdette	1 25	95
Choir Invisible, by James Lane Allen	1 50	1 10
Warrior Gap, by Capt. C. King	1 25	95
His Grace of Osmonde, by Mrs. Burnett	1 50	1 10
Singular Life, by E. S. Phelps	1 25	95
An Old Field School Girl, by Marion Harland	1 25	95
Gondola Days, by F. Hopkinson Smith	1 50	1 10
Hon. Peter Sterling, by Paul L. Ford	1 50	1 10
St. Ives, by Robt. Louis Stevenson	1 50	1 10
Soldiers of Fortune, by Richard Harding Davis	1 50	1 10
The Juggler, by C. E. Craddock	1 25	95
Story of An Untold Love, by Paul L. Ford	1 25	95
Corleone, by F. Marion Crawford, 2 vols	2 00	1 50
The Story of Jesus Christ, by Eliz. Stuart Phelps	1 00	75
Sonny, by Ruth McEnery Stuart	1 00	75
The Christian, by Hall Caine	1 50	1 10
Paul Ralston, by Mary J. Holmes	1 50	1 10
What Mazie Knew, by Henry James	1 50	1 10

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Our Camera Department has been very successful—you would do well to become acquainted with it.

Eastman's No. 2 Eureka	$ 3 45
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Eastman's No. 4 Bull's-eye	12 00
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Other Cameras—all of them popular makes and good Cameras.

The Dexter	$ 4 00
The Quad	5 00
The Ray	5 00
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The Cyclone	6 00

Camera Supplies of all kinds at the Camera Department.

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THOMAS W. KEENE.

A Happy and Prosperous New Year to All.
J. C. SIPE, Importer Fine Diamonds.

WITH WILFUL WOMAN.

By RHODA FLEMING.

MENU.
Sunday, January 2, 1898.
BREAKFAST.
Fruit.
Cerealine, Sugar and Cream.
Boiled Bacon.
Raised Biscuit. Coffee.

LUNCHEON.
Potato Salad.
Baked Apples. Cocoa.

DINNER.
Soup.
Stewed Veal.
Mashed Potatoes. Creamed Carrots.
Baked Pears.
Cocoa.

ORANGE GINGERBREAD SQUARES.

This is the way to make grandmother's orange gingerbread squares: To one and three-fourths pounds of molasses put twelve ounces of sugar, four ounces of fresh yellow orange peel, chopped very fine; one ounce each of ginger and allspice, and two and one-fourth pounds of flour. Melt twelve ounces of butter and stir well into the other ingredients. Cover the dish holding the mixture and lay it by for twelve hours; then roll the stuff out thin with as little flour as possible and cut it into strips about three inches wide, and with the back of a knife mark them in the form of checkers. Beat the yolk of an egg light and stir into it three-quarters of a cup of milk. Brush the squares with this liquid and place them in the oven to bake. Brush the cakes a second time with the liquid as soon as they are removed from the oven baked.

SOUP MAKING.

Few things are less understood than soup making, which, in itself, one of the most economical of processes, is, by bad management, often made an excuse for gross waste. We invariably waste a quantity of material, such as, for instance, the liquor in which meat, poultry, vegetables, or even fish is boiled, which all forms an excellent basis for various soups (needless I hope, that they are not all mixed!) while the amount of fresh meat we use is generally exorbitant. Perfectly good, clear soup can be obtained from bones (and cooked bones, too) by those who know how to manage it, and not one person in twenty would know the difference between it and the fresh meat soup. If you intend to have good bone soup you must waste nothing. All the bones of joints, the trimmings of cutlets, etc., the necks, gizzards, feet, etc., of any poultry, the carcasses of any game, rabbits, etc., and last but not least, the bacon rinds, duly scraped, must all go to the stockpot, or the saucepan which does duty for such a utensil. To these must be added sliced carrots, turnips, the outside leaves of celery, onions—in short, almost any root vegetable you may chance to have handy. Having collected your bones, scraps, etc., take a large saucepan and lay a good piece of dripping at the bottom; on this lay the scraps, vegetables, etc., with a bunch of herbs, a few peppercorns, and two or three cloves stuck into an onion. Close the lid down tight, and let it all fry for a few minutes till the contents are lightly browned (mind they do not burn;) then pour in sufficient cold water to fill up the pan, sprinkle in the salt, and let it come very gently to the boil. As soon as it boils, draw it to one side of the stove, and then let it all simmer (no more) slowly for three or four hours; then strain it off and let it stand till cold, when the cake of fat which will have been formed on the top can be moved (this can be clarified and used like any other dripping.) This stock must be boiled up every day, or it will not keep sweet, on account of the vegetables. The bones, etc., of which it is made, will bear another lot of cold water, and, if simmered as before for four or five hours, will give stock quite good enough to use as the foundation for gravies, sauces, etc. To clear the first lot of stock for clear soup, put two or three eggshells and one white for every quart of stock, broken up and lightly beaten together, into a clean saucepan, and on to this pour the soup to be clarified; let it come sharply to the boil, for three or four minutes, whisking it steadily all the while to keep it from burning, and finally strain it through a clean and previously scalded table napkin; be sure not to handle it while running through. If not sufficiently clear, run it through the napkin a second time It is

then fit for use, and can be flavored and garnished as you please. There is one point to be considered in the heating of soup which does not always receive sufficient attention, and that is never to put soup that is to be warmed directly over the fire, but pour the soup into some kind of an earthen vessel—an old waterpitcher or a milk crock will do—and set this in a saucepan of boiling water over the fire.

HOMEMADE FRENCH BONBONS.

The first thing that an American girl does when she gets in Paris is to learn how to make French candy. Paris is the home of bonbons, and the American girl feels that she has not done her duty until she masters the secret of their manufacture.

She soon learns that the basis of all French candies is a candy dough, which is made out of confectioner's sugar, ice water and the white of an egg, without a particle of flour. It is so easy that she can make it in a chafing dish.

The genuine French chef's recipe for French candy is: One pound of confectioner's sugar, the white of one egg and as much ice water as you have egg. You preserve these proportions throughout, no matter what you are making, though you may have to add a little more sugar now and then.

Sugar varies just as flour does, and a cup of moist sugar does not go nearly as far as a cup of dry sugar. But you soon learn this by experience.

The American girl who goes dabbling in French candy finds that she must have three good, stout wooden spoons and three wooden cake dishes. She also needs an egg beater, and she needs flavors, plenty of them. She must have strawberry, raspberry, pineapple, orange and lemon juice. and she must have a big cake of chocolate and a whole cocoanut. These are only the crude elements of French bonbons. The more complicated ones are pistachio, banana, pomegranate and celery. These make bonbons of very delicate flavor, but the American girl who is taking lessons of a Frenchman is told that she should confine her attentions to vanilla until she gets used to using extracts. It is very easy to put a dash too much flavor in the dough.

The egg and the ice water are measured in glasses side by side, then beaten together until they are mixed, though not frothy; then they are tumbled in a shallow wooden dish.

A drop of vanilla is now added and stirred in, and it is at this point that it becomes necessary to taste the mixture. It should be quite strong with vanilla, yet not too strong.

When you get the proper taste you can shovel in the sugar. Don't be stingy of it at first, but pile it in by the cupful, stirring all the time. Soon it will be stiff, and then you will need someone to help you stir it. You must keep on mixing and mixing until it is so stiff that your arms ache.

Now you have reached the moulding stage. Quickly before the dough sets and becomes too hard to handle, gather it up in soft handfuls and mould into shape. Here is a chance to show your artistic skill. Form the dough into cats and dogs and if you doubt how they look bring the family pets into the kitchen to serve as models.

When you have made your animals, place them on oiled paper and set them outside the window a few minutes to harden. Now bring them in and dip in melted sweet chocolate. Use a big grain of sugar for the eyes and a strip of orange peel for the mouth. If you want a very fancy bonbon, tie a ribbon around the dog's tail and put a strip of light colored candy around the neck for a collar.

You can make a candy dough of any color by the use of extracts. When you have mixed the egg and water, and before you have added the sugar, you can turn the mixture a delicate green with a drop of pistachio. If you want pink candy use a few drops of raspberry preserve, or plum juice for purple. It is easy at this stage to color the dough. If you want it very pink substitute cold raspberry juice for ice water.

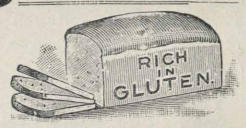
You can make a room full of bric-a-brac in this way, or you can give a bonbon party, which is quite the latest thing. For supper you serve dishes of candy animals made by yourself. The game is to guess what kind of an animal it is.

DIET OF FRUIT.

A celebrated French physician, Dr. Dupoury, divides fruits into five classes, each of which possesses a special hygienic value—the acid, the sweet, the astringent, the oily and the mealy. To the first, including cherries, strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, peaches, apples, lemons and oranges, he accords great merit. Cherries, however, he prohibits entirely to those affected with neuralgia of the stomach. Strawberries and raspberries he recommends warmly to those of bilious, plethoric and gouty temperament, and denies them to those in whom diabetes is present or suspected. Of the sweet fruits he considers that plums are of special hygienic value, and even a preventative in gout and articular rheumatism. To the grape he accords the very first place. He is an ardent advocate of what in Europe is called the grape cure. In this cure grapes for several days form the exclusive nutriment. The patient commences with the consumption of from one to two pounds daily, with a gradual increase to eight or ten pounds. After a few days of this diet

a marked improvement in the general health is noticeable. The appetite improves, the digestion becomes easy, and rapid and increased capacity to withstand the fatigue of out-door exercise is noticeable. The grape cure is particularly recommended to the anaemic, dyspeptic and consumptive, in diseases of liver and in gout.

BREAD...



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Avoid substitutes

PRUNES, DATES AND FIGS.

PRUNE SAUCE.

Wash, soak and boil the prunes in the usual manner. When tender take out the stones as clean as possible; crack them and extract the kernels. Throw these in boiling water for a minute and rub off the outer skin. Pip in cold water to preserve their color and add to the fruit. Sweeten the sauce with white sugar to taste, and to a pound of fruit add a glass of port wine.

STEWED DATES.

Wash and pick over a pound of dates; take out the stones. Simmer on a slow fire, with just sufficient water to cover them until the whole becomes the consistency of apple sauce. Add a small piece of butter, about half a teaspoonful, sweeten to taste, and flavor with lemon peel. This is a very healthful sauce and remarkably cheap. Dates are also excellent chopped and mixed with the breakfast oatmeal, to be eaten with milk and sugar.

STEWED FIGS.

Put one pound of good dried figs into a pint of cold water. Stew till quite tender; take out the figs and put into the water one pound of loaf sugar and the rind of a lemon. When the syrup is thick enough add the juice of one or more lemons and a tablespoonful of brandy; put in the figs again and stew for a quarter of an hour.

LEMON SANDWICHES.

Cut the crust off from the loaf of bread of which the sandwiches are to be made and cover it with lemon peel. Cover a piece of butter, about a pound, with grated lemon peel and put in the same dish with the loaf. Allow both to stand over night until the lemon flavor saturates both bread and butter. When making the sandwitches, melt the butter, about half a pound, with grated lemon, four tablespoonfuls of finely chopped parsley. Spread this between the slices of bread cut as desired.

GERMAN SALAD.

Ten potatoes, one small onion, two cold hard-boiled eggs, and one sour apple. Boil the potatoes in their jackets, and, when cold, peel and cut into dice. Pare and slice the apple very thin, grate the onion and mix with the potatoes. Moisten well with the cream dressing. Cut the eggs in halves, remove the yolks and squeeze them through a fruit or vegetable press over the top of salad. Cut the whites in rings, and use them to garnish the salad. This is an unusual salad, and one certain to be enjoyed.

GINGER APPLES.

As the fruit promises to be very scarce this season, the attention of housekeepers is called to the old recipe for using apples. Even the poor ones can be put to service if they are of good acid flavor. Make a syrup of four pounds of sugar and one pint of water. Chop four pounds of apples and one-fourth pound of green ginger root fine with three lemons. When the syrup boils, add the apples and cook till clear; put into glasses or pots.

Review of Fashions.

THE MUFF.

It is not, says the Louisville Courier Journal, every well-dressed woman who, now the cold weather has begun in earnest, carries a fur muff. Those who do, display perfectly round ones of

very conservative size and always lined with some gayly-colored satin. A chinchilla muff, with a cherry red or apple green center is considered a very pretty thing indeed, or a sober hand-warmer of Persian lamb is made glorious with a pansy purple or deep orange yellow silk lining, that is often further distinguished by vivid plaid stripings. Just at the ends of the muff, where fur and satin come together, it is a commendable custom to set on a short, thick-puffed flounce of black chiffon or cream and black lace intermingled.

A fresh lining and a little lace administrated as above directed will, by the way, work wonders in the freshening of well worn or demode fur muffs, and many are the owners of such fur possessions who have personally furnished them up with taste and neatness to last triumphantly through one or more seasons of hard use.

MUFFS OF CLOTH, SILK AND SATIN.

But to return to the original theme, which was not fur muffs. Velvet, satin and cloth are the materials from which the greater number are made, and those of odd shape and quaint trimming are more and more numerous as the season progresses. Dressmakers compound them from whatever the dress fabric may be, and they usually adopt the bag or reticule muff as the best pattern. Such a muff is lined with a scrap of bright brocaded silk, then around the openings where the hands enter frills of lace or accordion-plaited chiffon are whipped, or, to increase the decoration, loops of ribbon fringe or very small fur tails encircle each orifice.

The top of this species of muff, that is where it gathers up to give the bag effect, is arranged quite like the mouth of a reticule. A ribbon, or, better still, a gilded chain, draws the fulness of the material together, passes about the wearer's neck, and the top of the muff really serves as a shopping bag, or, at any rate, it will hold a handkerchief, a purse, and even opera glasses, with no inconvenience. A few big bows of ribbon, loops of fur, ruche of ostrich tips, or maybe, a bright-winged bird, are any or all utilized to ornament the outside and front of this composite muff that looks not wholly unlike a theater hat.

CONCERNING VEILINGS.

Beautiful examples of American veilings are now shown in the dry goods stores, while imported veilings are perhaps more popular, there is a large enough demand for the domestic article to justify its production.

In the American veilings exquisite effects are produced in French grays, bluette, golden browns, black and white weaves and in all of the commoner shades. The lace border is also used on some of the domestic veilings this season. In many cases the ground or net of the veil is imported, the dotting and figuring only being done in the domestic factories.

The dotting is done by hand. A fine wire is run through the chenille strands. By using a small pair of tweezers the wire is clipped into dots and clamped securely into the net of the veiling. The dotting is done after a pattern, which is placed under the veiling ground.

In some veils the dots are put on in the form of powdered black cloth, which is cemented to the grounds. These veils are known as "Chienettes."

The first attempt to manufacture veils in America was made about twenty-five years ago, but with little success, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. Finally, after considerable money had been expended on the experiments, a neat effect was produced in Brussels net. Tuxedo meshes are also produced now and compare favorably with those of foreign manufacture.

Tuxedo meshes include many hundreds of varieties. The imported is manufactured in Paris, Lyons, Rouen and St. Etienne. The importations of veilings aggregate $10,000,000 annually. Within the last five years the veilings made in New York have been more than quadrupled.

The prices of veils are somewhat higher this season than last, as a result of the new tariff. In general, however, even with the duty added, veilings are cheaper than formerly, as the use of labor-saving machinery and the reduction in the cost of raw material enables the factories to manufacture at lower figures. The number of styles in use is estimated to be about 10,000. One firm in New York city carries 10,000 varieties in stock. The greatest demand at present, as formerly, is for dotted veils. Some flowered and lace-bordered patterns are also worn.

The colors preferred are the grays, the magpie (black and white), cream, violet and black. Mourning veils are made in more than three hundred varieties.

ORANGE IS IN FAVOR.

All shades of orange color seem to find great favor this year. A collarette is made of accordion plaited orange-colored satin. The neck is finished with an accordion-plaited full ruche, not hemmed, but doubled over, and caught in and out in a plaited puff. Black lace is fulled into the folds of this and long satin ribbon ends, without bow loops, finish the fastening at the front.

A curiously combined collar is made on a straight, smooth-fitting foundation. At the base of the collar in front hang two full ends, gathered tight at the top into a loop like the loop of a sailor knot. This is made of some diaphanous stuff that is used again in the full four loops that emerge two on each side from the plain collar. These loops are really in the nature of puffs and are arranged directly under the ears. The collar is plain in the back.

Loops seem to have disappeared entirely from a great many of the new ties. Any number of very brilliant plaid silk stocks are among the recent importations on

sale. Many of them are finished with overlapping points, edged with velvet, and are decorated in front with lace-edged pieces of net, knotted into a tight fold of the silk, and falling in this way almost tassel-shaped from the lower front of the collar.

IT'S A FREE SCHOOL OF PHOTOGRAPHY OPEN TO EVERYONE AND WE OFFER CASH PRIZES FOR THE BEST PICTURES

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Amateur photography, already popular for many seasons, will be a fad during the coming summer. The camera can be carried on the bicycle, and the enthusiastic wheelman will bring back many beautiful views from his summer wanderings.

Do you want to learn how to photograph

correctly and well, and best of all

Free of Charge?

If so join our photographers' club.

ENTRANCE.

An entrance fee of $1 will give you THE INDIANA WOMAN for six months, and at the same time make you a member of the Club. The member will have the advantage of published lessons from time to time on developing, printing, and mounting. These articles will be prepared by well-known photographers specially for THE INDIANA WOMAN.

PRIVILEGES.

Arrangements have been made for all members to use the dark rooms of H. Hough & Co., 20 Pembroke Arcade, Free of Charge, and there to receive practical demonstrations in the work of amateur photography.

PRIZES.

We also offer three cash prizes to members, of

$15, $10 and $5

These prizes will be awarded by three competent judges, experts in the art of photography.

The pictures will be published for ten consecutive weeks, at the end of which time the contest will close. They will then be divided into three classes, first, second, and third. On the first Saturday after the contest closes, all pictures in the first class will be published; on the following Saturday the pictures in the second class, and on the third Saturday, all pictures in the third class.

In the next issue will appear the names and photographs of the prize winners together with the prize winning pictures.

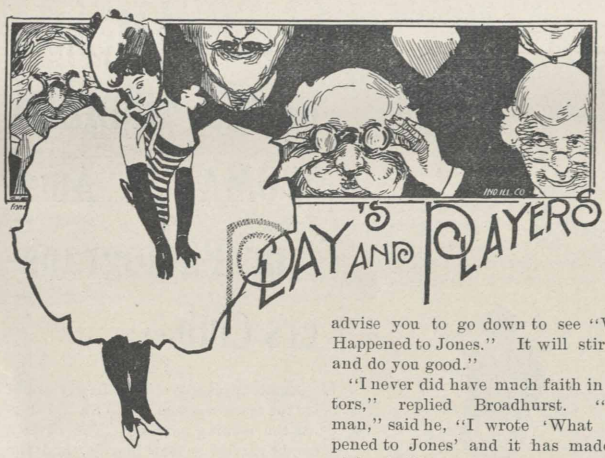
OPENING THE CONTEST.

These valuable articles on photography will begin in the issue of January 8, 1898. Remember they are written by men who understand their business. The contest will begin in issue of January 15, 1898. Enter now as it takes some time to make the plates and you have the privilege of entering three different pictures all at the same time or at different times during the ten weeks of the contest.

IMPORTANT.

Twenty coupons clipped from THE INDIANA WOMAN will entitle one to entrance into contest.

For further particulars call at office of INDIANA WOMAN, 49 N. Illinois St.



"What Happened to Jones" which was given at English's last night and this afternoon and will be given again tonight, is one of the most successful farces of the season. The action of the play all takes place in one evening, in the home of Ebenezer Goodly, a professor of Anatomy in a prominent Eastern University. The Professor's family consists of his wife, two daughters, Marjorie and Minerva, the former a romantic girl, who is engaged to a good young man who isn't good, and the latter almost as learned as the goddess after whom she was named; his ward, Cissy, who had been sent West for her health and had found it; his wife's maiden sister, Alvina, who is even more romantic than her neice, and Helma, a Swedish servant girl. The family is expecting the arrival of the Rev. Anthony Goodly, D. D. Bishop of Ballarat, who has not seen his brother for thirty years, and who has never met any of the members of his household. The character of the bishop is shown by the two books he wrote, "The Mistakes of Darwin, or the Theory of Evolution," and "Snowdrops and Violets," a few blossoms from his poetical garden. Ostensibly the bishop is coming simply to see his brother after so many years of separation, but really his visit is for a very different purpose. The professor,in his letters had so descanted on the many virtues of his sister-in-law, Alvina, that the bishop, although a stranger to her has made bold to write to her, the result being after several years of correspondence he is coming to marry her. Jones, a drummer for a hymn book house, who sells playing cards as a side line, dons the clerical garb and plays the bishop. The farce has two very amusing sub-plots running through it. Jones knows nothing of Australia and less of evolution, about which Minerva is anxious to interrogate him. When questioned about "Snowdrops and Violets," he disclaims all knowledge of horticulture. He falls in love with Cissy and is claimed by Alvina. To still further complicate matters for him, the real bishop comes on the scene. The efforts of Jones to keep the bishop out of sight of the family lead to some extremely novel and funny situations, and then really furnish the many laughable features of the play that made it so successful in New York.

George H. Broadhurst author of "What Happened to Jones," is not the lively, gay and festive individual he might be taken to be, judged by his comedies. He is rather a sedate individual with a proneness to fits of the blues. He called upon a physician in New York and told him of his troubles. Mr. Sawbones diagnosed his case, saying: "The trouble is you don't have enough amusement; you don't go to the theater enough. A hearty laugh will do you more good than a pill. I would advise you to go down to see "What Happened to Jones." It will stir you and do you good."

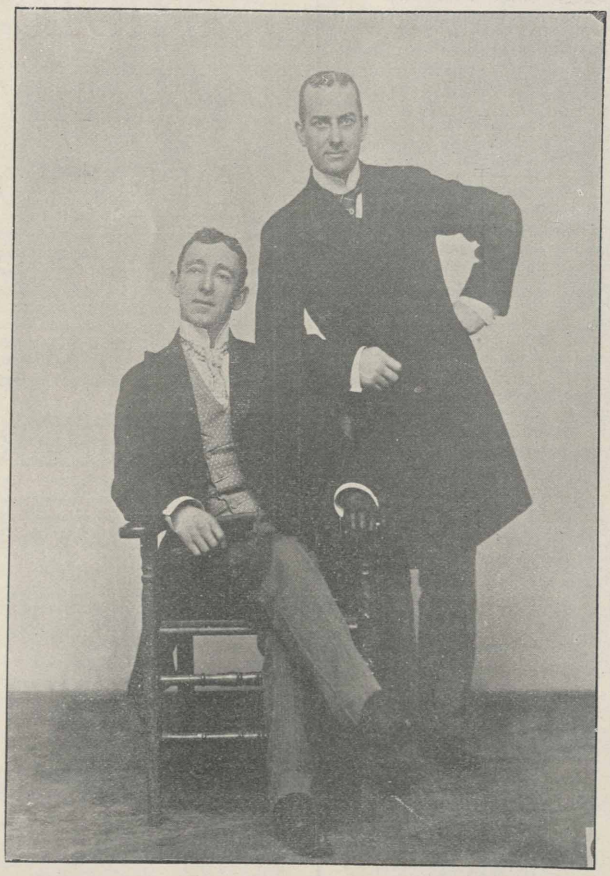
"I never did have much faith in doctors," replied Broadhurst. "Why man," said he, "I wrote 'What Happened to Jones' and it has made me violently ill."

—

DAN SULLY AT THE PARK.

Daniel Sully, who makes his first visit at the Park next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday in "O'Brien, the Contractor," is without doubt one of the best character actors on the stage. He has a praiseworthy ambition to elevate the Irish character of the drama, and presents the son of Erin as we know him in life, not as we see him in the comic papers. Across the footlights comes only a delightful tinge of brogue, carrying in its sweetness the outpourings of an Irish heart, and the pulse-throbs of true Irish nature. He is heroic without bravado; he is honest without saintism, and the pure and artistic air of naturalness permeates his healthful play. The discerning public, which has burnt incense at the shrine of "horse-play" farce comedy should open its arms and welcome a man brave enough to present an Irish character which is not a caricature. Dan Sully has not visited Indianapolis in years and has never played the popular priced houses. He will draw immense houses at the Park next week as he is known to everybody far and wide. The engagement opens with Monday matinee.

For the last half of next week the Park Theater will offer another fine attraction—"On the Yukon," which Robert Fulgora is directing and in which Sam Morris is starring. Morris is one of the best Hebrew dialect artists in the business. Hopkins Trans Oceanic Star Specialty Company is coming to the Park the week of January 10. It is a famous organization and leads all similar companies.



PRIMROSE & WEST.

—

PRIMROSE & WEST'S BIG COMPANY AT THE GRAND.

It is a matter of note that Messrs. Primrose & West occupy the position of the only first class purveyers of minstrelsy in America, the mother country of this form of entertainment. This is due no doubt to the fact that while they have carried on their operations on a large scale, they have at all times applied business methods to their actions, have always dealt fairly with the public, and have at all times been strictly up to date and inventive. It is promised that this company which is to make its annual appearance at the Grand next Monday and Tuesday nights will be found superior to any they have yet exploited. A small army of people will be engaged in the performance which is of an entirely different nature from any heretofore given, although of course, the main features of minstrelsy are retained. No negroes are employed this season, the performance being given wholly by white men. There is a long list of leading minstrel stars and comedians in the company, headed by that prince of entertainers, George H. Primrose, the best of all delineators of the high toned colored swell. Of the others the best known are George Wilson and Ernest Tenney. Among the long list of entertainers and singers will be found the names of Manuel Romane, Waterbury Bros. & Tenney, Quaker City Quartette, Ben Mowatt Trio, the marvelous Seymours, and many others. This is the first and only appearance of the company in Indianapolis this season. Some weeks ago the other Primrose and West company was here. This one that is coming to the Grand is an entirely different company with the advantage of having George Primrose and George Wilson with it. It is the leading minstrel company of the world.

—

The Maybrick case is coming up again. A one-act play is to be written on the subject and presented in variety theaters, a petition for the pardon of Mrs. Maybrick being offered for signature at each theater where it is acted.

—

Pinero has chosen Paul Author for the leading part in his new play, "Trelawney of Wells." Mr. Pinero has had the good luck to be able to select the actors who are to give his plays. The new play is a four-act comedy, and will be seen in New York at the Lyceum Theater under the name of "Rose Trelawney."

—

WITH THE REVOLUTIONARY SOCIETIES.

Continued from page 4.

parts taken by the Lotus Glee Club Quartet in their incidental song, "Tenting Tonight." Scene 3—Return of the Veteans, 1865. Those taking part were members of the Lafayette Post, G. A. R.; Duryee Zouaves, Veteran Zouaves, N. Y. C.; The Women's Relief Corps, G. A. R., and Daughters of Lafayette Post, G. A. R. Assisting the Lafayette Post, by invitation, a delegation of Koltes Post, No. 32, G. A. R., with battle flags, under Commander Frederick Letzeiser, made a splendid showing. At the right of the line were seen the Duryee Zouaves, detail of members of Lafayette Post, the Veteran Zouaves, detail of members of Lafayette Post, Second Duryee Zouaves (166 th New York Vols.) All were under the supervision and charge of Lafayette Post.

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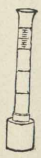

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WHAT Miss Beebe's "First School Year" is to the primary teacher this little volume is intended to be to mothers. Miss Beebe believes that the ceaseless activity of children calls for employment, and "Home Occupations" is full of ways and means for mothers.

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The occupations here considered are of three kinds. The first are those which require the active participation of an older person; the second, those for which only occasional direction or assistance is necessary; the third, those in which the child can engage by himself.

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FROM THE BOOKSELLER.

"Home Occupations for Little Children, by Katherine Beebe, a well-known kindergartner, of Evanston, Ill., will be welcomed by many mothers, who will find it full of valuable suggestions to aid in rearing their little ones. Many cross and disagreeable children would be speedily restored to good nature if their mother or nurse knew enough to guide the immature mind to some pleasant occupation without too great interference with its own freedom."

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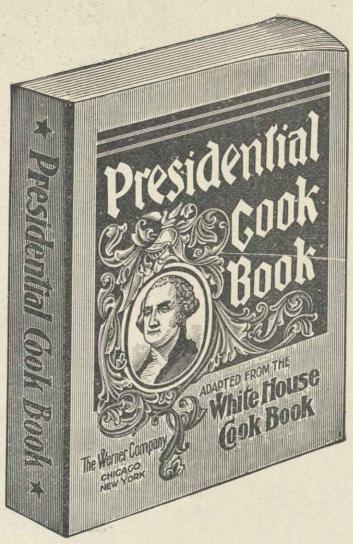

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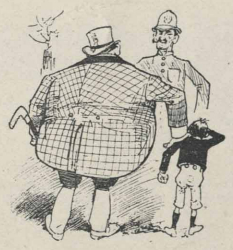
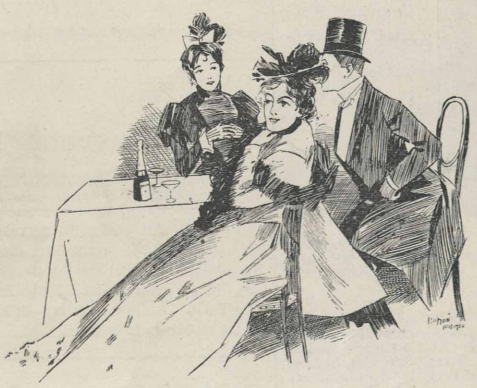


Dennis Fermanagh: "Och! th' young riptoile. Jist as Oi was passing by, he up wid a stone and hit me wid all his moight, roight in th' shmall o' me back, begorra!



She: "When you post a letter do you stick the stamp on yourself?"
He: "Certainly."
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When Ferris' Good Sense Corset Waist is on the form the wearer is satisfied she looks right; she knows she feels right; she has the physician's assurance that she is dressed right for health. All who have worn them express their satisfaction with

FERRIS' Good Sense CORSET WAIST.

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THE INDIANA WOMAN

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

FISCHER.

IND. ILL. CO.

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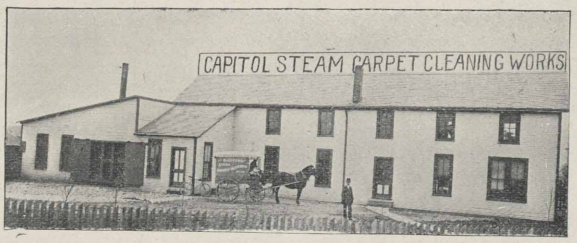
on collars and cuffs when laundered at the

Excelsior Laundry,

17 Capital Avenue, South. 'Phone 249.



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In addition, prices are somewhat less than of other patterns and our guarantee of satisfaction goes with everyone sold.

February Designers, Catalogues and Free Fashion Sheets are now on the counters. Get one! There are some especially attractive designs this month.

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That which will insure this is eagerly sought for.

The Only Question Is—Will It Do It? Some Will—Some Won't!

LEMON BALM WILL DO IT

It Beautifies the complexion smooths the skin, cures chapped hands and face, sore lips, sunburn, freckles, salt rheum, eczema and bad burns.

WILL KEEP YOUR HUSBAND IN A GOOD HUMOR IF USED AFTER SHAVING.

It is also valuable to ladies for other purposes. Hundreds of local testimonials testify to its merits.

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THE INDIANA WOMAN

Vol. V. Indianapolis, Saturday Afternoon, January 15, 1898 No. 9.

WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG

One of my readers has a grievance against people who will read papers at clubs without previously learning how to pronounce correctly the words used in them. The plea of the mispronouncer is, of course, that the words are frequently foreign and she is not a skillful linguist. To this I say most sternly, "Madam, this is no excuse. If you cannot pronounce the words correctly, you should get some one to teach you the correct pronunication. Or if you cannot, you would better leave the paper unread. Membership in a club is supposed to indicate culture; but no woman of culture would attempt to read a paper half of which she could not pronounce correctly. Such a performance would be as slovenly as to go to the club meeting with her shoes untied and her hair in disorder. But women who would be horrified at the thought of such neglect in toilet, think nothing about mispronouncing very common words."

The reader who has a grievance heard a paper recently at a club meeting on a subject related to Norway. All through the paper the writer referred to "fjords" as "fords," and to "skjees" as "shees," and on some names—names of localities whose pronunciation could be found in any geography—she hesitated and finally broke down.

—

The Youth's Companion has published another tearful story about a woman who had no front door. This unhappy creature saved up for years the proceees of her berry pickings and quilt piecings and "yarb" gatherings until she had accumulated nine dollars with which to buy the front door. The day before she ordered the door, a poor neighbor's child fell sick and she parted with her money to pay the doctor's bill. Miss Wilkins has a story on this same theme, and these two are not the only New England stories I seem to have read constructed upon this same simple foundation. Having never had the pleasure of a visit to New England I am unable to say whether the New England people have a mania for constructing houses without front doors and with back doors which invariably look out upon pig stys or whether this is a simple device of the storyteller. However it be, realistic or imaginative, I would suggest to these storytellers that it is becoming somewhat thread-bare. The story of a house without a back door, where the dish water and the potato parings have to be carried through the parlor and around to the pig-sty, would at least, have the charm of novelty.

—

If any one group of people more than another need the sympathy of their fellow mortals it is the program committees of the woman's literary clubs. They are appointed by the President who usually names the first ones who occur to her, and naturally selects women as unlike in temperament and taste as possible. They hold bi-weekly and tri-weekly meetings for several months in the effort to come to some agreement, and finally—since women never compromise—the stronger ones prevail, and the agony of the weaker members is aggravated by the knowledge that they will have to bear their share of the criticism of a program in whose making they had no part. The program made and the criticism dealt out by the other club members, the end is not yet. There will be vacancies all through the winter—members who must leave town or who are ill or who have some other good excuse for not performing their duties, and upon the program committee falls the burden of the filling these vacant places. No wonder that women who have once served on a program committee always decline a similar position afterwards, in favor of new members.

MRS. JOHN T. GREENE,
Sacramento, California.

—

Although some school girl has scrawled "no good" at the end of a certain volume of W. Clark Russell in our city library, that veteran novelist still continues in popularity. The girls may think he is "no good" at the end of the story, but they find a fascination in his tales which causes them to call for another volume. No wonder! Although they may not appreciate all his talk of mizzen-masts and spar heads and may care little or nothing for his stirring descriptions of storms at sea, still they cannot be proof against his gallant lovers and his charming heroines. To the older reader who peruses several of Russell's books in close succession, there is a striking similarity in these various sets of lovers, which would make them seem the same pair refurbished and newly complexioned for each volume, but perhaps this is not apparent to the youthful reader. The heroine is usually weak in one lung, and must take a voyage to India or around the world in a sailing vessel. Naturally, something happens on the long and tedious voyage. The vessel either runs into the south pole and freezes on top of an iceberg, (without of course, injuring the lovely heroine, who but grows lovelier and healthier in the enforced cold storage) or the ship burns and she escapes to a desert island where she loses her mind. But although this theme may grow somewhat tiresome, it is really pleasant, even for older readers, to read once in a while of love so ardent and so lasting as that which inspires these gallant youths and courageous maidens, and such love is so seldom depicted in the modern novel that it is worth dwelling upon when found.

—

The astonishing and speedy cure of Russell's heroines should offer a valuable suggestion to the "consumption cure" people. From the way the consumptives swallow their nostrums it would seem that any medicine, however heroic, will be taken by these sufferers. Since none of these remedies have proved helpful, why not provide a sailing vessel, a la Russell, the "Hindian Ocean" and the South pole? Of course, the gallant lover would add excitement, if he could be provided. If Mr. Russell is to be believed, the weak lungs will be completely restored by this treatment, and even better, the patient will become as lovely as though she had used Madame Somebody's toilet cream throughout her exile.

—

The members of the patriotic societies would do well to read carefully Professor Woodrow Wilson's lecture on Patriotism which he delivered not long ago before a New York history club. A little less time spent in glorifying one's claim of long descent, a little more time spent in thinking how best one may do something to prove that he too possesses some of the patriotism which inspired his ancestors, might induce more people to see something worth while in the patriotic societies.

—

"One cannot be a patriot at long range," says Prof. Wilson. "The first thing to do, if you are going to be patriotic, is to get a firm foothold where you are. If in the midst of your own community you take pains to understand and advance its interests, you are fulfilling the duties of a patriot."

The trouble with too much of this modern patriotism which our patriotic societies are said to foster, is that it is patriotism at long range. The members fancy that if they talk about the achievements of their great grandfathers, who bled and died for freedom, that they are doing as much as their grandfathers did.

—

Some New York woman—a director of the Domestic Science Department of the Teacher's College, has stated that children of the middle class—those who are neither rich nor poor and who should therefore be the most favored—are physically poor; that they are either too fat or too thin; too stunted in growth. She blames the mothers, and their management of the culinary department of their homes. It is barely possible that she is correct and these mothers have spent so much time in attending mother's meetings, and trying to learn exactly what Froebel and Pestalozzi meant, that they have really neglected their homes and their children. Our women have been trying to serve too many masters. Will they never be able to accept the Bible maxim that man can serve but one, but must ever try to prove that while man can not,—woman can?

—

Our Indianapolis papers can't be said to be too progressive. One of them the other day noted on its bulletin board that Nansen had been offered a position at the State University. Later, it transpired that this offer was made ten years ago. It is one thing to get news; it is another to get it straight.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

The Indiana Woman

An Illustrated Weekly Family Journal

Published by
E. E. STAFFORD,
47 and 49 North Illinois Street, Indianapolis, Indiana, U. S. A.

[Entered at the Indianapolis Post-office as second-class matter.]

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$2.00 per yr. $1.00 for 6 mos. 50c. for 3 mos. invariably in advance.

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KATE MILNER RABB, Editor.

Notes on the Revolutionary Societies

MRS. LELA GENEVIEVE BROOME TOOLE OF LAFAYETTE.

Mrs. Lela Genevieve Broome Toole of the General de Lafayette Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution is a native of New York state, in which state her ancestors did signal service through the most trying period of our country's history. Mrs. Toole is eligible through these ancestors, from whom she claims lineal descent, not only to the D. A. R., of which society she is a member, but also to the Colonial Dames, the Order of Descendants of Colonial Covernors, the Daughters of 1812, the Daughters of the Revolution, and the Colonial Daughters of the seventeenth Century.

The name of Broome is a familiar one in New York, whose county of that name was so called for her ancestor, Colonel John Broome, a patriot of the Revolution. For him, as well, was named Broome street in New York city. This Colonel Broome was a descendant of John Broome who was killed on Bosworth Field, August 25, 1485, while acting as standard bearer to the Earl of Richmond. The first Broome to come to this country was Samuel Broome who wedded the daughter of Marie de La Tourette, the story of whose coming to this country is thus told by Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, in her history of New York:

"The parents of Marie de la Tourette were the Count and Countess de la Tourette of ancient Huguenot family, and residents of the old chateau in La Vendee. When the Edict of Nantes was revoked the count was informed that his name was on the list of the proscribed and that an unsuccessful attempt to escape would cost him his life. He proceeded to give a large entertainment to which all the neighborhood gentry were invited, and when the gaiety was at its height, stole with the countess from the banquet hall and escaped on foot to the sea shore where a vessel bound for Charleston lay at anchor, taking with them only their jewels and Huguenot Bible. The ship was cast away on the New Jersey shore where the countess gave birth to the daughter who subsequently became the mother of John Broome."

Col. Broome was born on Staten Island in 1735. His wife was Rebecca Lloyd of Lloyd's Neck, L. I. He was the first Alderman of New York, elected in 1783, was at one time City Treasurer, and President of the Chamber of Commerce.

During the Revolution he advanced large sums of money to Congress for various purposes and refused to receive any money for civil and military services during the war. He loaned without interest a large sum of money to arm and equip McDougal's regiment to enable it to reach the northern army. He was a member of the famous Committee of One Hundred. He received the rank of Colonel in the army, and was elected to the Provincial Congress in 1776, and was one of the body that reported a Constitution for the state in March 1777. He served as president of the N. Y. Chamber of Commerce from 1785 to 1794; and was elected to the assembly of N. Y. state in 1801. In 1805, he was elected to the State Senate, and was elected Lieutenant Governor in 1805. He was serving in this capacity at his death in 1810.

Colonel Broome's grandson, Col. John L. Broome, has had an active military career, and one filled with interesting events.

In the Mexican War he served as Adjutant of the Second Marine Battalion. He also served with distinction throughout the Civil War, and rendered gallant service at Forts Jackson and St. Phillip. He was wounded twice at Vicksburg, the second time severely, but remained on the deck of the old Hartford in command of his battalion until the termination of the engagements. In 1868 he was appointed to the command of the Brooklyn Garrison, and held that position until 1880. He is still living, and the engagement of marriage between his son, George C. Broome and Miss Barbour, one of the belles of Washington, has but recently been announced in the newspapers of New York and Washington.

The Broomes were from first to last staunch patriots who would do and die in the service of their country.

On her mother's side, Mrs. Toole is descended from the Boarmans of Maryland, one of the most prominent members of which family was Rear-Admiral Charles Boarman. The records of Maryland for 1667 show that this family was prominent in Charles County, Maryland, having come over from England with the early settlers.

Rear-Admiral Charles Boarman was appointed on June 9, 1811 to the navy and served as a midshipman on board the brig Jefferson on Lake Ontario, during the war of 1812. He was commander of the Sloop Weasel, of the frigate Java, flagship of the Mediterranean Squadron, commander of Vandalia of Brazil Squadron, commander of the old frigate Brandywine of the Brazil Squadron. In 1852-3, commandant of Brooklyn Navy Yard. He saw sixty years of service, forty of which was sea service, and died at his home in Martinsburg, West Virginia, September 1879, over eighty-four years of age. He served with distinction in the Mexican War, and at the time of his death was one of the oldest officers in the Navy.

One of his daughters, Mary Jane, married William H. Broome in 1853. The oldest surviving daughter of this union is Mrs. Toole. Mrs. Toole is also related through her mother to some of the most prominent families of Maryland and Virginia, among them the Forests, Hunters, Diggs', and Harrisons.

MRS. LELA BROOME TOOLE,
Lafayette, Indiana.

MRS. W. W. STEVENS,
Salem, Indiana.

Pen Portraits of Well-known Indiana People.

MRS. W. W. STEVENS.

Mrs. Alice Caspar Stevens, or as she is better known in Indiana, Mrs. W. W. Stevens, was born November 6, 1858, in Washington County, Indiana. Her father, Lewis Caspar, was German, having been born in Hesse Darmstadt. Her grandfather, John Caspar, was a soldier under Napoleon, being one of his body guards for a number of years, and to him was entrusted the business of selecting and buying all the horses Napoleon rode from time to time and in all of his campaigns.

Mrs. Stevens' mother was of the sturdy North Carolina stock that settled in Southern Indiana, at an early day. In most part she was educated at the "Salem Academy," a school of considerable reputation in that part of the state for more than fifty years. At the age of 21 years she married Warder W. Stevens, then editor of the leading local paper of Washington county. It was as assistant editor of this paper that she received her first experience as a writer for the press. Three years later, and at her request, the newspaper was given up, and she and her husband moved to a country home just outside the city limits, a most convenient, pleasant and desirable location. Here she soon developed a taste for horse stock, and selected for her favorite the splendid Morgan. A fine herd was gradually built up, and the World's Columbian Exposition gave her an opportunity to test her skill and judgment as a horse breeder. She selected sixteen head of horses altogether, old and young, and with such assistance as was necessary went to Chicago, and for the first time put her horses in competition with many of the best breeders of this stock from all parts of the country. She had to show against Vermont as a state, funds having been appropriated to bring out the Morgan stock of that state from the very best herds that could be found. How successful she was the annals will tell. Out of sixteen first moneys she got ten, and of six medals she received four. She did not exhibit in a single class that she did not win a ribbon.

For a number of years Mrs. Stevens has been a regular contributor to several of the leading agricultural papers of the country, and along this line her work is very practical and thorough.

When farm institutes were first established she took an active part in the organization and building up of

Continued on page 14.

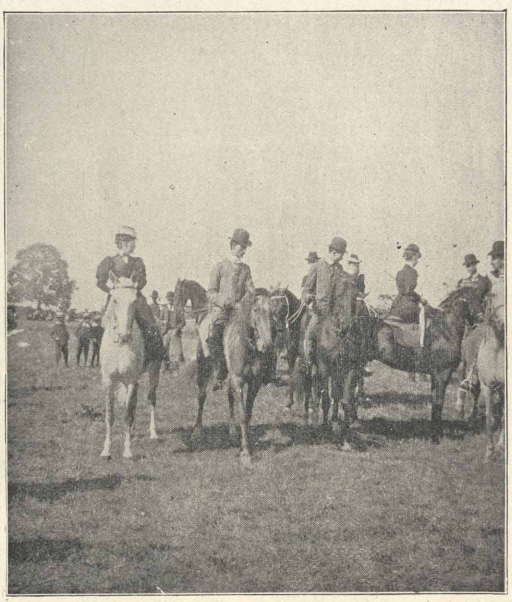
THE CONTEST OPENS

THESE ARE THE FIRST PICTURES ENTERED IN THE "INDIANA WOMAN'S" AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.—SEE NOTICE ON PAGE 13.

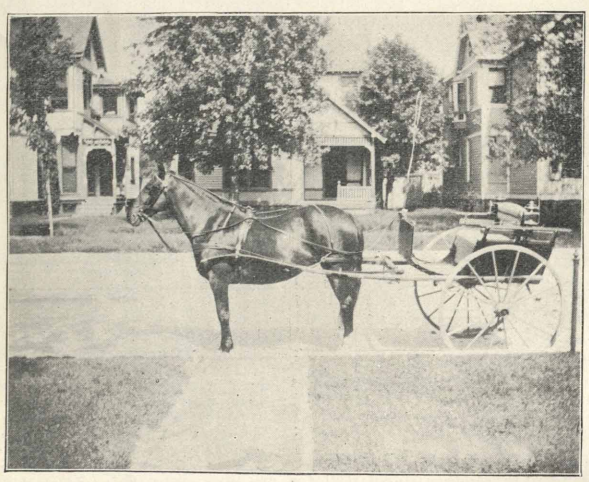
TWO MAIDS A-WHEEL.
Photo by Miss Ethel Smith. Not entered for contest.

ON THE CYCLE PATH.
Photo by Francis J. Reinhard. Entered for contest.

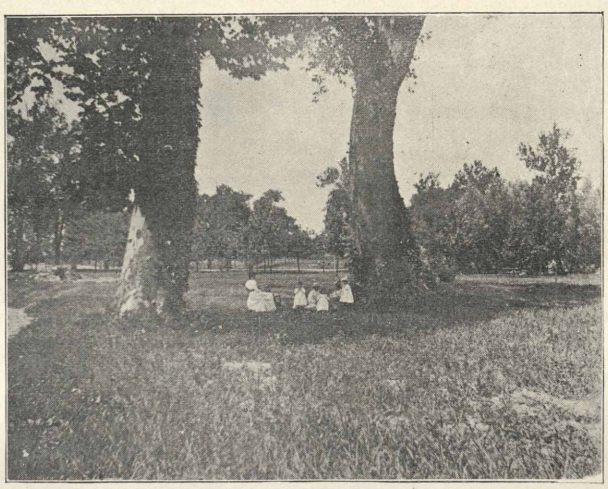
VIEW IN GARFIELD PARK.
Photo by Francis J. Reinhard. Not entered for contest.



NOT THE BRIARBROOKE HUNT.
Photo by Miss Ethel Smith. Entered for contest.



READY FOR THE RIDE.
Photo by Miss Ethel Smith, Not entered for contest.



A JULY DAY IN GARFIELD PARK,
Photo by Francis J. Reinhard. Entered for contest.

POINTS BY PYKE.

Mrs. Garner, the author of "The Theater Hat" is the wife of Prof. Samuel Garner widely known throughout this state, and one time Professor of Romance Languages in Indiana University. He is now occupying a chair the in Annapolis, Naval Academy. Mrs. Garner is a most talented woman, a fine musician, an artist, and a writer of exceedingly clever verse and prose. In July, 1897, Mrs. Garner read a beautiful poem, "The Pleasure of Wood and Field," before the Maryland State Teachers' Association. That Mrs. Garner writes very seldom and then only for her own and her friends' pleasure is a source of regret to those acquainted with her talents.

—

The question of chaperonage has been receiving attention and discussion in Indianapolis recently. The following paragraph may be found valuable by some of the participants in the discussion.

Mr. Wildwest: I suppose it's all right, but I can't help feeling that this continual presence of a chaperone is a reflection on my character.

Miss Two Seasons: O nonsense! It's lots more fun this way. Out west you are on your honor, whiie here you shift the entire responsibility for your conduct upon the chaperone; she'll be asleep in a moment.

—

One Indianapolis family has a Christmas observance which their intimate friends find a most pleasant one. On Christmas night of each year these friends are invited to their house for an entertainment so informal that it is known as "the Christmas frolic." The hostess is clever and original and her method of entertaining each year is always in the nature of a surprise to her friends. The Christmas presents of each member of the family are displayed in their rooms, and examining the of these while laying off their wraps is always enjoyed by the guests. So thoroughly is the frolic enjoyed that no member of this circle of friends has ever been known to decline this invitation for any other no matter how pretentious the other may be.

The Indiana University Glee Club reflected credit on its director, Mr. Hassler, at its entertainment given last week in Roberts Park church. There was a marked improvement over the entertainment of two years ago. The large audience encouraged the young singers with frequent applause and encores and it was evident that the boys enjoyed themselves almost as much as did the audience.

—

Miss Susan Bailey Pennington has come to Martinsville, Indiana from Colorado Springs, and will soon come to Indianapolis for permanent residence. Miss Pennington was a former Indiana girl, a student of DePauw University, who has spent the last eight years in Colorado in search of health. Miss Pennington is an accomplished musician and will be an acquisition to Indianapolis society.

—

A Philadelphia department store has been selling live cats. We haven't quite come to that yet, we haven't got further along than birds; but we may come to it yet. There is nothing Indianapolis and her stores will not do to keep up with the procession.

—

A few of our Indianapolis women are ardent students of Theosophy. Among these Mrs. Wilbur Wynn is considered one of the most enthusiastic and most thorough. Mrs. Ovid B. Jameson has made quite a study of this subject and has written several interesting club papers on Theosophy and kindred subjects.

—

On next Thursday, January 20, the play "Much Ado About Nothing" will be given by the English students at the State University in the University gymnasium. The selection of the cast was made by competitive readings, and these three Indianapolis boys were chosen, Elmer Scott, Hans O. Stechan, and —— Stephens.

—

The latest thing in stationery is a card that fits in an envelope, and is used for regrets, acceptances or even invitations to informal entertainments. In the middle of the card is the monogram, with circle or wreath die, illuminated in two colors.

—

The Harlemite of January 2, 1898, gives an extended account of the Harlem Life and its editors and publishers, the Bloomer brothers. The success of this little paper is phenomenal, although it certainly deserves all it has won.

—

Fort Wayne is establishing an Art League. This doesn't look as though the arts were going to decline in Indiana for the lack of cultivation.

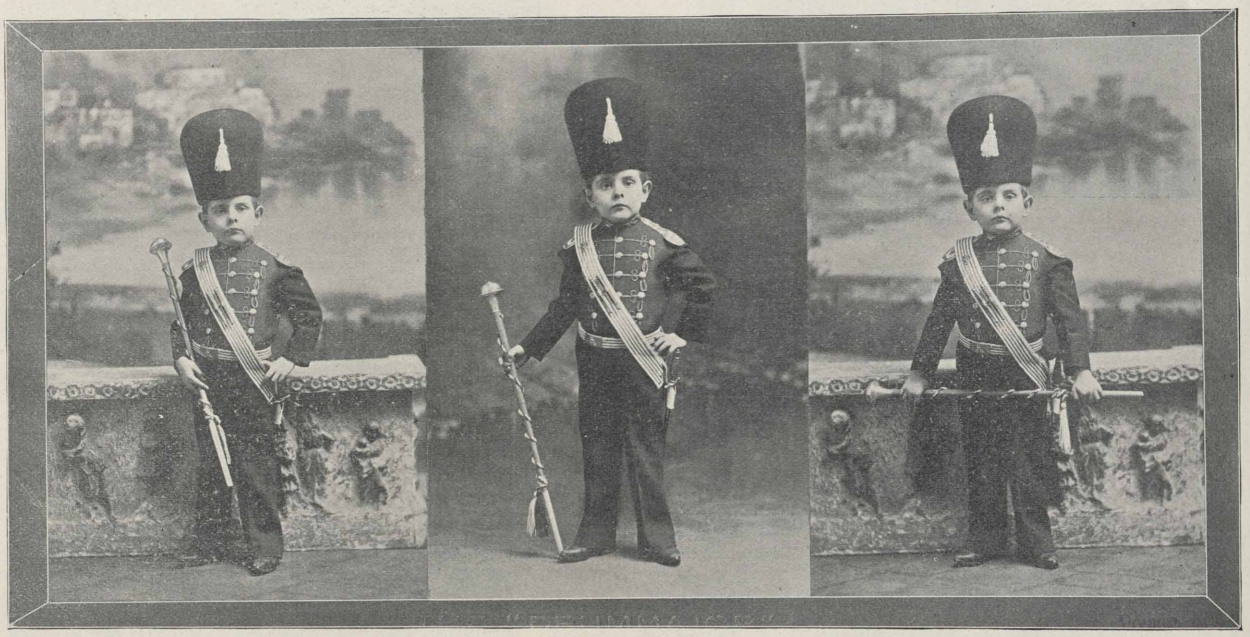
—

The Fort Wayne Dramatic Club is going to give as its initial performance, "A Scrap of Paper." The Fort Wayne Journal comments: "The Indianapolis Dramatic Club gave that, and this city can't afford to be behind the metropolis of the state in aspirations."

—

A For Wayne man has invented a successful mail catcher—no girls, it doesn't work in catching a husband; a Logansport man has invented a new Perpetual light, which will be far superior to electricity or gas. It is safe to say that if the senatorial contest in an adjoining state had not been engrossing the attention of the country for the past week, the Hoosier state and its achievements would have received considerable exploitation.

PYKE.



THE "DRUM-MAJOR"

MARCEAU_POWER (age 5 years) Christmas Morning, December 25, 1897.

Stray Tales of the Town.

"Deliver me from encyclopedias," said the young man gloomily. "The other evening I went over on—— street to call on Miss C., who has a guest here from another city. Miss B., the guest, is a bright girl, and as she has recently been abroad, our conversation turned on the scene of some of her travels. This led us to talk of some of the political troubles in Europe, and I inadvertently asked her something about the relations of these states in the past. She did not know, but she would get the encyclopedia and look it up. She tripped into the library and brought out an immense volume. It proved to be the wrong one, so she went back for another. Then she gave it to me that I might read for myself, and there I sat, compelled to read that stupid stuff for which I didn't care at all, while she sat and entertained the other young man who was calling on her. No! Deliver me from books of reference. In the future, I shall certainly confine my conversation to the frothiest subjects."

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There was some talk at an Indianapolis club not long ago of giving a dinner for a member who has recently been given a fine position in another city. "Well I think," whispered one member to another, "that since he's getting an increase of salary, while we are remaining on our old basis, the proper thing is for him to give the dinner to us." His friend agreed with him, but neither dared to speak their thoughts aloud.

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Those who use the telephone a great deal get so accustomed to hearing without seeing that they sometimes forget that they are not face to face with the person to whom they are talking. Not long ago, a lady in a small town left an umbrella in a down-town store, and did not miss it until she reached home. She at once rushed to the telephone and inquired of the "storekeeper" if her umbrella wa at his store. The kindly storekeeper heard the question, and exclaiming, "Wait a minute" rushed across the room and seized an umbrella which stood against the wall. Then taking up the receiver and at the same time extending the umbrella with the other hand' he inquired "Is this your umbrella?" It was only the laughter of the people in the store that revealed to him the absurdity of his inquiry.

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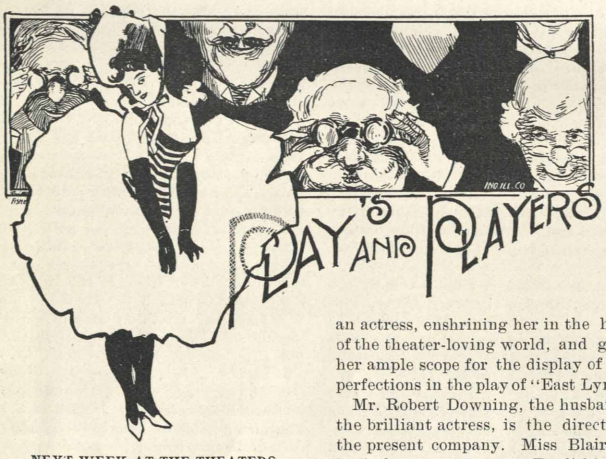
"There are some things that I never give advice about when I am asked. I will not talk too much the next time," remarked a young man the other day. "A young woman had a beau, and I did not know that she had already selected him as her future husband. I happened to be in the street car with her, and noticed her bow to the young man as he passed. She said, 'There is Mr. Blank; how do you like him?' 'He is good enough, I suppose, but I understand that he is a downright dead beat,' said I.

"The matter had escaped my memory until I saw in one of the papers that the young man and woman had married. I never felt in such an awkward position in my life as I had already conpromised myself by expressing my opinion of the man. I can not send congratulations, as they would be a disagreeable reminder of our last conversation."



NEXT WEEK AT THE THEATERS.

AT ENGLISH'S OPERA HOUSE.

The beautiful Eugenie Blair comes to English's as a star the first half of next week, beginning her engagement with a great revival of the ever popular "East Lynne." When Mrs. Henry Wood wrote her famous novel of "East Lynne," she drew a beautiful character in the person of "Isabel Vane," naturally innocent, noble and guileless. Twenty years ago, when it was one of the most popular plays of this kind on the stage, it thrilled the hearts and awoke in the human breast all the emotions of which it is capable. In following the sad story of the lovely girlhood, the passionate, beautiful womanhood and motherhood, the jealousy and distrust, which grew from the seeming indifference of the husband she loves so well, the yielding through despair to the insinuations and smiles of the miscreant who sought her downfall, and the final anguish, martyrdom and death of the lovely but unfortunate "Isabel Vane," one cannot help feeling a revival of the old time affection and interest for the play, and a wish to again thrill over the joys and sorrows it portrays.

The actress who now brings "Isabel Vane" to Indianapolis, is said to be fully equal to the effort, and cannot help but bring to her many triumphs, fresh laurels in her rendering of the part she assumes, and can well be called the successor of those older and well remembered stars, Clara Morris and Lucille Western, who gave, in days past and gone, such beautiful renditions of the ill-fated but lovely "Isabel Vane."

EUGENIE BLAIR.

Eugenie Blair has long been a favorite with the public. Her beauty, grace and accomplishments making her one of the marked successes of the day, her charm and grace as a woman as well as an actress, enshrining her in the hearts of the theater-loving world, and giving her ample scope for the display of those perfections in the play of "East Lynne."

Mr. Robert Downing, the husband of the brilliant actress, is the director of the present company. Miss Blair will begin her engagement at English's with "East Lynne" and repeat that play Tuesday night. Wednesday afternoon she will give "Camille" and on Wednesday night "Carmen."

JESSIE BARTLETT DAVIS.

AT THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Francis Wilson and his company will appear at the Grand for their annual engagement next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday in "Half a King." Mr. Wilson's character in "Half a King" is Tireschappe, a mountebank, who comes to Paris with his daughter, Pierette and his donkey. There is a handsome young man, Honore, the son of the Duc de Chateau Margaux, who happens to be in a garden on the banks of the Seine and is assailed by robbers. Pierette saves him, and he falls in love with her. But Honore is intended for Lucine, the daughter of the Duc de la Roche-Trumeau, and the course of true love in its usual tortuous way. Tireschappe loves his adopted daughter, for this is Pierette's real relation to him, and there is a mystery about her birth, and he determines to obtain for her the husband she desires. To this end he contrives to have the Duc de la Roche-Trumeau abducted and assumes his identity. Then arise all sorts of humorous complications, and the opera proceeds in the true Wilson way—the mountebank assuming the airs of a duke and the real Duke and all the aristocrats are puzzled. Tireschappe has a foil in the person of Mistigris, his factorum; in short, Robert Macaire and Jacques Strap over again; and there are endless ludicrous mystifications. The abducted Duke turns up again and finally comes exposure. Then also comes the story of Pierette's birth; there was not a strawberry mark on her left arm, but when found on the doorstep early in life, she had the half of a playing card—the king of diamonds—pinned to her dress; one of the Dukes has the other half, and she proves to be of noble birth. There is something bewildering in the way in which the incidents move, but nothing is out of place, except dullness, in the topsy-turvey world of a Francis Wilson comic opera. The real Francis Wilson is seen again—nimbly slipping, sliding and acrobatically tumbling about; singing without any voice for song, but always with wonderfully humorous expression, and dancing with a grace quite inimitable. The comedian is on the stage constantly during the performance, and is never for an instant still, and the laughter is incessant.

Francis Wilson's engagements in Indianapolis are among the most brilliant events of the season. Miss Lulu Glaser and other favorites are still with him. His company numbers sixty people. Seats are on sale at the Pembroke Arcade.

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The last half of the coming week at the Grand will be occupied by Fanny Rice, a favorite here, who will appear in "At the French Ball" which has proven her greatest success. It is a musical comedy and gives Miss Rice full scope for her admirable talents. She will give a popular priced Saturday matinee.

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AT THE PARK THEATER.

The Park Theater has for the first three days of next week another of its high class vaudeville companies—the famous and original Howard Athenaeum

FANNIE RICE.

Specialty Company. This organization is one of the very best in its line on the road, and has thousands of followers here.

The last three days of next week at the Park will be occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Byron, who have revived "The Plunger," the best play they ever had.

One of the events of the season will be the coming to the city in a few weeks of Hoyt's "A Stranger in New York."

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THIS WEEK AT THE THEATERS.

A treat was given the patrons of English's Opera House this week in the Bostonians' rendition of "The Serenade." No one who saw the large audiences on the two nights of their stay in this city and their reception of these old-time favorites, would believe that Indianapolis audiences were ever cold and critical. Each of the old favorites was warmly greeted as he appeared on the stage, and the laughter and applause were at all times hearty. Who could believe that some of the members of this company had seen the service they have? That Mr. Barnabee, for instance, had recently celebrated his sixty-fourth birthday? To their admirers the Bostonians seem ever young.

While some people think that no comic opera can equal "Robin Hood," "The Serenade" will compete with this older opera for popularfavor. "The Serenade" does not contain many "catchy" airs, but taken as a whole, music, costume, plot, one could certainly ask no more. The chorus and the orchestra were especially fine.

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Almost every play or opera which has been given in Indianapolis this season has been heralded as "the event of the season." This is most certainly true of "The Geisha," which was given at English's Thursday afternoon and night, and an extended notice of which appeared in our columns last week. A jolly, musical, rollicking, mirth-provoking comedy, it is from beginning to end,and one which was well received by enthusiastic audiences.

Lost.

A Daguerreotype of Charles Holman Black (as a boy) was lost in this city some time ago by Herbert Smith, when employed by the INDIANA WOMAN but long since discharged. A liberal reward will be paid for the return of this picture to the office of the INDIANA WOMAN, 49 N. Illinois street.

INDIANA CLUBS AND THEIR WORK.

EDITED BY MRS. HARRIET W. KITTS.

ON PARLIAMENTARY USAGES.

III.

One of the criticisms advanced by those who oppose parliamentary usage in clubs is that it is unwomanly. This is virtually asserting that it is unwomanly to do things right; and when one has admitted that, she has confessedly retrograded a century or two. She is no longer a "woman," but a "delicate female," with a weakness for fainting. She has placed herself on a level with the daughters of that Dr. Gregory, who in his "Legacy," written a hundred and twenty-five years ago, counseled his girls to beware of displaying their good sense. "If you happen to have any learning," said he, "keep it a profound secret, especially from the men, who generally look with a jealous and negligent eye on a woman of great facts and understanding." And we women of the 19th century thought we had progressed!

But granted, for the sake of argument, that it is unwomanly to understand and put into practice parliamentary usage: Is it womanly, then, to keep silence when remarks are called, to allow a motion to go by default, and afterwards to criticise unreservedly the member who made the motion, the president and all concerned? Is it womanly to vote the passage of laws which clearly define the president's policy when members are delinquent, and then to condemn her for unkindness, undue severity or possibly even maliciousness, when she does her simple duty? Is it womanly to chatter about the question that is before the club, with members at either hand—possibly to the disturbance of the meeting, and then to be too modest or polite or "lady-like" to take the floor, when the president in desperation sounds the gavel, and asks that remarks be addressed to the chair?

She who opposes club conduct that is founded on established rules of order, is the very she who does all these things—and worse. She is the club coward, in truth, in that while she refuses to openly and honorably take any stand in questions of debate, she is ever ready to whisper her opinions and criticisms behind the club's back.

PEN PORTRAITS.

Miss Josephine Stilwell, president of the Musical Amateurs of Crawfordsville, was one of the originators of the club. She has made music her life work, teaching both the piano and organ. She is the present organist of the First Presbyterian church, and has occupied this position for eleven years. She has been the able president of the Musical Amateurs since 1895.

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Miss Lenore Barnhill, secretary of the Musical Amateurs, is a native of Crawfordsville, where her early musical training was received. Subsequently, while attending Butler University, she studied the piano, composition and musical history, at the Indianapolis College of Music. She is a musician of ability, and is in local demand for instrumental programs.

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The accompanying group of young women represent the Baldwin Concert Company of Crawfordsville, which has won more than local fame for the excellence of its entertainments. It includes the Baldwin Ladies' Quartette with Miss May Watson, pianist, Miss Fannie Binford, alto, and Miss Mary Wilhite, reader. The Quartette, which has enjoyed a most successful career and which is considered one of the best in the west, includes Mrs. Walter Hulet, Mrs. Benjamin Crane, Miss May Kline and Miss Edna Dice. Mrs. Hulet possesses a voice of great range and sweetness and of especial purity in the upper register. She is a pupil of Miss Farquhar of Boston and other excellent teachers. Mrs. Benjamin Crane is also one of Miss Farquhar's pupils. She has a splendid voice of the mezzo quality, of good range and power. Miss May Kline received her musical education under the best instructors of Boston, her voice is one of rare sweetness. Miss Edna Dice, contralto, studied in Boston and in the Chicago Conservatory of Music. In Chicago, she was a pupil of the renowned Signor Carpi. Her voice is one of remarkable power, with wonderful sweetness and purity of tone. Miss Watson, pianist was for two years a pupil of Oscar Raif in Berlin. She is now teaching the piano in Crawfordsville. Miss Watson and all the ladies of the Quartette are active members in the Musical Amateurs.

THE MUSICIAL AMATEURS OF CRAWFORDSVILLE.

Indiana's musical organizations have earned an enviable reputation, both as to numbers and excellence. Almost every town possesses one or two clubs of this character, and the good that is accomplished by them in the way of arousing and maintaining an interest in the study of the divine art is incalculable. It gives us pleasure to present today the Musical Amateurs of Crawfordsville, the second musical club we have noted in these columns.

The "Musical Amateurs" was projected in the Fall of 1891, by Miss Josephine Stillwell and Mrs. A. B. Anderson at the suggestion of Crawfordsville's well-known piano teacher, Mrs. Flora M. Hunter. Thirty charter members were enrolled, officers and committees elected, and a permanent organization affected. "Since the first year," writes a member, "the standard has been gradually raised until we feel that real progress is, and has been made along both vocal and instrumental lines."

The club is divided into three sections, each section having two leaders, an instrumentalist and a vocalist. Meetings occur every third Monday. Guests are admitted upon the payment of a small fee to every third meeting, which arrangement gives each section one public meeting during the year.

The brochure is a neat eight-page board folder, containing program, membership list, and constitution. A glance at some of the by-laws indicates the earnestness of the club: "candidates for membership shall perform on trial either before the association, or a committee of three privately appointed by the president, to whom application must be made," and again "a fine of one dollar shall be imposed upon any member who fails to perform her part, except in the case of illness. A fine of ten cents shall be imposed for absence from meetings. A fine of five cents shall be imposed upon those who are tardy."

The association is affiliated with the Indiana Union of Literary Clubs. Its officers are: president, Miss Josephine Stilwell; vice-president, Mrs. James Walter; secretary, Miss Lenore Barnhill; treasurer, Mrs. James Waugh.

The leaders for the three sections are: Mrs. Charles Van Cleave, Miss Martha Hall, Miss Anna Burns, Miss Edna Canine, Miss Belle Sprague, Mrs. Moreland Binford.

PROGRAM OF THE MUSICAL AMATEURS OF CRAWFORDSVILLE

NOV. 1.—Section I—Miscellaneous.
NOV. 22.—Section II—E. Liebling, De Koven.
DEC. 13.—Section III—Phil and Zaver Scharwenka, Schubert.
JAN. 17.—Section I—Grieg Dudley Buck.
FEB. 7.—Section II—Miscellaneous.
FEB. 28.—Section III—The Polonaise, Nevin.
MAR. 21.—Section I—Chaminade.
APRIL 11.—Section II—E. A. Mac Dowell, Cowen.
MAY 2.—Section III—Songs without words, Humoresque, Miscellaneous.

THE SHAKESPEARE CLUB OF ROCKVILLE.

Of the Shakespeare Club of Rockville, a member writes: "It was founded in Oct. 1891, by Mrs. Francis Whipple and Miss Georgiana Byer. The first four years were devoted to a study of Shakespeare's plays, with frequent lectures by noted Shakespearian students. The club has made a feature of the lecture plan, inviting its fellow clubs to share these literary treats. The last two years, it has had a miscellaneous program with the Shakespearian lectures continued."

The "Shakespeare" is a mixed club of twenty-six members, the men numbering twelve. Meetings are held on each alternate Monday evening. The program for the present year is miscellaneous in character, presenting some good live topics that promise fine sessions. In a social way also the club is to be congratulated, as it seems to be unusually well supplied with occasions of this kind. Besides the regulation "President's Evening," "Guest Evening" and Banquet, three "summer outings" are arranged for the months in which the club adjourned, June 3rd, July 4th and August 4th. Another social innovation is a Children's Evening, which as it occurs on Feb. 14, we suspect has more or less to do with the good old Saint Valentine.

As should rightly be the policy—but often is not—of all mixed clubs, the official board includes an equal number of men and women, though this year the chief office is held by a woman. The "Shakespeare" has been affiliated with the Indiana Union of Literary Clubs since 1894. Its officers are: president, Miss Kirkpatrick; vice-president, Mr. Henry Daniels; secretary, Mrs. Clinton Murphy; corresponding secretary, Mrs. J. F. Thornton; treasurer, Mr. F. R. Whipple.

The executive committee is: Mrs. M. E. Strouse, Mr. Clinton Murphy, Mr. J. F. Thornton.

PROGRAM OF THE SHAKESPEARE CLUB OF ROCKVILLE.

SEPT. 27.—President's Evening.
OCT. 11.—A Bit of Mythology. A Month in the Everglades.
OCT. 25.—The White House as a Home. All Sorts and Conditions of Men.
NOV. 8.—Psychological Treatise of Hamlet. Shakespeare's Heroines.
NOV. 22.—Present International Controversies. Original Story.
DEC. 6.—Campaigning with Stonewall Jackson. Amusements and Morals.
DEC. 20.—Is Christmas as Celebrated a Burden? Unfinished Business.
JAN. 3.—Money, Knowledge, Beauty, and the Greatest of These is——? What Shall be Done With Our Criminals?
JAN. 17.—Guest Evening—Lecture.
JAN. 31.—"There are More Things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio." The Prize Story.
FEB. 14.— Children's Evening.
FEB. 28.—Auld Lang Syne. Modern Music. Quotations from National Airs.
MAR. 14.—"When my Cue Comes, Call me and I will Answer." The Passion Play.
MAR. 28.—Literary Life in Rockville. American Aristocracy.
APR. 11.—Higher Criticism of the Scripture. Universality of Consciousness and Pain.
APR. 25.—Cartoons and Cartoonists. The Advertisement in Art and Literature.
MAY 5.—Banquet. June 3, July 4, August 4. Summer Outings.

BALDWIN CONCERT COMPANY OF CRAWFORDSVILLE, INDIANA.

WITH THE CLUB EDITOR.

President W. W. Parsons of Terre Haute is an honorary member of the Shakespeare Club of Rockville.

We wonder what is meant by "The Prize Story" for which Mrs. S. D. Puett is made responsible by the year book of the Shakespeare Club of Rockville?

Mrs. James Waugh, treasurer of the Crawfordsville Musical Amateurs has occupied her present position for several years, in a most satisfactory manner. She is also an active member as one of the pianists of the club.

Mrs. Frank Coss of Crawfordsville was for four years the valued president of the "Amateurs," and much of the success of the club is due to her efforts. Many a meeting of a social nature has been held at her home, and many a song recital also given by foreign musicians.

Mrs. Rose B Anderson of the Crawfordsville "Amateurs," is a member of the present state program committee of the Indiana Union of Literary Clubs. At the Warsaw convention last June, she gave an organ number from "Tannhauser" in a decidedly artistic manner.

The four clubs of Rockville are all affiliated with the Indiana Union, and are all in a conspicuously flourishing condition. They are: "The Hoosiers." the Woman's Club, the Current Literature and the Shakespeare. An extended account of the "Hoosiers" was given in these columns Nov. 20. We hope to present the others—including a club of young girls, called the "Gypsy Club"—in the near future.

The name of "The Indiana Union of Literary Clubs" is misleading. The state secretary is called upon continually by clubs desiring affiliation with the Indiana federation, to explain that the "Indiana Union of Literary Clubs" is the state federation of clubs. These inquiring clubs apparently know the I. U. L. C. as a body but not by name, for they write, "we wish to join the federation that met at Warsaw—is that the one you represent? Is that not the state federation?" We believe this matter is worthy of consideration by the officers and friends of the Union.

Mrs. Francis Whipple of the "Shakespeare" of Rockville read an original story before the club, November 22nd—at least so the year-book informs us. Mrs. Whipple is a member of the state program committee of the I. U. L. C. It was our pleasure to present her portrait in connection with our recent account of the "Union" which appeared in these columns upon December the 18th.

We have just received some of the most interesting items concerning a unique and delightful society in Ladoga, Indiana, which is known as "The Bachelor Maids' Culture Club." When we shall have become a bit better acquainted with this new organization, it will give us unbounded pleasure to introduce it to the INDIANA WOMAN.

The brochure of the Rockville Shakespeare Club, prints along with the other officers and committees. the names of the two delegates who will represents the club at the Bloomington convention. They are Miss Margaret Kirkpatrick and Mrs. M. E. Strouse. We commend this plan to other organizations, many of which leave the appointment of its delegates till the last moment, with the unsatisfactory result then the club is, as likely as not, without proper representation.

The Ladies of the Round Table of Bedford recently bid their lords and knights to the annual "guests evening," held at the spacious home of Mrs. Col. A. C. Voris. We take pleasure in presenting the following picture of the scene, which was sent us by one who was present,—one whose well drawn sketch proves her to be an artist of the facile pen.

"Shortly after eight o'clock the guests crossed the hall. from the library into the large double parlors, where on the farthest wall was stretched a large white screen in front of which stood a fine stereopticon. After the lights were duly lowered, Mrs. Voris presented in a beautimanner the beautiful theme, "Christ the Ideal of the Ages." Throughout her reading, as she touched upon the principal points in the life of Christ, her suggestion was flashed upon the screen, and thus illustrated by photographs of some of the most famous paintings of those great artists, who wrought with a brush scarcely less inspired than the pen of the evangelist. Her pictures were well chosen, leading from the Nativity to the Ascension, leaving out the Crucifixion as too sacred and solemn to be flashed upon the hearts of those about to gather in laughter and gay repartee around the banquet board.

Strains of music summoned the guests back into the library, where each gentleman was handed a card on which was written but half of some familiar quotation. The lady holding the other half became his partner for the banquet. Stumbling upon the fits and misfits of the divided quotations, created quite an amusement. The man who had "Fools rush in—" looked long for his "angel, etc." The lady holding "—is the noblest work of God," waited long for her "honest man." Then to the "banquet board." The tables and rooms were fragrant with beautiful flowers. The refreshments were exceedingly dainty. During the ices, the toastmistress, Mrs. H. H. Edwards announced to the "lords," that the council chambers of the L. R. T. were never profaned by the foot of man, they were admitted only to the banquet hall. She assured them, however, that they might sip their cups in security, as no Sabine plot had been prepared to feast them and carry them away into captivity.

She then introduced Mrs. Brooks, who responded to the toast "A Woman's View." Her bright scintillations flashed good humoredly into the laughing masculine faces and she was seated midst hearty applause.

Mr. Radley looked through Crookes Tube and made many a happy and searching thrust with his X ray.

The toast-mistress then announced that since the discovery of germs, baccilli, etc., and their corresponding "itis," a new microbe and a new disease had been discovered. Dr. Newland was asked to diagnose the case, and he responded to "Americanitis." To this burning restlessness and fever so characteristic of the American, he applied medical terms and methods in his happiest manner. He said it was a disease which had become chronic with our nation, and while people never die of it yet can never be cured.

The guests arose from the board at eleven o'clock and the doors were shut again for a twelve month against the towering lords and gallant knights bidden by the Ladies of the Round Table."

MISS LENORE BARNHILL,
Secretary of the Musical Amateurs of Crawfordsville.

MISS JOSEPHINE STILLWELL,
President of the Musical Amateurs of Crawfordsville.

NOTE—We should be glad to hear from any literary, art or music club in the state, whether or not it is a member of the Indiana Union of Literary Clubs. Address all communications upon club matters to Mrs. Harriet W. Kitts, Muncie, Indiana.

Indianapolis Club Calendar.

Monday Jan. 17. Indianapolis Literary Club. "A Budget of Contributions from Honorary Members," John N. Hurty.

Monday, Jan. 17. Minerva Club. "The Voyage of Verrazian and Cortes," Miss Alice Brown; "The Life of Samuel de Champlain, the Father of New France," Mrs. L. H. Dunning: conversation, "Characteristic Features of the French in America," Mrs. William T. Brown, leader.

Monday, Jan. 17. Irvington Woman's Club. With Mrs. Clarke: visitor's day. Paper by Mrs. A. F. Potts.

Tuesday, Jan. 18. Fortnightly Club. "George Meredith," Mrs. James P. Baker; "Diana of the Crossways," Mrs. A. V. Brown; conversation, Mrs. Charles B. Rockwood.

Wednesday, Jan. 19. Matinee Musicale; Artists' Recital, William H. Sherwood.

Wednesday, Jan. 19. Parlor Club. 7:45 p.m. With Mrs. John C. Ingram. "The King's Party," Mrs. O. J. Dearborn; "The Enemies of the King," Mrs. Edgar A. Brown.

Thursday, Jan. 20. Aftermath Club. Mrs. H. B. McCune, "The Brook Farm Movement." "Emerson's Relation to it," Mrs. J. S. Berryhill; "George Ripley," Mrs. J. C. Barnhill; "Hawthorne's Blithedale Romance."

A THEATER HAT.

When fair Eve first wore her fig leaf,
I am sure she pinked that big leaf,
Or else worked it in pattern round the hem;
For a woman's great vocation
Is a taste for decoration—
Very nice for us and not so bad for them.

You remember old Isaiah,
Who with cruel words did slay her
For her wimples and her mantels and her rings;
For her bonnets, veils and mufflers;
For her crisping pins and rufflers;
For her bracelets and a score of other things.

Poor Isaiah! 'twas a pity
He should wail throughout the city
For her changeable apparel and all that;
Since it seems from his own showing,
He was very far from knowing
How to sit behind a big theater hat.

Had he seen that vast invention,
He had surely made some mention—
So it rests with me to tell of one I saw.
'Twas as big as an umbrella,
Velvet-lined and tinted yellow,
With a wide and bent up brim of plaited straw.

Fifteen full-blown cabbage roses
Its capacious rim encloses,
Bud and leaves and ribbons of cerise;
Wondrous blooms that stood up quaking,
In the air their petals shaking;
As the maid with smiles and glances strove to please.

And they wiggled and they woggled,
As she giggled and she ogled,
And I tried to see the stage around the brim;
And they tottered as she tittered,
Till my life was so embittered
That my soul was dark, my speech was not a hymn.

How I struggled, craned and scuffled,
But the stage for me was muffled;
I had no more chance for seeing that a bat.
And the lines the men were saying
Sounded strangely far away, in
That they everyone were talking through her hat.

I should like to pay her back, O!
Had I but a Russian shako!
Or a shaggy Russian bearskin tower to display.
With the hat of a drum major
I could furiously enrage her,
If she ever sat behind me at a play.

Maidens fair and fascinating,
On your whims we're always waiting,
And we follow meekly on wheree'er you go;
But we pray you, don't be late in
These monstrosities abating—
Let your pretty little faces have a show.

MRS. SAMUEL GARNER.
Annapolis, Maryland.

Installing of Officers.

Maj. Rob. Anderson Post, G. A. R., and their Auxiliary, the Woman's Relief Corps, held their installation ceremonies at Masonic Hall, Wednesday evening, Jan. 12. The opening hymn "Come, Holy Spirit," was sung by St. Paul's choir, Karl H. Hoenig, director. Prayers followed, after which came the installation of the Corps officers, with Mrs. Nettie Ransford acting as installing officer. Gen. Carnahan installed the Post officers. Selections were given by Professor Schonacker, Mr. Karl Hoenig gave a delightful solo and other selections were given by St. Paul's choir. Short addresses were given by Mrs. Hitt, Past National President, Mrs. Mary A. Sims of Frankfort, Past Department President of Indiana, and Mrs. Ella D. Zinn, President of Thomas Corps, Lieutenant Governor Haggard, retiring Commander Lester and others. The incoming President, Mrs. Matilda Booz, thanked Mrs. Ransford for her kindness in installing the officers, and Mrs. Jennie Miller, in a few well-chosen words, presented Mrs. Ransford with a beautiful bouquet from the incoming officers. Hattie Hopkins, retiring Secretary, presented Mrs. Julia A. Tincher, the retiring President, with a Past President's badge. The work of both Corps and Post was impressively given. The officers of the Corps are as follows: Mrs. Matilda Booz, President; Marguerite Clark, Senior Vice-President; Secretary, Claudia Keely Erther.

—

Mr. Franz Bellinger.

Indianapolis may congratulate herself on her recent acquisition of Mr. Franz Bellinger formerly of Philadelphia. Mr. Bellinger needs no introduction in musical circles as he is well known both as a composer and musical director. He is a native of Germany; he has been a student at Cologne, Brussels, Milan and Leipsic; later, instructor at Cologne and successful orchestral and choral conductor. Mr. Bellinger is an excellent private teacher and has taught in some of the best known schools in the country. He gave up an enviable post in Philadelphia to come to our beautiful city, where he has the position of music director of the "Maennechor" and some other important work. He has great natural ability and fine training in music, and Indianapolis, with her usual appreciation of what is worthy, gives him a hearty welcome. He is already a distinct force in the musical life of our city. The New York Musical Courier says the following: "Philadelphia has recently lost one of the most prominent of its younger musicians in the removal of Franz Bellinger from there to Indianapolis. Mr. Bellinger came there five years ago with fresh laurels won both in concert playing and as conductor in singing competitions in Germany, his native land. It was with genuine regret that his many friends and pupils learned of his decision to go to Indianapolis."

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People and Events.

Mrs. Frederick P. Rush was the hostess Wednesday afternoon for one of the most elegant receptions given this winter. Mrs. Williard Winkler of Louisville was the guest of honor. The house was a perfect bower of green, southern smilax being used in the decorations, with palms, foliage plants and cut flowers. White lilies were used in the parlors and American beauty roses in the dining room, while pink roses were used in the library, where the ices were served. Mrs. Rush's hours were from 2 until 6. Mrs. Rush was assisted by the following ladies: Mrs. Louis Hollweg, Mrs. J. H. McKernan, Mrs. F. Fahnley, Mrs. J. Bradshaw, Mrs. George Dickson. Mrs. J. C. Wright, Mrs. C. Vonnegut, Mrs. Bertha Test, Mrs. Alfred Ogle, Mrs. Woodburn, Mrs. Lemcke, Mrs. John Pearson, Mrs. George Townley, Mrs. L. W. Fletcher, Mrs. Anna Wright, Mrs. Charles Pearce, Mrs. A. Reaume, Mrs. Ed Gall, Mrs. Albert Gall, Mrs. George Haerle, Mrs. Albert Goepper, Myla Coburn, Miss Garrard, Miss Walcott and Miss K. Walcott.

Mrs. Holman entertained the assisting ladies and an equal number of young men at supper at seven o'clock.

Mrs. Perley B. Raymond gave the first of a series of companies Wednesday at her home, 45 Woodruff Place. The guests were invited at 11 o'clock. They playcd whist until 1 o'clock, when a course luncheon was served, the twenty friends being seated at small tables. English violets were given as favors to the two having the largest score cards. At the luncheon the ices, in flower shapes, were served from a large basket decorated with flowers. Mrs. Raymond's guests of honor were Mrs. Black and Miss Black of Springfield, O., who are visiting Mrs. Russell Seeds, and Mrs. Thiebaud, also of Springfield, who is with Mrs. Layman. Her other guests were: Miss Kingman of Ohio, Mrs. W. P. Bingham, Mrs. J. R. Hussey, Mrs. W. W. Lawrie, Mrs. J. M. Spann, Mrs. T. S. Hacker, Mrs. A. D. Thomas, Mrs. W. Fortune, Mrs. R. Seeds, Mrs. C. Layman, Mrs. Messick, Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. G. K. Share, Mrs. Robinson,

MRS. J. W. BRADSHAW,
Recently elected president of the Woman's Whist League of Indianapolis.

Mrs. Herbert Collins, Mrs. J. H. Vajen, Mrs. Charles Rusch, Mrs. G, Brinkmeyer, Mrs. W. C. Haueisen, Mrs. Ed Horst, Mrs. Edwin Rogers, Mrs. G. A. Schnull, Mrs. H. Severin, jr., Mrs. P. Hildebrand, Mrs. Taggart, Mrs. Anna Rusch, Miss Reese, Miss Wittenberg, Miss Brink, Miss Fahnley, Miss Ada Fahnley, Miss Hayes, Miss New, Miss Hollweg, Miss Spades, Miss Bertha Rusch, Miss Fertig. Miss Walk, Miss C. Haueisen and Miss Bradley.

Mrs . Helen Bowen Holman gave a charming 4 o'clock tea Wednesday at her home, 631 E. Fifteenth street, for Mrs. John M. Judah, Miss Smith of Worchester, Mass., and Miss Swasey of Taunton, Mass. Her guests were all young ladies. Bermuda lilies and pink roses were the decorations of the house. Ices were served in the dining room. The table was decorated in pink. In the center was a Dresden candelabra with pink candles and shades. At opposite corners stood Dresden candlesticks with pink candles. On one corner was a low basket filled with Bermuda lilies and at the other a bowl of beautiful pink carnations. Mrs. Holman was assisted by her daughters, Misses Josephine and Helen, and her mother. Mrs. Bowen, Mrs. C. Comstock, Mrs. H. S. Fraser, Mrs. O. B. Jameson, Mrs. John Cleland, Mrs. W. H. Coleman, Mrs. A. Coburn, Miss K. Wallick, Miss Mary Foster, Miss Margaret Malott, Miss Jessie Miller, Miss M. Ransdell, Miss Mrs. C. Bieler, Mrs. F. Shepard, Miss Knobe, Miss Huey and Mrs. C. Field.

Mrs. Minor Morris has issued invitations for a Parlor Musicale on Tuesday, January 18, at 2:30, at her home on North Pennsylvania street. The program is as follows:

PART FIRST.

"Every man is my master in something, and in this I learn of him."—Emerson.

1. Overture—Fidelio - - - Beethoven.
   Miss Jones. Miss Todd.
   Miss Coburn. Miss Jacobs.
2. Gavotte, - - - - - - - - - - Bach.
   Jessie Barcus.
3. The Chase, - - - - - Rheinberger.
   Mrs. R. I. Eads.
4. a. Warum, - - - - - - Schumann.
   b. Bagatelle, - - - - Scharwenka.
   Miss Ella Vonnegut.
5. Waltz, Opus 34, No. 1, - - Chopin.
   Miss Coburn.

PART SECOND.

6. Spinning Song, - - - Mendelssohn.
   Octave Study, - - - - - - Kellar.
   Miss O'Donnell.
7. Prelude in G. Major, - - - Chopin.
   Miss Amy Jacobs.
8. Arie, - - - - - - - - - - Bach.
   Walter Vonnegut.
9. Waltz Caprice, - - - - Newland.
   Miss Margaret Todd.
10. Caprice, - - - - - - - - - Raff.
    Miss Jones.
11. Paper, Technique,
    Mrs. Minor Morris.
12. Erl King - - - - Schubert-Liszt.
    Miss Blanche O'Donnell.

Mrs. Aquilla Q. Jones gave a handsome card party Wednesday afternoon at her home on North Illinois street, in honor of her aunt, Mrs. Kautz of Kansas City. The house was beautifully decorated with roses and lilies. The prizes were a picture in water colors a handsome bonbon spoon and the "consolation," a Dresden box for the toilet table. Fifty ladies accepted Mrs. Jones's hospitality. Among those from out of town were Mrs. Pietzman of Muncie and Mrs. Eugene Baum of Brooklyn N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Kern entertained forty friends at dinner Tuesday night for Mr. and Mrs. Louis Levey, who will go abroad soon. The dinner was followed by a dance. The guests from out of town were Mrs. Thiebaud, of Springfield; Mr. and Mrs. Noonan of Cincinnati; Judge and Mrs. Hackney, of Shelbyville; Dr. and Mrs. Schultz, of Logansport; Mrs. Minear, of Greensburg, and Miss Weller, of Louisville.

The wedding of Miss E. Catherine Grinsteiner to Mr. Percy R. Morlan, took place at their new home, 736 E. Vermont street, New Years evening. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Joseph Littell. Only immediate relatives were present. Mr. and Mrs. Morlan will be at home to their friends after January 20.

Mrs. Anna Mather has issued invitations for the marriage of her daughter Mrs. Annie Buchanan, to Mr. Alexander Wallace Logan, Thursday, Jan. 24,, at her home 1528 South Olive street. Mr. and Mrs. Logan will be at home after February 1, at 590 Buchtel Avenue, Akron, Ohio.

A handsome dinner was was given on Wednesday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Ayres in honor of Dr. and Mrs. H. R. Allen, jr. Their other guests were Mrs. Clifford Arrick, Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Hord, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Atkins, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Sharpe. jr., and Mrs. Edward McKee.

Miss Elizabeth Patterson Sawyers, assisted by Mrs. Orra P. John, piano, of Greencastle and Mr. Adolph Schellschmidt, cello, and Mr. John Geiger, baritone, of Indianapolis, gave a recital at Greencastle Tuesday evening, Jan. 11.

Mrs. Busby of Central avenue gave a beautiful tea on Thursday of this week. She was assisted by Mrs. John B. Cockrum, Mrs. C. F. Daly, Mrs. F. B. Fuller, Mrs. McShane and Mrs. John A. Coleman.

Miss Mary Josephine Wright will give an invitational musicale at the Propylaeum January 28. A number of well-known women will act as patronesses.

Mrs. William Winkler who has been the guest of Mrs. Frederick Fahnley and Mrs. Frederic Rush, will return to her home in Louisville, Kentucky today.

Mr. Arnold Riegger, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. Riegger at their home on North Capitol avenue, will return to New York on Mouday.

Mrs. Thiebaud of Springfield, Ohio, who has been visiting her stster, Mrs. Charles Layman returns to her home today.

Invitations have been issued for a coffee January 18, and a card party January 21, at the home of Mrs. Augustus Kuhn.

Mrs. Robert Horseim of North Illinois street, has issued invitations for a card party on Thursday, January 20.

Mrs. C. B. Holmes gave a luncheon yesterday afternoon for her guest, Miss Weller of Louisville, Kentucky.

Next week Miss Fairbanks, of Terre Haute will come to visit Mrs. George Chapman at the Victoria.

Mrs. Cora Foster of Vincennes, a vocalist of note, has came to Indianapolis to locate permanently.

Miss Margaret Jewett of Evansville, is the guest of Miss Ethel Smith on North Alabama street.

Mrs. Kate Perry Morris and Mrs. Catterson went to Lafayette today to remain over Sunday.

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER

Use it, and they will never say, "How old she looks; her hair is turning gray!" It removes dandruff and prevents baldness.

'Tis Home Where'er the Flag is.

'Tis home where'er our flag is,
Dear hearts, remember that!
You may be at Pekin, Paris,
Madrid or Ararat;
But wheresoe'er waves that fair,
That bonnie banner blue,
With stars bedight, with stripes so bright,
There's home, sweet home, for you!

Sweet home where'er our flag is,
Honor 'neath its stars,
If waved from foreign crag 'tis,
That foreign crag is ours!
Columbia's dower gives peerless power,
To guard her children true;
And wheresoe'er our colors flare,
There's home for me and you!

OLIVE LOGAN.

Maennechor Social.

The Indianapolis Maennechor will give a social Sunday, January 16, at 8:15. The following program will be rendered:

1. "Am Wunderschonen Rhein" - - - - - - - - - - - - - Rud. Forster.
Maennechor.
2. Piano Solo—"Concert Valse" - - - - - - - - - - - - - Moszkowski.
Miss Paula Kipp.
3. "Er steht eine machtige Linde" - - - - - - - - - - - - - J. Pache.
Maennechor Quartette.
4. Flute Solo—"La Sirene" - - - - - - - - - - - - Adolph Terschak.
Mr. Walter Kipp.
5. "Standchen" - - - E. Burgstaller.
Maennechor Quartette.
6. "Im Abendwinde" - - - A. Kirchl.
Maennechor.

The concert will be held in the club room. It is for members only. The Maennechor comprises a large number of our foremost musicians, and these social affairs are a very attractive feature.

On Thursday January 27, the ladies of the society assisted by the chorus of the Maennechor will give a reception to the Maennechor in honor of Mr. Bellinger, late of Philadelphia.

The following persons are on the committee, Mrs. John P. Frenzel, Mrs. Max Drach, Miss Berte, Mr. Herman Adam, Mr. Augustus Recker and Mr. Clarence Martindale. The reception will be held in the club parlors and will be followed by a dance. Hart's orchestra is engaged to furnish the music.

The Annual Masquerade Ball of the Maennechor will be given in the hall and club rooms of the society on Friday night February 18. It will be for members only. The admission is limited to persons in fancy costumes or dominos, excepting persons over fifty years of age who will be required to wear the regulation fool's cap. The supper will be served in the two elegant rooms of the "Walhalla" on the ground floor.

Mr. L. H. Meakin of Cincinnati and Mr. J. Otis Adams of Muncie, were at the Propylaeum Thursday afternooon and Friday morning selecting the pictures for the coming exhibit of the summer work of home artists.

Professor Joakim Reinhard, of Purdue University, delivered a lecture before the pupils of the Girls' Classical School and their friends Friday morning at half-past eight at the school building. Professor Reinhard's subject was "Hans Christian Andersen, the Man and the Writer."

MUSICAL.

Vocal lessons. Italian and Rudersdoorf method. Extra inducement to good tenor and contraltos. Voice tested free.

MARY M. SHEDD.

37-38 Talbot Block.

Refuse the Lilac.

One of the appropriate flowers of the season is the lilac. For several years American florists have been endeavoring to popularize the flower with poor success, and they have about concluded to abandon its cultivation. In Europe, especially in France, the lilac is the flower for the New Year. When a man goes calling, if he should wish his hostess or his sweetheart a happy New Year and not present her a sprig of lilac, her feelings would be deeply wounded. There is supposed to be a charm connected with the lilac that causes the good wishes to prove prophetic. The lilac is a native to Persia, and was transplanted to Europe some years ago. It grows abundantly in the woods of Germany and Austria. Its white and lavender blossoms are very fragrant. If people were aware of the reputed powers of the lilac, the flower would doubtless become the rage. The efforts of the florists to give their patrons the hint by forcing the blossoms for the season are similar to those of a number of society women, who got up a bazar several years ago. At one stand were a number of bunches of bluettes on sail, in honor of the Emperor of Germany. The women expected the German citizens to go beside themselves in their struggles to secure a bunch of the flowers, but they were disappointed. One woman looked at the flowers and remarked: "What are they for? There are so many prettier flowers that I do not want to buy such common looking ones."

"Down Our Way."

BY MRS. MARY JAMESON JUDAH.

It is with a feeling approaching fear that one takes up a writers' first bit of work. It is so apt to be crude, amateurish, publicly revealing the fact that the writer is but a beginner in his art. This is more frequently the case in the short story than in any other form of literature, for the short story writer must be both born and made; no matter with how much genius the man is endowed, perfection in story writing comes only by long practice.

MRS. MARY JAMESON JUDAH.

Just how many volumes of short stories she has burned Mrs. Judah does not tell us, but it must have been many, for these stories comprised in "Down Our Way" give not a hint of their being "first work." They are finished and artistic; they have no superfluities; they are told with quite the air of an old story teller who plunges into his tale with a quietness and straight forwardness that win us from the start.

Nine short stories make up the volume. All are thoughtful studies of some phase of life which has evidently come under the author's observation. They do not read as though constructed in the imagination altogether.

It may be said of Mrs. Judah's work that while it suggests other writers sometimes, because of similarity of subject, it does not suggest them sufficiently to brand her as an imitator. "A Conflict of Rights" may make one think for the moment of Octave Thanet, but only because Miss French's favorite subject is that of the rights and wrongs of the laboring man, and the situations brought about by strikes. This story does not have the cheerful ending which Miss Thanet would have given it; on the contrary, the ending is as sad as life itself.

"The End of Society" is the story which as "the story of the hanging" has attracted so much comment from the press. Various and conflicting are the opinions that have been delivered concerning it, but when all is said, although it is so painful that it takes the reader as long to forgive her as it does to forget its sadness, he must admit that it is true to life—as true and as sad, and as inevitable as the catastrophe in "Tess," and that brief as it is and sad as it is, is the finest story in the book. One who has lived along the byways and highways of a new state, who knows anything of the people like these "squatters" and of the buffets which "patient merit of the unworthy takes," knows that many such an incident has occurred the only mention of which is to be found in musty court records.

Another feature of the book is its pleasing variety. The stories, though so evidently by the same skilled hand, are sufficiently unlike each other, to prevent the reader from becoming weary. Indeed, as he reads the last line of the "Blue Blazers" he finds that Mrs. Judah has followed Sam Weller's time-honored advice, and left off in time to make him want more, which, let it be said, is as much the "great art" of story writing as Sam declares it to be of letter writing.

Mrs. Judah is too well known to Indianapolis people to need any introduction. In this city she is a general favorite, and all its citizens are proud that it is once more to become her home.

"Much has she seen and known; cities of men and manners, climates, councils, governments," for like Ulysses, she has found much pleasure in travel. With her gifts of observation and her skill in narration, we may reasonably expect much further entertainment from her pen.

THE NEW YORK STORE
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Sole Agents for BUTTERICK PATTERNS.

DRESSMAKING—A NEW FEATURE OF INTEREST

In addition to our regular dressmaking department under Miss Mary Trimble who is conceded to be the leading modiste in this vicfnity, we have opened

A New Popular Priced Department

Three of our old operatives—one a cutter—one a trimmer and one a fitter—each of whom have proved their worth in their service here in years past, will conduct this department under the personal supervision of Mr. W. G. Chandler. Prices will be as follows:

Wool Gowns - - -	$ 8.00
Silk Gowns -	$9.00 and 10.00
Separate Waists - -	4.50
Separate Skirts - - -	4.50

An additional charge of $1.00 will be charged if goods are bought elsewhere.

We would like for you to come up and investigate this new venture.

—Fifth Floor.

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Every Diamond in our store is worth the full price we ask for it. Our guarantee is back of every Precious Stone sold over our counters. It is not spending money to buy diamonds—it is investing money. Diamonds fluctuate very little in value. Ten years from now—twenty years from now—the Diamond you buy from us today will be worth approximately the same money.

J. C. SIPE, Importer of Diamonds,

ROOM 4, 18½ N. MERIDIAN ST. INDIANAPOLIS

TWO OF A TRADE.

If any faith is to be placed in the proverb which declares that "When things are at their worst they will mend," then Mr. William Bent would certainly have been justified in regarding the future with hopeful eyes, for things were assuredly at their worst with him. Possibly, however, Mr. Bent had never heard of the proverb in question, or, if he had, perhaps he did not believe in it. Anyway, he was in a very bitter and despondent frame of mind.

Mr. Bent was not a man of "prepossessing appearance." His person was short and stumpy, and he possessed the thick neck, heavy jaw, low forehead, and bullet-shaped head commonly ascribed to convicts and men of low degree.

A good many people—amongst others, ladies with well-filled purses and old gentlemen with gold repeaters—cast suspicious looks upon Mr. Bent, and avoided him as much as possible. This was unfortunate for Bill, as he had a special fondness for such people, and sought their society on every available occasion. Doubtless they had good motives for shunning him and buttoning up their coats and jackets whenever they observed him at their elbows.

As a matter of fact, Bill's character was not entirely free from guile, and nasty stories were circulated concerning his calling.

Possibly people objected to this calling because it occupied him when they were abed. Bill had followed it, with temporary "rests"—"rests," it should be said, not of his choosing, for he loved his work, and hated to be taken from it—from his earliest years—followed it with unflagging energy, rising step by step, until he had reached the topmost round of the ladder.

It was work, however, that was liable to interruption, and when people found him at it (which was seldom) they remonstrated most strongly.

It is hard indeed when a man is prevented from exercising his profession.

To this cause Bill's present misfortunes were to be traced. Beautiful and remunerative pieces of work had been utterly spoiled lately by the inconsiderate behaving of certain householders, who had even gone so far as to rise from their beds in the dead of the night for the purpose of disturbing him at his employments.

Mr. Bent lived in an attic at the top of an empty house in the neighborhood of Seven Dials. It was a modest apartment, lighted by a small window that looked out on the leads, and furnished with the severe simplicity of an anchorite's cell.

On a rough bed formed of coarse sacking, Mr. Bent took his ease, a well-blackened pipe between his teeth, and his small eyes fixed gloomily on his iron-tipped boots.

The place was conducive to the "blues." The wind blew with a dismal sound, rattling the tiles, and penetrating most unpleasantly through the numerous cracks and crevices. It was raining, too. A heavy drop splashed on Mr. Bent's snub nose, causing him to move his bed to a drier spot, an operation he performed with a deal of muttering.

But it seemed as though the Fates were against him, for no sooner had he settled himself in a fresh corner than a noise was heard below. Instantly he sprang to his feet, and, slipping off his boots, crept cautiously to the trap-door in the centre of the floor, and placing his ear to a convenient crack listened intently. Evidently all was satisfactory, for he quickly rose and opened the door.

"It's not my old friend Teddy Flint, is it?" he asked, peering down the aperture.

"It is that identical person, William," a voice replied, and a minute later there appeared a little sparely-built man in a long overcoat and a shabby hat.

"Phew! 'ot work climbin' this 'ere fancy staircase of yours, William," he said, mopping his brow with a rag that did duty as a pocket-handkerchief. "Yer ain't got a drop of nothin' handy, 'ave yer?"

Mr. Bent took a black bottle from a shelf, uncorked it, and turned it upside down with a significant look.

His friend sighed.

"Things so bad, William?" he said sympathetically.

"So bad," Mr. Bent returned, with expressive emphasis. '.I'm clean out o' luck, Edward, an' that's a fact. I never see anythin' like it not in all my born days. The real good things I've had spoiled lately! Well, it would break yer 'eart to 'ear of 'em."

"I know what it is, Bill," the little man said sadly. "But what I says to you is, keep your pecker up. I've got a job on 'and that'll soon fill the grog-bottle an' somethin' over."

"What sort of a job?" inquired Mr. Bent, with interest.

"A job, William," said Mr. Flint, in the most impressive tones—"a job that'll make a gentleman of me— a gentleman," he repeated, slapping his chest in ecstasy.

"And what about me?" demanded his friend.

"Oh, you're all right, William. My first thoughts was of you. There's one man can do this as it orter be done, I ses, an' that man's name is Bill Bent."

"Well, I reckon there ain't many can touch me in my line, Edward," Mr. Bent said, in a mollified tone.

"There ain't one," Mr. Flint exclaimed—"not one. Don't I know? 'Aven't I seen your work? Neat as a new pin. Why, I never hesitate a moment—not I. I could ha' had twenty men; but there's only one as'll suit Teddy Flint, an' he stands opposite."

"Edward," said William Bent, "sit down an' let's talk this over quietly. I'm willin' enough, purwided—purwided the terms is liberal."

"The terms, William, is 'arf whatever there is."

"'Arf? Well, the p'int is what is there?"

"What is there?" Mr. Flint turned the whites of his eyes—or the yellows, rather—towards the roof. "There's heverythink—heverythink!"

"Plate?"

"By the load. A sideboard weighed down with it."

"An' where is it?"

"It's at 'Ampstead. A 'ouse as stands by itself. An old gent lives there—a bachelor, with one nephew; but 'e's away at present."

"An' 'ow is it to be done?"

"It's to be done, William, from the back, through the scullery winder, that's 'ow it's to be done; an' it's to be done this very night, if it suits you."

"Oh, it suits me," Mr. Bent replied, with a laugh. "I'm always ready for work, I am."

A little after midnight the two friends, provided with a carpet-bag to hold the "swag" and a set of the necessary implements used in the "profession" found themselves before a large house at Hampstead.

"Couldn't be a nicer night, eh?" Mr. Flint observed, as they dropped softly from the wall. "Bill, we shall be millionaires—millionaires! Only think!"

Mr. Bent took him sternly by the collar.

"If yer don't 'old yer silly jore, I'll crack yer over the 'ead, that's what I'll do!" he said savagely.

"All right, William," his companion rejoined soothingly. "Yer needn't get so 'ot."

"So 'ot!" said his partner disgustedly. "Yer worse than any bloomin' parrot, that's what you are. Lead on!"

Thus adjured, Mr. Flint stole forward, pausing not until he reached the scullery window.

"'Old the lantern!" said Mr. Bent, taking it from beneath his coat, and proceeding to examine the fastenings with a critical eye.

Five minutes later they had yielded to his persuasive "jemmy" and he was in the house.

"Give me the bag!" he said, "an' don't forget to give the signal if there's anyone stirrin.'"

"Don't yer fear!" the friend returned.

Noiselessly Mr. Bent stole through the quiet house to the dining-room. Softly closing the door, he turned his lantern towards the sideboard, and his ferrety eyes twinkled with delight as its rays flashed on the massive plate.

"Blest if I shall be able to carry it all away," he murmured. "I orter 'ave brought a sack or a wheelbarrer. It's a regular silver-mine—that's what it is. 'Owever, we'll do our best."

And he commenced to transfer the salvers and the salt-cellars, the spoons and forks to the carpet-bag.

Being skilled in the art of packing plate, he quickly had the valuables stowed away. It required an effort, however, to close the bag, and, as he was pressing on it with his knee, his quick ear caught a sound in the rear, and he turned with alacrity—to find himself confronted by a tall, gentlemanly man in evening dress, who was covering him with a pistol.

"Got everything?" the new-comer inquired in the tones of the suavest politeness. "Don't forget anything, whatever you do. Have another look round. I'm sorry to disturb you!"

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Bent, with bitter irony, "I know all about that. But I might ha' known 'ow it would be. I never 'ad any luck—never. There, call the perlice, an' get it over. It'll be a 'lifter,' will this."

"Come, come, you musn't give up!" the stranger said, in a cheery tone.

"Seems to me that I've no choice in the matter," Mr. Bent returned, with a regretful glance at the carpet-bag.

The gentlemanly-looking man smiled. Mr. Bent's grim humor seemed to amuse him.

"Now what would you say if I gave you another chance?" he said after a pause.

"Another chance?"

"Yes. I'm convinced you never had a chance. You've been cradled in vice. Had you been taken in hand when you were a boy, and sent to Sunday-school, you might now have been a respectable member of society. I suppose you never went to Sunday-school?"

Mr. Bent shook his head.

"Ah, how sad! The benefits of an religious training are incalculable—incalculable. Seed sown in the spring-time brings forth abundant fruit. However, 'It's never to late to mend,' and I mean to give you another chance."

"Guv'nor, yer ain't a-kiddin,' are yer?" said Mr. Bent hoarsely.

"A——"

"Yer mean to let me go?"

"Yes; but first you must promise to give up this wicked life."

"Oh, I'll promise."

"And you must sign the pledge and join the Salvation Army."

"I'll do it, and willin,' guv'nor."

"Then you may go."

Mr. Bent moved towards the door. Events had taken such an unexpected turn that he felt a trifle giddy. Until tonight he had always looked upon the social reformer with intense disgust, but his antipathy grew less bitter now, for he had good reason to think of one of them with gratitude.

In the meantime Mr. Flint waited his comrade's return beneath the window, each moment growing more impatient. Five minutes went by—ten—and still Bill's well-known form did not appear. All sorts of nervous tremors took possession of him. His trust in his partner was pretty firm, but it was being put to a severe test. What if—— But no, he would not harbor such a thought. Bill was true blue. He would not play Teddy Flint false.

Thus did the little man attempt to soothe his fears, listening intently for his friend's approach.

At last a sigh of relief escaped him. There was a slight sound within, and a few seconds later Mr. Bent was by his side.

"Well, did yer get it?" was his accomplice's first question.

Mr. Bent laughed. It was a mad thing to do at such a moment, but he did it.

"Oh, yes, I got it," he said.

"Everythin'?"

"Everythin'."

"The candlesticks an' the punch-bowl an' the solid silver knives an' forks?"

"I forgot none of 'em."

"William!" said Mr. Flint, "yer a trump—a hace of trumps, that's what you are! Give us 'old of the bloomin' bag an' let's do a bunk."

Mr. Bent laid his hand on his friend's shoulder.

"Edward!" he said solemnly, "yer remember me tellin' yer afore this job was started of that I was out o' luck?"

"Well?"

"Well, when a man's out o' luck, 'e is out o' luck, that's all."

Mr. Flint was seized with a violent fit of trembling.

"William, yer don't mean to tell me ——" he began.

"I mean to tell yer that if yer'd ha' chosen the biggest fool in London for this job yer'd 'a' stood a better chance o' bein' a Rothschild tonight."

"But yer—yer got it?" his partner said, in a bewildered tone. "Yer told me yer got it!"

"An' I tell yer so again. I got it right enough, every scrap the bloomin' bag would 'old."

"Then where on earth is it?" demanded Mr. Flint.

"It's where I found it," Mr. Bent answered. "That's where it is."

"Where——"

"Eggs-actly. Teddy, old man, come on!"

But Mr. Flint said he'd be dashed if he did! What he wanted, he said, was a proper explanation, and a proper explanation he'd have.

Continued on page 14.

Review of Fashions.

Notwithstanding the inroads Christmas has made on every woman's purse, this is the time for her to do some very vigorous shopping. The counters are fairly bristling with such bargains as only come in January, when, in the big dry goods emporiums, they are selling off the leavings of holiday stock that threatens to become unfashionable. As a matter of fact, moire velours, corduroy, black satin brocades in bold designs and such like are no longer ultra if the truth must be told, but marked down every one below $1 a yard, they offer rare chances to any woman with a soul above slavish imitation of only the very latest mode.

ECONOMICAL SHIRT WAISTS

Buy up large-figued brocades and make them into what are called full dress shirt waists, with gay lace garnished ties and rhinestone studs. They are garments fit to wear anywhere. Black moire velours is still and always will be an admirable material for the making of plain black dress skirts, to wear with all manner of fancy light waists.

Here is a suggestion for the woman who always sighs over the expense of lining her skirts with silk. A silk lining undoubtedly gives body and buoyancy and a sense of ladylikeness to a skirt that no other dress foundation can, but it has lately been found that it is really only necessary to line a skirt with silk up to the knees in front and sides, and up to the waist only immediately in the back. The remainder of a skirt can be done on a foundation of thin alpaca, and thereby expense is reduced while the set of the petticoat and all the important rustle is just as impressive as ever.

As to corduroy, it makes the very most sturdy, warm and inexpensive shirt waist for winter wear it is possible to recommend. Pure white ones are worn at the theater, with big sailor collars rolling over the shoulders, faced with pale yellow or violet-colored satin, and the little pointed front vest striped with rows of silver spangles.

Some of the newest toques seen have their crush crowns of corduroy sprinkled with spangles, for fickle woman seems now to abhor anything in the nature of a smooth velvet hat. The crowns of all the pretty toques and turbans are built of what is called rucked velvet, the shirred kind, or velvet laid in tiny stitched tucks, or satiny lady's cloth heavily stitched. Those who go to the play these January evenings will be apt to see very modish ladies wearing small bonnets, made all of velvet leaves cut out of green velvet, and bedecked on the left side, with two high tossing white osprey sprays, springing from a knot of pale blue wood violets.

A MODEST FLOWERET.

Wood violets are the blossoms that in silk, cotton or velvet possess all the popularity of the moment, and it is only right to tell the home hat trimmer that bows or quills, plumes or sprays of flowers on toques or turbans, are fastened over the left temple, and so low down on the edge of the toque as to almost touch the forehead.

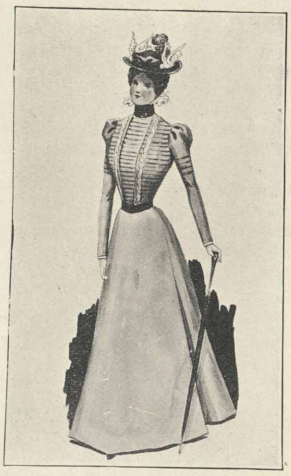
Another suggestion. To any one who thinks her big plumy black hat a little somber for her style, let her fasten in front on the brim and near the edge, two big blobs of velvet in sharply contrasting colors. These are not rosettes, but crushes of velvet, usually uncut, or the miroir variety, and one of St. Patrick green and another of soft cerise, set quite close together toward the left, gives a surprising and perfectly tasteful gayety to any chapeau.

This pretty bit of folly in decoration proves that trimmings are slipping more and more to the front, and, as a natural consequence, all the hats that don't flare like badly careened ships on one side, tip farther and farther, as time goes on, over the eyes. These are two perilous, but becoming angles, and no woman of progress thinks of pinning her dress chapeau in

commonplace balance and perfect equilibrium on her pretty noddle.

THE ALL CONQUERING GREEN.

Mention having been made of St. Patrick green, the new all-conquering color in a light tone, a word should also be sent forth that in a rich dark tone wall flower



purple is the latest novelty exploited. This is as much a red as a purple, and builders of fine raiment are using it liberally in velvet for collars and girdles, etc., St. Patrick green is of that tempting, appetizing, verdant tint that peas and lettuce and lima beans show in early spring, and now, though only appearing only on the most up-to-date toilets, it promises in the months to come to ravage uninteruptedly the affections of dressmaker and costumer alike.

So far it is only obtainable by people in moderate circumstances in chiffonette, a fabric that ought to be thrice welcomed. Chiffonette is to chiffon what swiss or dotted muslin, or fine batiste, or dimity, is to mousseline de soie. It is, in short, lovely wide silk and cotton goods, soft as chiffon, washable, charmingly dyed, or in white, and adaptable to any use from hat vails to the simplest of dancing or afternoon garden party dresses.

ILLUSTRATED CHIFONETTE.

Lo! and behold! How chiffonette can be used. Over a slip of forget-me-not blue goes the skirt and low body, of pearl pink chiffonette, touched with a line of golden, unplucked beaver fur. The cuffs of the transparent sleeves and tips of the tabs falling from the shoulders are crystalized with silver spangles, and the cost of this good little gown would not raise a frown on the brow of a miser. Such are the virtues of this new material.

Fur, let note be taken, is the choicest thing we know of so far for trimming evening suits. Even brides have seized on it and alas! not content with white fox and ermine, they go now to get the intricate matrimonial knot tied in furs of divers colors. Undeniably magnificent, however, was the effect of a millionairess taking her holy oath in white brocade, trimmed with silver fox fur. She rang a change on the commonplace combination of satin and pearls by having a panel up the skirt and her bodice vest and sleeve tops embroidered thickly with silver sprays and moonstones, and as a final blow at conventionality, her great fur-bordered train was lined with pale green, silver-spangled satin. It was beautiful, but it was not bridal, even if her vail was all of Limerick lace and her bouquet the new posy, white Bermuda lillies and palm leaves.

IN HER HAIR.

Up in their hair women are wearing of an evening a variety of objects. No end of combs, if they possess jeweled ones or plain shell tuckers, while by way of color, a trifle not seen heretofore, is a dainty affair of pink heather, tied up with a pale blue ribbon and a spray of blue and white osprey curling up rather high. These curly osprays are boldly worn by the tenderest hearted Audobon societies, because the delightfully humane and sympathetic milliner says they are the feathers shed by the osprey naturally, not the plumage wrenched from the poor bird martyr's body. Let us all hope the milliner is telling nothing but the truth, since those banner-like sprays wave from nearly every pretty dancer's and diner's head. Moreover they are dyed all possible tints, and one enthusiastically adopted hair decoration is made of carefully preserved real fern leaves, tied with green ribbon and topped with a green osprey. It is seen in nearly every golden head.

LACED SLIPPERS.

Here is good news for the woman who has a pretty foot, but a weak ankle, and finds her sufferings and dangers great in a high-heeled evening slipper; there are now to be had the most smartly cut evening shoes of glace kid, lined with crimson satin and laced up the front, over V-shaped openings as high as the middle of the calf. Through these openings ample glimpses of the pretty open-work evening stockings are seen,

and so far down does the lacing extend that as small a size of this shoe can be worn as of any low slipper. It is the high sides of the shoe that holds the ankle firm for dancing, and, moreover, such footgear can be appropriately worn when driving about on a round of calls.

Become a Member of the "INDIANA WOMAN'S" Amateur Photographers Club.

Amateur photography, already popular for many seasons, will be a fad during the coming summer. The camera can be carried on the bicycle, and the enthusiastic wheelman will bring back many beautiful views from his summer wanderings.

Do you want to learn how to photograph

correctly and well, and best of all

Free of Charge?

If so join our photographers' club.

ENTRANCE.

An entrance fee of $1 will give you THE INDIANA WOMAN for six months, and at the same time make you a member of the Club. The member will have the advantage of published lessons from time to time on developing, printing, and mounting. These articles will be prepared by well-known photographers specially for THE INDIANA WOMAN.

PRIVILEGES.

Arrangements have been made for all members to use the dark rooms of H. Hough & Co., 20 Pembroke Arcade, Koehler & Bishop, 62½ East Washingington Street and Stephens Photo Supply Co., 19 Massachusetts Avenue, Free of Charge, and there to receive practical demonstrations in the work of amateur photography.

PRIZES.

We also offer three cash prizes to members, of

$15, $10 and $5

These prizes will be awarded by three competent judges, experts in the art of photography.

The pictures will be published for ten consecutive weeks, at the end of which time the contest will close. They will then be divided into three classes, first, second, and third. On the first Saturday after the contest closes, all pictures in the first class will be published; on the following Saturday the pictures in the second class, and on the third Saturday, all pictures in the third class.

In the next issue will appear the names and photographs of the prize winners together with the prize winning pictures.

OPENING THE CONTEST.

These valuable articles on photography will begin in the issue of January 8, 1898. Remember they are written by men who understand their business. The contest will begin in issue of January 15, 1898. Enter now as it takes some time to make the plates and you have the privilege of entering three different pictures all at the same time or at different times during the ten weeks of the contest.

IMPORTANT.

Twenty of these notices clipped from INDIANA WOMAN will entitle one to entrance into contest.

For further particulars call at office of INDIANA WOMAN, 49 N. Illinois St.

A Natural Background for Out-of-door Portraiture.

BY ALFRED STIEGLITZ.

Our first article on this subject was "Out Door Photography from an Amateur's Standpoint." This article which we present today follows naturally, and we trust that our readers will find therein many valuable suggestions.

—

Few amateurs succeed in making successful portraits. It is a common complaint that the lack of a suitable studio is the cause of this. If it be suggested that out-of-door portraiture is at times successful, he is apt to complain of restless and disturbing background.

It is to help along such complaints as this, that these few lnes are written.

Those who spend their summer months in the country, and who are desirous of making successful out-of-door portraits will be able to do so by following the few directions herewith given.

Late in the afternoon, about an hour or less before sunset, place the subject to be photographed about thirty or forty feet in front of the trees which are to serve as a natural background, in such a position that the light strikes in the face at a suitable angle; that is, in such a manner as to bring out the characteristic qualities of the head. Many effects of lighting can be easily obtained by moving the figure back or forward a trifle. Experience in this direction is the best teacher. Focus on the eyes, and expose the plate without stepping down. In order to obtain the best results, your lens must be able to cover the plate at full opening. Using a very rapid ordinary plate, not orthochromatic, give only a sufficient time to fully expose the figure or head, whichever it might be. The plate is developed with a full strength developer, and development stopped when the portrait has gained sufficient density. It is best to keep it on this side—most portrait negatives are much too dense. After having fixed the plate, it will be noticed that the detail of the trees is but faintly suggested. This is the natural cause of their having been badly illuminated during the exposure, and that the ordinary plate is not over-sensitive to the green of leaves. When ultimately printing from such a negative, the background will print out black, while the portrait proper assumes its proper gradations. No doctoring of negatives thus obtained, or any dodging in printing is ever necessary if the original conditions have been carefully attended to.

—

You will notice that some of the pictures on page 5 of this issue are lighter than others. This is not the fault of the negatives, but is due to the fact that they are carbonette prints, and do not reproduce as well as burnished prints. We advise contestants to have their prints burnished, as much better results can be obtained.

—

We present to our readers today some of the work of Mr. Francis J. Reinhard, of which we have spoken before, and also some of the work of Miss Ethel Smith. Miss Smith is an ardent lover of the camera, and she never takes a trip without it. She has many excellent city scenes, and two from the State Fair last year which we hope to give to our readers in the near future.

—

To set up the camera properly, attach it firmly to the tripod and open ready for use; spread out the legs of tripod, having one leg under the front of the camera, and the three legs nearly an equal distance apart; by this means, none of the legs will be at the back of the camera, as they would be in the way of the operator.

—

Some of our photographers have made some pretty pictures of porches covered with vines. One view, in particular, covered with a heavy drapery of moon vines, studded with the white flowers, are among the most beautiful amateur work I have ever seen.

—

Miss Gussie Brown of the city Library is one of the enthuiastic amateur photographers.

—

To see the image on the ground glass perfectly, a focussing cloth is necessary to shut out all the light possible, as you can not focus sharp if strong light strikes the ground glass from any other direction than through the lens. The focussing cloth should be of some opaque material; the best is rubber cloth, or dark velvet.

—

Miss Mabel Norris received an Eastman camera for a Christmas present.

TWO OF A TRADE.

Continued from page 12.

"So yer shall," his friend returned. "Yer remember that 'ere nephew yer spoke of?"

"What about 'im?"

"'E—'e"—Mr. Bent's voice almost failed him—"'e was at 'ome. Just as I was kneelin' on the bag, I 'eard a footstep."

"Go on!" said Mr. Flint hoarsely. "Tell me the worst!"

And, in a voice broken with emotion, his partner obeyed.

At first the little man cast doubts upon the story. This was hardly to be wondered at. If he, Bill, had been nabbed red-handed, was it likely that he would be let off like this? Mr. Flint scouted the idea.

With tears in his eyes, William Bent protested that it was so. He told how this nephew was a "psalm-singin' chap;" and he spoke so earnestly, so pathetically, that his companion was silenced, and they slunk off together through the darkness—two morose and soured beings.

It was not until the following evening that Mr. Bent tasted the bitterest dregs in the cup of which he had drunk so deeply.

As he lay on his sack bed, plunged in a veritable morass of despair, his friend's head appeared through the trapdoor with a Jack-in-the-box-like suddenness.

"What's to do now?" asked Mr. Bent wearily, for his partner's features were distorted with rage.

"What——"

Mr. Flint's passion was so great that speech was a matter of difficulty. He gasped and choked, fighting for breath like one who is troubled with asthma, and uttering strange, inarticulate sounds.

Now, Mr. Bent's temper was a trifle short, and this extraordinary conduct had much the same effect upon it as oil upon a dying fire.

"Don't stand there grimacin,'" he cried angrily, "or I'll 'eave my boot at yer 'ead!"

As if in answer, Mr. Flint drew a crumpled copy of the "Echo" from his overcoat pocket, and flourished it before his companion's eyes.

"Read that!" he shrieked, in a perfect frenzy of rage, his dirty thumb leaving a mark at the top of a column.

In some wonder, Mr. Bent took the sheet, and directed his eyes upon the big capitals:

"DARING ROBBERY AT HAMPSTEAD."

Then a great fear possessed him. His hold on the sheet relaxed, and, with trembling lips, he asked what the something it meant.

"It means that we've been done," explained the little man in a quivering voice—"done brown as berries! That 'ere toff was Gentleman Jack, the swell cracksman."

"Gentleman——"

"Yes."

There was an ominous silence—the silence akin to that which precedes a thunderstorm. Then Mr. Bent rose in wrath, and, picking out the strongest adjectives in his vocabulary, exercised them in every possible combination he could think of until his breath gave out, and he sat down in a state of exhaustion.

During this display of etymological fireworks, Mr. Flint maintained an attitude of dreamy abstraction; but now he looked up.

"William," he said, "'e 'ad yer on a bit of toast. 'E might well let yer go. Fancy 'is askin' if yer'd ever been to Sunday-school, an' makin' yer promise to join the Salvation Army! He, he!"

Nothing probably is more exasperating than misplaced mirth, and Mr. Flint soon realized that his mirth was misplaced by feeling his right shoulder in a powerful grip, and by seeing an angry face in close proximity to his own.

"Another word, an' I'll pound yer to bits!" said Mr. Bent.

And he meant it.

This little experience of Messrs. Flint and Bent proves that things do not always mend when at their worst, and it also proves that "Misfortunes never come singly."

Proverbs are many and various, and made to meet all cases.

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PEN PORTRAITS OF WELL-KNOWN INDIANA PEOPLE.

Continued from page 4.

the same, and is now one of the very few pioneer workers that has kept well to the front, and her services are always in request in these institutes. For several years she has taken an active part in the workings of the state Horticultural society, serving as its first lady vice-president, and has proven herself to be an active, energetic worker on the executive committee of the society. For some time one or more of her papers have been published in the annual report of the society.

She is at all times active in club work at home. Considerable time is spent in Grange work in her own and adjoining counties. She was one of the organizers of the Salem Farmers' Club, probably the leading club of the kind in the state, and has been its corresponding secretary ever since it was organized. She is also a member of the "Woman's Club" of that city. She is a member of the committee having the matter in charge of organizing an Audubon society in this state.

It is not often that we see one born and bred up in city or town, develop such tastes for rural life that he takes up the work of his own accord as Mrs. Stevens has done, and prove so successful in her work without any early education along that line. The world would be making more rapid strides in advancement today if we all were filling the niches that our talents fit us for. Too many of us are hitched in life's harness to pull the wrong way, and thus are hindrances and impediments in the way of progress and advancement.

Entered for contest by Miss Ethel Smith,

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Largest Stock and Finest Parlors in city. Always cool, clean, comfortable, refreshing. **Artistic Hair Dressing**—arranged in a becoming style. Shampooing and manicuring. Switches 50c to $50. Wigs. Switches and Hair Goods made to order. Special attention given Hair Dressing for balls, parties theater, etc. See us before buying Hair Goods Open Saturday Night.

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Local sleeper in Indianapolis ready at 8:30 p. m. Leave Chicago, returning at 2:45 a. m. Can be taken any time after 9:30 p. m.

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They Are Perfectly Safe and Warranted to Give Entire Satisfaction.

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FOULD'S ARSENIC SOAP, 50c.

Address all mail orders to H. B. FOULD, Department "H," 214 6th avenue, New York.

Sold By Druggists Everywhere.

Mistress: "Oh, cook, who is that?"
New Cook: "Dunno, Mum, unless it's somcone the owld cook left behind."

"I believe in improving the present."

"I don't believe my present could be improved on," said she, (gazing at her wedding ring.)

CONFIDENCES.

"Can you keep a secret, Mabel?"
"Why? Have you one you can't keep?"

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COMICALITIES

A drawing master who had been worrying a pupil with contemptuous remarks about his deficiency of skill in the use of the pencil, ended by saying: "If you were to draw me, for example, tell me what part you would draw first."

The pupil, with a significant meaning in his eye, looked up to his teacher's face and quietly said:

"Your neck, sir."

—

Fog: "Fenderson is a good enough fellow, but he is terribly slow at seeing a joke."

Bass: "Is he?"

Fogg: "He slipped on a banana peel the other day, and had a fall. Everybody laughed, but Fenderson couldn't see the point of the joke."

Bass: "Not surprising."

Fogg: "He saw it about twenty-four hours later, however, when another fellow did the same thing."

—

Scene: A butcher's shop. Dramatis Personæ: Master butcher, assistant, and several lady customers.

"Elderly Lady (to master butcher): "Yes, I think that will be all—no, perhaps you had better give me two chump chops."

"Certainly, mum." Then in stentorian tones, to assistant standing outside in front of the shop: "Look sharp, Tom. Two chump chops for the lady with the leg!"

N. B.—The "leg" was of mutton, but the elderly lady felt as if she must sink through the floor, so great was her modest confusion.

—

Old Harding: "Well, I guess that young Dabsley's determined to marry our Lib, in spite of everything."

Mrs. Harding: "Why do you think so, Jeremiah?"

Old Harding: "Why, you know, she sang to him and played the piano night before last and here he is again."

—

In the old dueling days no man could live in Ireland long without "burning powder." A Frenchman located in that lively country had been out until he was getting tired of the "divarsion."

He never would shoot at his antagonist, however, and had luckily escaped being seriously hit himself.

Finally he was called out by a lame man, and went, of course. The dueling ground lay beside the public road, where a large mile-post told the distance to Dublin.

The man with the game leg drew the stand next to the post, and asked as a favor that he be allowed to lean against it when he shot. This was granted by his polite antagonist, and the principals were ordered to take their positions, when the other one said:

"Gentlemen, I have granted the request of my antagonist to lean against that mile-post while he shot, and now I have a favor to ask. Would the gentleman object to my leaning against the next post?"

This put all the lively Irishmen into such a burst of merriment that the fight was immediately postponed, and the lame man hopped over to shake hands with the first Frenchman who had ever said anything funny.

LEARNED IT PARTLY.

"I hear your father's given you a bicycle."

"Yes."

"Have you learned how to ride it?"

"Not quite, but I'm getting along. I've thoroughly learned how to fall off."

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When Ferris' Good Sense Corset Waist is on the form the wearer is satisfied she looks right; she knows she feels right; she has the physician's assurance that she is dressed right for health. All who have worn them express their satisfaction with

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Always superior in quality and workmanship. Made high and low bust, long and short waist, to suit all figures. Children's, 25 cents to 50 cents. Misses', 50 cents to $1.00. Ladies', $1.00 to $2.00.

----FOR SALE BY ALL RETAILERS----

WIFELY ADVICE.

"Oh, dear, yes, there is a way to avoid arguing with your husband."

"I wish I knew it."

"Don't speak to the wretch."

SO AWKWARD FOR THE GIRL.

"We haven't see you at our house lately Miss Jones."

"Well, no; to tell you the truth, your new wall paper simply kills my latest frock, and I can't come until I have a new one."

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The best cook book in the world, and price was no object, you would go to a book store and buy a WHITE HOUSE COOK BOOK, and whatever the price, the book would be worth it. But if you don't care to pay several dollars for a cook book, and want a good one, we will furnish you with a PRESIDENTIAL, postage paid, upon receipt of 50 cents.

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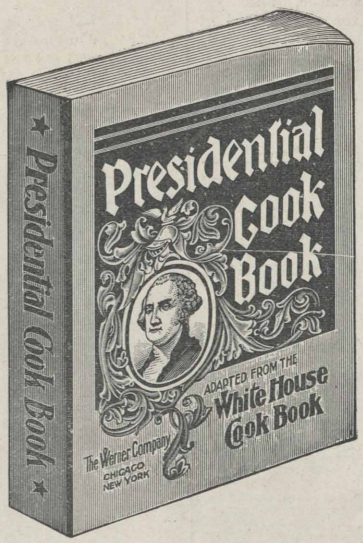

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A complete index, alphabetically arranged, enables any recipe to be found easily and quikcly.

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See Page 9

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THE INDIANA WOMAN

Vol. V. Indianapolis, Saturday Afternoon, January 22, 1898 No. 10.

WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG

The Art Association may wonder why THE INDIANA WOMAN contains no notice of its exhibit this week, and to satisfy this wonder we hasten to explain. For the simple reason that the Art Association did not see fit to extend us the courtesy extended to the other newspapers in Indianapolis. THE INDIANA WOMAN has ever made much of our home artists; she has given honor where honor is due; and better, she has advised the public in season and out of season, to buy their pictures. Having thus demonstrated their appreciation of the artists, THE INDIANA WOMAN would have appreciated a recognition of her merits by the Art Association. She endeavors to recount accurately and fully whatever is best worth recounting in the social, club and artistic life of our city; but she finds it impossible to depend altogether upon her imagination in so doing.

—

Mr. Ballard's idea of naming his new building "The Ballard" is a good one. We have a good many novel names for our new buildings. There are the Pembroke, the Chalfant, The Blacherne and The Algonquin. The Blacherne is endeared to us by its association with the book of a master, so we remove it from the discussion. Of the rest, the Algonquin is certainly the most attractive. As for English names,—they are well enough of course, and there are those possibly who enjoy thus being reminded of the dear land across the sea, but so long as there are good American names, why not use them? Algonquin sounds well and it is full of pleasant suggestion of the race over whose sleeping places we have built our homes. In case an Indian name is not desired, and the name of the owner of the building is pleasant to the ear, why not use it? The Ballard sounds well; so does the Stevenson. As much pains should be taken in the naming of a handsome building as in the christening of a child.

—

Do you know any of the people who go to clubs—devoted members they are, who would never miss a meeting for anything, but who always go to sleep as soon as they are comfortably settled for the evening? Of course they may be tired from too much work or too much society, so that the enforced quiet will cause their eyelids to droop in spite of themselves; but why, in the name of all that is sensible, do they not stay at home and rest? Is it ambition to be present at a club meeting, or is it that the sound of the human voice engaged in reading a club paper on some dry-as-dust subject is the most inexpensive narcotic they can find?

—

Some one has been circulating a story about Emerson which I consider to have a very immoral effect. It is to the effect that Emerson and some of his Concord friends were talking about autograph fiends, and what they did with the letters they received, requesting their autographs and enclosing a stamp for reply. Emerson said calmly that he threw his letters in the waste basket or the fire. And what do you do with the stamps?" asked one of the friends. "Why, use them," said the sage of Concord, mildly astonished that any one should have asked such a stupid question.

This story may or may not be true; Emerson may have used the stamps in a way he should not, and have been able to justify himself for so doing, but I do not believe that he would have appreciated having a story with such a doubtful moral circulated in the papers with his name attached. It is certain to have a bad effect; it may have done so already in Indianapolis; at least, how otherwise account for the failure of certain persons to reply to letters of inquiry containing a stamp for reply, sent out by THE INDIANA WOMAN?

MISS HARRYE BRANHAM,
Evansville, Indiana.

—

Is there really the shadow of a possibility that the new overcoat will be adopted by my sex, this hideous affair with the skirts plaited in at the waist? The overcoat fashioned like a long frock is bad enough, but it has found plenty of wearers among men of fashion, and I suppose they will blindly adopt anything new, so it is pronounced a la mode. Talk about the women if you will! An honest man must admit that his sex is just as bad when it comes to following the eccentricities of fashion.

—

A morning paper recently contained a thoughtful and studied editorial on "Typewritten Literature" in which our latter-day wordiness was saddled upon the unfortunate machine. It was only a few short months ago that the editors were all praising the typewriter because it lessened their labors by making copy decipherable; now, it seems that it has only increased the labor by making the writers more diffuse and thus giving the editors more words through which to run the blue pencil. Although the argument is very clever, there is still defense to be set up for the machine. The reporter, it is said, instead of writing a brief report of a catastrophe as of yore, makes it longer on account of the typewriter. This is doubtful, since the reporter knows that the news columns have not expanded. As for the writer, the typewriter may cause him to be diffuse in his first draft, at least, because he can write as rapidly as he can think, but when he is ready to cut down his article, he finds his task far easier than had it been pen-written. Plainly as in print do the errors, the tautologies stand forth, and through them he can strike his pen and correct his theme, and rewrite it time and again because the copying is so easy with the help of the little machine. He would shrink from recopying with the pen, the task would seem endless, but with the typewriter, it is so easy that he really takes far more pains with the cutting down and the weeding out of superfluities. We may be growing more diffuse, our literature may seem machine-made, but it is certainly not altogether the fault of the typewriter.

—

It is said that the reason why the Germans are so successful in having good servants and in keeping them so, is that they do not give their servants recommendations unless they deserve them. The German Government has also inaugurated a new system by which each week the mistress is required to place in a book provided by the Government a five cent stamp. When the girl becomes sick, aged or unable to work, these stamps are redeemable by the Government and thus provide her a sum of money at her time of need. If she is out of work, she loses stamps, hence she has an inducement to remain in one place.

The time is not far off when our government will have to lend a hand in settling the vexed servant question. Perhaps if it could compel the careless American mistress not to give her dismissed girl a recomendation unless she deserved it, a step towards bettering the condition of domestic affairs would have been made.

—

The city of Evansville has been presented with a completely equipped industrial and technical school by Major A. C. Rosencranz and his wife. Before making this gift to the city the Major debated long on what kind of school was most needed by the young men of that city, and after making his decision, made a study of similar schools that he might be perfectly equipped with the most modern appliances. This school will be a great boon, not only to Evansville, but to all southern Indiana. Evansville has many wealthy men—more it is said in proportion to its size than has Indianapolis, and the Major has set them a good example by his donation. It is to be hoped that Indianapolis citizens who are able to do this sort of work, will fall in line as well. Two ladies have set the example in regard to the Boy's Club, but there is the Industrial Training School, whose ragged little girls, so anxious to learn to sew, must be crowded out of Tomlinson Hall every Saturday that any one else wants it. Why can not some one do something for this charity? And the Kindergarten? There are plenty of them. And if a charity is not desired, the Art Association might be furnished with a home. Altogether, it is not the opportunities that are wanting in our city—it is the benevolent citizen.

—

Perhaps they have heard of the sufferings of debutantes in other cities, this winter. From Louisville, where they have had many debutantes this season there comes an awful wail because of the lack of young men. For what is the use of coming out, if you have to sit at home night after night, missing all the lovely balls, all because there are no young men to escort you thither? The young men who do go are said to be hardly out of the kindergarten, and the old men are so blase that they do not care to be introduced to the buds and dance with them. Altogether, this is hard lines for the Louisville debutante, and one can hardly blame her for wailing.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

The Indiana Woman

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KATE MILNER RABB, Editor.

An Hour with Mrs. Zelda Seguin Wallace.

THE INDIANA WOMAN recently spent a delightful hour with a most charming lady, the subject of this sketch, Mrs. Zelda Wallace, a Hoosier by adoption. She and her husband occupy cosy apartments in the Blacherne.

Her home possesses such an air of individuality, that it is the best possible atmosphere in which to view the lady. But I can not show you the bright sunlight as it falls through the wide south windows, nor the vivid coloring of tapestries, rugs and pictures, nor the little golden canaries in their gilt cages. They add their jubilant voices to the greeting you receive and belie their sex in their incessant chattering during your call. "We consider merely comfort in our home here" said Mrs. Wallace half apologetically —"And beauty, certainly," I added. "Well a certain amount of beauty is required for comfort" she replied laughingly. And these two qualities strike the key note of the home throughout. The reception room is not large and the southern side is entirely taken up by two wide windows which command one of the finest views in the city.

Two beautiful canaries in separate cages demand your attention and you linger for a moment in admiration of these little glittering songsters. These claim a large share of their mistress' love and care.

As you turn to the walls, your eyes meet everywhere the evidence of critical taste in art. No large pictures obtrude themselves on your notice—in fact—everything is in miniature, a dainty drawing-room "in little." One of its owner's dearest treasures is a copy of the portrait of her mother and child, a sister of Mrs. Wallace. The original portrait was done in oil by Page the great artist, who became famous for his excellent portrait of Admiral Farragut, his painting of "The Flight into Egypt" and others. Mrs. Wallace's mother sat for the young artist, and her portrait was one of his first works to attract the attention of the critics. The picture is now in a private art gallery in Philadelphia. Its owner can not be persuaded to part with it, and therefore Mrs. Wallace and her sister make it the mecca of a yearly pilgrimage to that city. It is a most charming picture. The mother in the bloom and beauty of first maternity, with her baby on her lap, is dressed in an evening dress of dark velvet. Her hair is in the beautiful fashion of half a century ago, with one white rose holding back a curl from her round cheek. The child has a light pretty lace garment, which leaves bare its sturdy limbs and round shoulders. A roguish look is on its laughing face and one fat, dimpled hand is thrown caressingly upon its mother's bare, white bosom. There is that quality in the picture which appeals to your heart, and your judgment approves its verdict.

Several other family portraits adorn the walls. Prominent among them is the mother of Mr. Wallace, Mrs. Zerelda Wallace. Her fine intelligent face smiles at you from its place. A fine photograph of General Lew Wallace is its companion. Among the Christmas favors left by the genial saint of the season is a collection of the pictures of Mrs. Wallace's son and his family. Also a dainty water color that came from across the sea from the studio of a friend in Paris. There are some striking pictures of Mrs. Wallace in costumes from her different operas, and of old friends and companions in her past work. A beautiful rosewood piano is also in this room. From a cabinet full of interesting things only a few can be mentioned. A handsome pair of Japanese vases is the gift of the manager of the original "Mikado" opera company in which Mrs. Wallace sang. The manager was Mr. Duff, son-in-law of Augustin Daly of New York City. Here is an ancient Egyptian dagger of silver and gold in its curiously wrought sheath. This, with a necklace, headpiece and ear-rings of old Egyptian coins of silver and gold set with turquoise, was the gift of a friend and admirer in New York. They were bought in an old curio shop in Cairo. Mrs. Wallace fondly points out the handsome Dresden wall placque that was the gift of the members of the company in this city who with Mrs. Wallace gave the opera "The Doctor of Alcantara." Accompanying this was a letter of thanks and congratulation on Mrs. Wallace's part, signed by all of the cast. To the left of this room is the bed room. The first thing to claim one's attention is a massive mahogany bed which has been in the Wallace family for over a hundred years. It is a fine old piece of furniture and its owners are justly proud of it. On the chiffonnier is a plain little clock in a brown leather case, interesting from the fact that it has been the inseparable companion of Mrs. Wallace in all her travels for many years. The bath room is in pleasing contrast to the mahogany coloring of the bed room, being blue and cream.

A dainty white bedroom adjoins the bath room on the right of the apartments, and here hangs a fine picture of Mrs. Wallace as a page in full court dress. Two antique chairs, long in the Wallace family, are here. This room is given to General Lew Wallace on the occasion of his visits to his brother.

The dining room, which is "a mere baby dining room" to use Mrs. Wallace's expression, is the keeping place of some elegant souvenirs in cut glass and rare china—gifts of friends and admirers from many parts of the world. A pretty Joan of Arc tea bell was presented to Mrs. Wallace several years ago by a professional friend in New York City. An old china bowl, the last piece of a set given by Mrs. Wallace's mother to an old friend and by her re-presented to Mrs. Wallace, occupies a place of honor on the top of a china closet. On the wall hangs a photograph from the original "Sappho," which won such fame in the Paris salon years ago and later attracted every eye at the World's Fair. This Mrs. Wallace always carries with her and prizes very highly as a very accurate copy of that famous painting. In the corridors are some fine little etchings and some pictures of Mrs. Wallace. We have the pleasure of reproducing two of these pictures of the prima donna costume.

Mrs. Wallace herself is so well known that but little remains to tell of her. She is a native of New York, and at a very early age showed the talent which has won her the place of one of the foremost singers in light opera of America. She is the original "Carmen" in English on the American stage. She had a comprehensive repertoire—"Martha," "Linda," "Carmen," "Il Trovatore," "The Doctor of Alcantara," (in which she has appeared in this city for "sweet charity's sake") and a long list of others. Mrs. Wallace has never entirely recovered from a shock in a railroad wreck received when she was en route to this city to take part in an opera for the benefit of the Free Kindergarten.

She has a great kindness in her heart for the people of Indianapolis who have taken pleasure in showing their appreciation of Mrs. Wallace as an artist and as a member of society. A congratulatory letter from General Sherman upon the occasion of her marriage with Mr. Wallace is kept as a valued souvenir of this illustrious friend. Mrs. Wallace says she is "no longer young—she is a grandmother twice over"—but looking into her animated face, her bright dark eyes you know the truth of Emerson's saying "Youth is a quality of the heart and soul and defies the flight of time."

A. V. McN.

ZELDA SEGUIN WALLACE
as "Azucena" in the opera "Il Trovatore."

MRS. ZELDA SEGUIN WALLACE, MR. SEGUIN AND MR. CASTLE.

Some admirer of Jane Austen has bethought himsely of dramatizing the works of the "divine Jane" for amateur performances. This is a bright idea. No one of course can claim that there is anything particularly interesting in Jane Austen, or anything worth dramatizing; but the friends of amateurs who have had to sit by and see them attempt tragedy and humor, both with shocking results, will welcome a play whose only striking features will be the "quaint and peculiarly stiff dress of that period." The actors will have to look stiff and to act stiff, and to speak very timidly, all of which they can do—as amateurs—to perfection. No doubt many will hail this thoughtful dramtizer of Jane as a benefactor of his race.

THE SKIPPER'S LOVE STORY.

Tom Beasley, skipper of the tug Flying Cloud, was in a great rage. He looked as red as a sunset in a cheap chromo-lithograph. At the best of times he was of a fiery appearance—red hair, red whiskers, red cheeks, and red whites in his eyes, as Paddy would say; but his present state of mind intensified his ruddy hues.

"Well, Capt'n Beasley," said the mate, "you ain't give us no orders for tonight yet."

"Fur goodness' sake, Jim," responded the skipper, "give us a rest! Oh, if I only knew'd who the bloomin' villain was as cracked that steam-pipe, I'd make him dance Peter-o-pee, sure's my name's Tom Beasley! 'Orders fur tonight,' you says. 'Ow can I give orders when I don't know how long them blessed engineers will take to fix the pipe? You may lay to it, my son, that we go to sea just as soon as we gets steam up."

The mate slouched forward, and the skipper dived below, and began to titivate himself preparatory to going ashore.

"I must have a look at that little gal," he said to himself, as he passed the comb through the fiery fringe of whiskers which encircled his face like a halo. "The little witch! If I could only get her! And she might do a sight wuss. I guess I'm as smart as half the young fellers. And as for that Harry Ramsay——"

At this point his feelings became too much for him, and he spluttered. Harry Ramsay was a rival tug-boat captain, and also his rival in love.

It did not take him long to reach the house where his fair one lived, for Love lends wings to the middle-aged as well as to the young. It was an unpretending residence. Most people would have termed it "cottage." Its inhabitants scorned such a denomination; to them it was a villa. And if the term can be stretched to mean a suburban residence, doubtless the name applied, although it was only one of a row. But having a bow window, a creeper climbing in front, and six feet of garden between it and the street, what else could you call it?

Miss Pansy O'Brien was at home; indeed, she announced her presence by answering the door in person.

"Oh, Captain Beasley! Why, how do you do? Won't you come in?"

The skipper "hung in the wind" a moment, abashed at the sudden vision of his lady-love. Then he took courage.

"Good-ev'nin,' Miss O'Brien. Is your pa in?"

"No; popper's down town. But come in, captain. Mommer's upstairs dressing; she won't be long."

She turned to lead the way, and the skipper followed sheepishly, removing his hat and smoothing down his fiery front lock. She took him to "the room," and began to make company of him.

"When did your boat come in, captain?"

"Last night, Miss O'Brien. We should ha' been off again, only we had a bit of a mishap."

"And you'd have gone without coming up to see us! Oh, Captain Beasley!"

The captain began to protest, and taking up the cigar-stump he had laid down on entering, he began to fiddle with it nervously.

"Wouldn't you like to come to the kitchen, captain? Mommer don't like smoke in the parlor, as you know."

He was longing to escape the stiffness which "the room" imposed, and rose with alacrity.

Miss Pansy, having seated him before the kitchen fire, produced whisky and a glass. Captain Beasley helped himself freely.

"Ah," he said, "this is more homelike, miss. I drinks your good health."

"Thank you," said the girl.

"Won't you come sit alongside o' me, sociable like?" said Beasley.

"Oh, I'm very well here."

"I've a story to tell as 'ud interest you, I know."

"Interest me?"

"Ay, that it would!" said the captain, with a wink. "Come now, draw your chair up a bit, just free-and-easy."

"Well, there then; will that do?" said Miss Pansy, and she jumped her chair forward till there was only a short reach between. "What is it, captain, that will interest me so much?"

"Well, I wouldn't breathe it to a mortal soul 'cept you, Miss O'Brien; no indeed!"

"You don't say so! Me? Well captain, I didn't think——"

"Oh, yes, Miss Pansy, I think a lot of you, I can tell yer!"

She simpered, and looked at him from her near-eye corner, but kept just out of easy reach, for she knew the captain to be an amorous individual.

"Now, what do you think?" Here he endeavoured to get his arm around her waist, but she hitched her chair away without appearing to notice. "What do you think as I heard as a great secret last night from a pal o' mine?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Miss Pansy, with a certain disdain in her voice, as who should say: "What do I care for your secrets?"

"Why, the Sestos, one of them River Plate steamers, landed a boat's crew at Queenstown yesterday who had left a fine ship loaded with cotton, and but little the matter with her as far as I can learn. We are off in the morning, Miss Pansy, to look for her, and if so be as we can bring her in—why, it's likely to be a couple of thousand pounds in my pocket! Never was such a chanst! you may lay to that. And them sculpins must go and crack their steam-pipe, this day of all others!"

"But what did they leave her for, captain?"

"Well, yer see, they got short o' coal——"

'Coal? Was it a steamboat then?"

"Yes. Big steamer from New Horleens, So they burns their spars and hatches; but that don't take 'em far, and they was gettin' short of grub; so what does these fellers do but tell the captain as they be a-going to abandon her, and so they does. So there she lie out about three——"

The skipper stopped short. Even through the combined mists of love and whisky the idea suddenly dawned upon him that he was a consummate jackass, or, as he put it, "a durned fool."

"Yes?" queried Miss Pansy, not quite clever enough to conceal the eager curiosity in her voice.

"Well, yer see, Miss Pansy—p'r'aps I'd ought not to tell yer where she be. Of course, if you was —if you—was—my sweetheart, so to speak, or my wife, why there might not be no harm. But seein' as you ain't—not yet—its risky. They says a woman can't keep a secret; and it might so happen as Harry Ramsay might come along and squeeze it out'n yer."

"Well, I'm sure!" cried indignant Pansy. "Mr. Ramsay squeeze me! Cap-tain Beasley!"

"No, no!" protested the skipper; not exactly a hactual squeeze, miss, but put the comether on you like."

"Ugh! As if I would allow Mr. Ramsay to take any such liberties; he's nothing to me." (Oh, Miss Pansy!)

"Well, my dear," said the skipper, recovering himself, "I won't say I ain't glad to hear that, for you see, if you was my little wify now I could tell you that there secret."

She looked coyly at him, being a fairly good actress. He at once became amorous, and she had to exercise some tact to keep him at a respectful distance.

"There's no knowing what mightn't happen, Captain," she said, with simulated shyness. "But I should like to know what you were going to say. Suppose you fancy for a moment that I was your little wife. I—I'd have to call you Tom—Thomas, I suppose?"

"A course you would!" said the delighted skipper. "And I should have to give you a kiss."

Before she knew it he had done it, too. It was a smarter bit of work than she had imagined him capable of. It made her cheeks burn with anger; but she wanted that secret, and kept her temper.

"Well, after that, T—Tom, you can't but tell me," she said.

"And so I will, my gal!" roared the enamoured old man. "Well, then, this valuable prize were abandoned three hundred mile nor'-west of the Skelligs."

"Three hundred mile nor'-west of the Skelligs?" repeated Pansy, as if learning a lesson. "What a funny name! Skelligs! Is that somewheres abroad?"

"Abroad! Bless your little heart! Why, they's—no, I don't think as how I'll tell yer any more. Who's that?" He gave a little jump as the kitchen door opened and Pansy's "mommer appeared. Having carpet-slippers on, she had approached unheard.

Captain Beasley shrunk –as might a fat snail—into his shell, and would be enticed out no more. For the present, whisky prevented his perceiving the enormity of his foolishness; but he began to realize that he had been most indiscreet, and had enough sense left to depart and go down to the Flying Cloud, where, having given orders to be called at two, he lay down on the cabin lockers and went to sleep.

Pansy had flown to the bow window of "the room," and watched him to the street door, Then she made a dash at her hat and jacket and bounced out of the house. Five minutes' walk, which was half run, brought her to a very similiar house to the one she had quitted. She rattled at the door, which was opened by a girl of about her own age.

"Where's Harry, Fan? Quick! I want him. 'Three hundred nor'-west of Skelligs.' 'Three hun——' "

"Why, Pansy! are you gone crazy?"

"Where's Harry? I tell you!"

"Here's Harry," said a voice, and a good-looking young fellow stepped into the passage. "What now, my sweet little Pansy-blossom?"

"Oh, Harry! 'Three hundred miles nor'-west of Skelligs.' Do yon know where Skellig is?"

"'Course I do. They're on the sou'-west corner of Ireland."

"Well, then, you be off with Tom Jellico as quick as you ever can, and get three hundred miles nor'-west of them. There's a big cotton steamer left there, and——"

"What! Who told you, Pansy?"

"Captain Beasley."

"Why, the old fool! The—the—silly old geezer! You mean to say he—— Pansy! Have you been fooling him?"

His arm was around the young girl, and his other hand was lifting her chin, so that he might see her eyes.

For a moment she turned away, then she opened her lids and looked straight

Continued next week.

Pen Portraits of Well-known Indiana People.

MRS CARINA B. C. EAGLESFIELD.

Mrs. Carina B. C. Eaglesfield is a native of Ohio and a graduate of the State University of Michigan where she took a classical course. Prior to her marriage she was Associate Professor of

Greek, German and French in the State University of Kansas, and was one of the founders and principals of Somerville School at Port Huron, Michigan.

For her language teaching Mrs. Eaglesfield was especially well fitted by her long years of study abroad. Five years of her life were passed on the continent of Europe, principally in France and Germany. Twice she started around the world, the first time, passing through Europe, she turned back after reaching India; the second time, she crossed the United States, and sailed for Japan but turned back after reaching the Sandwich Islands. One winter of her stay abroad was spent in Egypt, another in Greece and a third in the Holy Land.

Much of her time abroad, Mrs. Eaglesfield spent at Wurzburg, in the study of music, devoting herself principally to piano and organ, having at that time the ambition to devote her life to concert work. Although she has abandoned this intention long since, and made music second to her literary pursuits, Mrs. Eaglesfield still gives much of her time to music and is considered a fine musician.

Since her marriage twelve years ago, Mrs. Eaglesfield has resided in Indianapolis, where she says "she feels more at home than in any place she has ever lived." She is a member of several literary and musical organizations, among them the Woman's Club, and is noted for the cleverness of the papers she prepares for them. Recently, essays from her pen have found their way into some of our leading magazines. One "A Plea for Autobiography" appeared in "The Chautauquan" for January 1898; another, exceptionally clever, on "Books Triumphant and Books Militant" was in "The Catholic World" for December 1897. In this essay, Mrs. Eaglesfield divides books into two classes, books triumphant and books miliiant. "The triumphant book is the book of power; and the book militant is one of knowledge, of use, a provisional work, a book on trial and suffrance. It may be compared to a soldier, for it marches in and takes its place upon the stage of life, like a soldier on duty. We are trained by the books militant, the books of use; we grow through yielding ourselves to the triumphant books." "Self Culture" for Jan. '98 contains an essay from her pen entitled "A World Literature" and another essay will appear in the February number of this magazine. "The Arena" will also soon publish an article by Mrs. Eaglesfield.

POINTS BY PYKE.

Have you ever attended one of Mrs. Minor Morris's musicales? If not, you should make a point of getting an invitation to the next one. Men attend them as well as women, and consider themselves fortunate in getting an invitation.

—

A most charming one was given by the pupils of Mrs. Morris on Tuesday of this week. The numbers as rendered by the young women showed not only surprising skill but a devotion to the art which Mrs. Morris is said to be peculiarly happy in inspiring. Mrs. Morris read a brief and instructive paper on Technique, and after it was over the company drank tea and talked.

—

The men did not look at all uncomfortable, as men often do at an afternoon company. But then most of these men were interested in some form of art or other, and they are more apt to be at ease in company and especially in a company of this sort than is the ordinary business or professional man, who as a rule is openly miserable at an afternoon company.

—

The columns of THE INDIANA WOMAN have always been open to the Revolutionary Societies, and each one has been represented therein. These societies, the Daughters of the Revolution and the Daughters of the American Revolution were both incorporated with similiar aims, and why either should persistently slander the other is past the comprehension of the outsider. It seems more absurd when one remembers that many women belong to both societies. But that they will squabble and slander one another, witness this little incident from Huntington, Indiana.

—

This statement was sent us by a correspondent who vouches for the correctness of the account.

"A bomb fell into the Camp of the Daughters of the Revolution a few weeks ago. Great consternation ensued and a Council of the Regent and her Staff was immediately called. The assault was so unexpected that the Camp was wholly unprepared and a complete riot might have ensued had not their defenses been so strongly built as to resist all outward attacks.

—

"A few weeks ago a local chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution was organized in Huntington and on the day in question one of the elect, Mrs. Windle, read a paper on the difference between the D. R.'s and the D. A. R's, in which she said 'The Daughters of the Revolution are collateral descendants while those of the D. A. R's must be lineal descendants.' This was too much for the D. R. 's who pride themselves on their lineal descent, and claim that their founders withdrew from the D. R.'s because they considered that that organization has become too broad, and the eligibility clasue was not strict enough.

—

"This statement of Mrs. Windle's was published in the Huntington paper, and when the Daughters of the Revolution sent a courteous communication stating their side of the case to the Editor, he failed to publish it or to make any response. Now the D. R's are considering an action for libel, as they claim that an examination of their papers will prove the falsity of any such a charge."

—

So things are not all serene in Huntington, and THE INDIANA WOMAN does not envy any one concerned. The most unhappy person should be that Editor. What right has an editor to take sides in an affair like this? Perhaps the unhappy man has no lineage of his own, and does not know how it feels to be charged with being only collaterally descended from one's great ancestors, when the descent is really lineal.

—

In another column is mentioned the new jewelry, the living tortoise which my lady wears fastened to her corsage by a small gold chain. We used to have chameleons in Indianapolis when they were the fashion. The tortoise has not yet appeared here, but in all probability it is on its way. As the gait of this animal is proverbially slow, our fair ones need not be discouraged if its advent is not speedy, for it is also proverbially sure.

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Mr. George Calvert a new-comer in the city, is a young attorney who indulges in literature for a pastime. Mr. Calvert's essays in this art are very clever and display much talent.

—

If the Indianapolis girl would be in the top of fashion, she must give her best friend, whose engagement has been recently announced, a cup with her photograph reproduced thereupon. A set of cups, with all one's girl friends smiling from them, is a highly-to-be-desired possession.

—

When you sit in state in your box at the theater don't be too sure that everybody is admiring you. Some of the people are simply wondering where the money came from to rent the box so often.

—

If our Indianapolis girls continue the custom of going out of a heated theater with nothing around them but a tiny cape and with no head covering, and standing outside fifteen or twenty minutes waiting for their carriages, we shall soon have no Indianapolis girls. The grip is in search of victims, and in these imprudent young lasses he will find an easy mark.

The Indianapolitan who misses "The Sign of The Cross" will miss the best play of the season. It is given by the original company; the leading actor is Mr. Charles Dalton, the handsome young English actor who has won approbation in the East by his clever acting.

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Miss Irene Rooke is the leading lady. Miss Gertrude Boswell, who plays Stephanus, is an American girl. Notice the beautiful gold cross she wears. It was the gift of Wilson Barrett on the occasion of the one hundredth performance of the piece in London.

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Not long ago, I had Wilson Barertt's novel "The Sign of the Cross" from the library. It bore signs of wear, so I infer that the public had been reading it and will be ready for the play.

—

No, I am not going to ask you if you have read "Quo Vadis." The books are somewhat similar though. And the rage for this book has been so great, that if the public really likes this sort of thing, it will certainly go to see this play.

MASTER JOHN REINHARD,
Son of Mr and Mrs, Francis J. Reinhard.

By the way, the matinee girls are said all to fall violently in love with Mr. Dalton. Our Indianapolis girls are not very susceptible to the charms of actors and musicians, I believe. Now when the Banda Rossa was in Louisville, immediately before its Indianapolis engagement, it is said that the pretty girls couldn't be kept away from the conductor after the performance. I heard of no such demonstration in our city. It is the same with other actors. If the girls rave over them, it is in the absence of Pyke, which is manifestly unkind since it deprives him of much excellent material for his "Points." Well, I am going to keep a sharp eye on the Indianapolis girl and Mr. Dalton. If he is the noble Roman they say he is, and if he is half as handsome as his picture they will surely show some signs of weakness.

PYKE.

Stray Tales of the Town.

"I hope the vertical system of writing will be made compulsory with grown folks as well as children," said a pretty woman the other day, that is, if it will make their chirography legible. If it had been in force some time ago, or if every one had been compelled to use a typewriter, it would have saved me some embarrassment a few years ago. My sister wrote me from the town in which she lives to get something for her husband's Christmas present. The something was a "jad." Her writing seemed legible enough; every time I read it, I saw "jad" very plainly. Now I didn't know what jads were, but I naturally supposed she did, and that the shop-keepers would, too. So I went from one end of Indianapolis to the other inquiring for "jads." No one had heard of them. Afterwards I discovered that she meant a writing pad. She had omitted the "writing", and made the "p" like a "j." I have often wondered if our merchants wrote east to learn what sort of a thing a "Jad" was.

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There is a young man in this town who is quite a beau. A year or two ago he was engaged to a young woman but for some reason unknown to the public, they quarrelled, and the engagement was broken. Since then, he has been consoling himself with many girls. He goes to every thing at the theaters, and being a gallant youth, he almost always takes a young woman. One of these girls was telling some one about her experience with him not long since. He had taken her four places in close succession and at each they happened to sit quite close to some member of the family of the young woman to whom he had been engaged. The first time her brother sat next them; the next time her sister sat just behind them; the third time, some other member of the family, perhaps the young woman herself. "The next time we went to the theater," said the girl who told the story, "after we had settled ourselves he began to look around him. 'I wanted to see if there were any of the X's about,' he explained. He had evidently felt their presence before and their probable disapproval."

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When the "Ladies' Home Journal" announced some years ago that one must let her callers find their way out of the house unguided by the hostess, a young lady in one of our flourishing Indiana towns determined to follow the Ladies' Home Journal dictum, since it is better to be out of the world than out of fashion. One Sunday afternoon several young men came to call on her and when number one left she bade him adieu and allowed him to go to the front door alone. Some thirty minutes later, one of the young men in the parlor saw him pass the window. "Why, there's X.' said he, "wonder where's he been all this time?" "Trying to get the front door open," responded the other.

The young woman had the door-lock altered as soon as possible, but she has not yet heard the last of how she tried to keep her beaux from getting away from her.

—

An amusing story is going the rounds of one of the debutantes (one of the few). She went to the theater the other night, Mr. H. her escort, was telling her how much Miss R. (another debutante) was admired. He said:

"Why, she came to the performance last night, and one of the stars noticed her as she was coming down the aisle, and I heard he said he thought she was the prettiest girl he had ever seen."

"Did he know her?" asked the debutante, who had also been at the performance the night before.

"No, he had never met her," answered the man.

"Well then, how do you know he meant her?" she asked innocently. And she never did know why he laughed!

NEXT WEEK AT THE THEATERS.

AT ENGLISH'S OPERA HOUSE.

"The Sign of the Cross" the great theatrical success of two continents, will be the attraction at English's all next week, with matinees on Wednesday and Saturday. The company that will be seen in this celebrated religious and historical drama is much the same as the one that appeared in this country last season. Charles Dalton still appears as Marcus Superbus, which of itself is sufficient guarantee that the coming engagement will be appreciated by all lovers of a strong portrayal of character.

Miss Gertrude Boswell, who as Stephanus the boy martyr, was one of the hits of the play last year, will be seen in the same role, and Irene Rooke a well-known London actress, will play the part of Mercia the Christian maiden who prefers death and her faith rather than the pomp and luxury of the Roman court and its pagan religion.

To those who have read "Quo Vadis," the novel of the day, "The Sign of the Cross" will have added interest because in the play many of the characters so vividly depicted in the novel are seen amid the surroundings of the Roman court with its profligate luxury and sumptuous debauchery. It has been asserted by many that no play ever written is so well calculated to bring about the much talked of reconciliation of the church and stage as is this beautiful representation of the strength of a faith for which its followers were willing not only to suffer, but to die. The powerful contrast between the life of decadent Rome and the followers of the Christian religion is depicted with all the skill of the experienced dramatist and the result is a play that excites the interest of all lovers of a well constructed and powerfully acted story quite as much as of those that admire it because of its elevating sentiments. Among the well-known English players sent to this country to appear in the piece are: W. E. Bonney, Basil Gill, Hubert Druce, G. R. Peach, J. Monkhouse, Harry Burcher, Harry Child, Irene Rooke, Gertrude Boswell, Marjorie Cavania, Agnes Scott, Edith Paullin and Lily Child.

MISS LULU GLASER.

Miss Gertrude Boswell, who plays Stephanus in "The Sign of the Cross," and the only American actress in this company carries everywhere with her a tiny lion which was sent her as a Christmas present by some stranger who thought it appropriate, as in the play Miss Boswell makes her final exit into the arena where she is supposed to be torn to pieces by lions.

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A strange charm hangs around the old Roman days when extremes of vice and virtue met in sharp contrast in the persons of profligate nobles and suffering Christians. History can furnish no parallel to the dramatic intensity of those times, and when it appears reproduced as it is in this play, the drama draws many faces that have seldom before been seen in theater chairs. It is to be hoped that the Indianapolis people who have been fighting in the newspapers over the church and the stage, will see this beautiful and impressive drama before they go further in their condemnation of the stage. The story, abounding in tragic situations, teaches a moral as impressive as if dropped from the pulpit.

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Glabrio, one of the parts taken by Hubert Druce is considered one of the hits of the play.

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It would be difficult to improve on Gertrude Boswell's impersonation of Stephanus. It is said to be a most realistic conception of the part and most artistically carried out.

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The most thrilling scene in the play is that in the Torture chamber.

"The Sign of the Cross" is presented with all the scenery and costumes that made the London production such a magnificent success. The play deals with the struggles and persecutions of the Christians in the days of Nero, possesses wonderful possibilities for strong contrast, dramatic situations and incidents, and powerful climaxes. The incident about which the play is woven is the love of the Roman prefect, Marcus Superbus, for a beautiful Christian girl. This love awakens in his heart the first promptings of conscience, and after a struggle between his naturally evil tendencies and his better nature, right triumphs, and he goes willingly hand in hand with the woman he loves, out to the Roman arena to be torn by wild animals for his new found faith.

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There will be no attraction at the Grand Opera House next week, as the house will be occupied by the Monetary Conference.

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AT THE PARK THEATER.

"Down in Dixie" one of Davis & Keogh's elaborate scenic productions will be at the Park Theater next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. "McCarthy's Mishaps," a farce comedy in which Barney Ferguson and Sam J. Ryan are starring this season is the Park's attraction for the last half of next week, opening with Thursday matinee.

MISS LULU GLASER.

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In two weeks, Sousa will appear at the Grand with his famous band.

On Monday week, January 31, Hoyt's new comedy "A Stranger in New York" will be given at the Grand. It is pronounced one of the greatest musical and comedy triumphs of the season in New York.

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HISTORY OF THE BOSTONIANS.

The visit of the Bostonians last week caused many reminiscences of the Boston Ideals, the original of the present organization. Twenty years or so ago the "Pinafore" craze was raging, and the company organized for the special purpose of producing that tuneful little opera. In the original cast were Myron W. Whitney, the basso; H. W. Barnabee, George B. Frothingham, Mary Beebe and Isabella McCullough. The latter was the wife of Brignoli, the tenor of that day. It has been an accepted belief that Adelaide Phillips,

IRENE ROOKE

the prima donna, was in the original cast of the Boston Ideals, and sang "Buttercup," but this is a mistake. Miss Phillips rehearsed the role, but at the last moment took very sick, and Miss McCullough took her place. The latter continued to sing "Buttercup" throughout the entire stay in Boston. However, when a short tour was arranged, Adelaide Phillips was the prima donna. Tom Karl, the tenor, was also a member of the company the first year, but resigned to go with Emma Abbott, and remained with her for two seasons, returning to the company the same year that W. H. MacDonald and his wife Marie Stoe e, joined the Ideals. Miss Ober was then at the business head of the organization. She withdrew and trouble came. Attempts at reorganization were made, but there was trouble over the selection of a name. Finally a Louisville editor suggested The Bostonians. This was about ten years ago, and a year or so later Jessie Bartlett Davis and Eugene Cowles joined the organization. Twenty-one different sopranos have sung the role of Maid Marian with the Bostonians, and twenty-two members of the organization have sung Robin Hood.

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CLAY CLEMENT AND THE ELKS.

Clay Clement, the actor-author, has, it seems, other talents not generally known here. He has written a book. His speeches in response to curtain calls are always witty, and he attended a social function in Grand Rapids, Mich., the other night and made such a success in an after-dinner talk that the society purchased 400 seats for his entertainment. In Detroit Mr. Clement was one of the speakers at the newsboys' Christmas reunions. When the actor faced the little hustlers and told them stories of his boyhood days and spoke to them in eloquent and witty words of the battle of life, he won them, and was easily the favorite orator of that night.

The Grand Rapids occasion referred to was the New Year's banquet of the Elks, and it was followed by Mr. Clement's initiation into that order. Just what they did to him will probably never be known outside the brotherhood, but it is a significant fact that the part of Hohenstauffen was taken by Mr. Clement's understudy at the two following performances.

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Richard Mansfield has in reserve an English adaptation of "Mlle. de Belle Isle," which Beerbohm Tree played last summer in London as "The Silver Key." An English version of the old Dumas play was made by Dion Boucicault. The Sydney Grundy form is in the possession of Daniel Frohman. "The Princess and the Lily" is the title which Mr. Mansfield may use.

PHOTOGRAPHY ON THE TOW PATH.

By MISS ELIZA GORDON BROWNING, City Librarian.

The cycle path presents the greatest possibilities for variety in photography. The same view taken in the morning with the water in shadow under the bluffs, and the warm summer sunshine making each leaf stand out on the thickly wooded bank at the left, is a very different picture taken a few hours later on the return trip. Then the sun shines through the heavy shade in long beams and the canal seems twice the width from being relieved of the shadows thrown by the bluff. The bluff itself with its share of sunshine becomes a velvet covered slope, and the blackberry vines, and small shrubs become individuals in the second picture scarcely noticed in the first. Because of this well distributed proportion of bluff, water, sky and shade, it is almost impossible to miss getting good pictures at any time of day, or at any season.

I have a mental photograph of one day last summer when a small but enthusiastic party of amateur photographers undertook to initiate a New Yorker into the beauties of the cycle path. He was not a photographer, but could ride a wheel. And he was thoroughly alive to the fact that the famous New York path was said to have a rival in our path.

We started early in the morning, and took snap and time exposures as we went along. Our New York friend groaned every time we dismounted and adjusted our cameras, but after awhile he realized the utter hopelessness of influencing daft amateurs to keep moving and refrain from taking pictures everytime they saw them. We stopped at the picturesque little log house just before we reached Broad Ripple and enticed a comely mother with her little flock of pickaninnies—seven of them—and three dogs, to group themselves with the old grandfather under the clapboarded lean-to, and let us add their picture to our collections.

We strolled about in the park at Broad Ripple until it was time for the "Sunshine" to make her next trip up the river, and on this part of our journey essayed some daring experiments in light and shade, to the chagrin of our New Yorker whose conversation was constantly interrupted by admonitions from one amateur to another to "There! Get that!" "Now, snap it!" etc., ad infinitum. The end of the water route being reached, we returned in the same boat—taking the same views we had found on the trip up, only this time getting the reverse view. Mrs. Brenneman's hospitable table was reached in time for a good dinner, and this was one stop to which the New Yorker did not object! A leisurely trip back the path in the late afternoon, with all the further chances for new pictures on the same ground, and our day was over, and our scrap books enriched by dozens of new views, with not one failure—for even the New Yorker had to admit, that for everything that goes to make an ideal path, scenery, good road, delightful shade, all were in favor of the cycle path.

THE CYCLE PATH FROM FAIRVIEW PARK.
Photo by Miss Eliza Gordon Browning. Not entered for contest.

"DOWN ON THE PATH, ONE LOOKING NORTH AND ONE LOOKING SOUTH."
Photo by Miss Eliza Gordon Browning. Not entered for contest.

"STANDING ON THE PATH FACING WEST."
Photo by Miss Eliza Gordon Browning. Not entered for contest.

NOTES.

The accompanying views of the tow path taken by Miss Browning are thus described by her: Two were taken down on the path, one looking north and one south. Another is from Fairview Park and overlooks the path and fields below.

The one of the trees was taken standing on the path facing west, the screen of sycamore trees being the foreground for a view across the river.

The autumn view with the clear cut reflection of the Country Club in the canal, was taken in November about three o'clock in the afternoon. It was a time exposure, with the largest stop open, and was exposed about ten seconds.

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A flattering testimony to her skill in photography was given to Miss Browning last spring, when the "Detroit Journal" sent to her for some of the pictures of the tow path, and printed them with a little history of the tow path and the canal, together with a most complimentary notice of Miss Browning herself.

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A weak solution of perchloride of iron will remove yellow stains from negatives.

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Mr. W. M. Herriott is another amateur photographer who has done some excellent work which places him high in the ranks of the amateurs.

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The camera can best be leveled with the eye; if one side of the camera be lower than the other, the lines of the view will not correspond to the lines of the plate, and objects which are upright in the view will be taken diagonally on the plate.

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Why not select some of the old historical spots of the city which are now fast disappearing as subjects for your camera? There is Morton's old home; Beecher's house; and many others, which could be suggested by some old residents of the city.

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The ground glass at the back of the camera is for focussing; the lens forms an image on the ground glass of whatever view is before it.

Don't neglect to test your dark room light occasionally. Fabrics and papers bleach with age. Many failures are due to this cause.

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Mrs. Elias Jacoby has a fine collection of photographic souvenirs of her summer trips. She is an excellent and enthusiastic photographer.

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It is economy to use ice during hot weather, and warm water in cold weather, thereby bringing the temperature of your solution to the proper condition to produce the best results.

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Mrs. Horace Fletcher has many fine views taken by herself. She develops and finishes her own pictures and has proven herself most skillful in this work.

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Miss Ida A. Eichholtz received a camera for a Christmas present, and has joined THE INDIANA WOMAM Photographic Club.

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Snap Shots.

To arm ourselves with a pleasant, cordial manner, and deal it out in equal quantities to every one with whom we come in contact certainly seems unselfish and christian like, but to the ears of those whose respect we most valued would come a discord in the ring of true friendship. We might learn to love our neighbor as ourself, but in distributing our love broadcast there would be very little left of ourselves for our neighbor to love. If we ourselves cannot make distinction and be guided in our selections of friends by the promptings of our hearts, how can we expect anything but surface kindness that arises from politeness, knocks off humanity's rough edges, but is not a solid foundation upon which to build the walls of friendship. The kindness that comes from the heart and goes out strengthened by respect and individual worth of the other stands faithful through thick and thin, and where society smiles vi society frowns.

—

I know of no better cure for nervousness than a ride on the grip car—front seat, if the day be not blustery. No dread of being run away with, no sympathy expended on overworked nags, a wind in your face like the breeze that freshens a sail and the hum of the cable to set you thinking of full set canvas and the spume of a dancing sea. Don't get dyspeptic and bilious and down with the blues before testing my panacea. It is as sure and infinitely less dangerous than any nostrum.

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Bashful people are claimants for chivalry! The agony endured by a bashful young man in company always sets me thinking of a poor little cat that I rescued once from a band of hoodlum boys. To have passed by without an effort to save that kitten would have put the white feather on my soul forever. So when you can quietly step in to the relief of a bashful person do so.

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It is by little things that we form our estimates of character. We may not often have opportunities of judging by notable deeds and valorous action as to the true nature of the acquaintance we casually meet or the companion with whom we walk, and work from day to day, but trifles are always in the air by which we infer much as to their heart and brain, and intention. I saw a charming young girl the other morning discard a rose because its leaves were a bit withered and its freshness just a trifle diminished by exposure to the cold winter air. After the young girl had gone I carefully gathered up the fallen petals she had left almost as I would have befriended an abandoned baby or a lost child, and I thought to myself as I did so, "I'll wager a cookey—that girl would prove fickle in love and inconstant in friendship"—to cast aside a fading rose bespeaks a light hearted indifference that might lead one to forget the sweetness of a friend, when that friend had reached the time of life's decline, or to dismiss a lover when that lover grew pale and worn and tired in the friction of the world's uneven contest with sorrow, want and care. It is the prerogative of youth and beauty to be a little hard and cruel. An old lady would not have thrown away a jack rose because it had drooped from its first loveliness. Experience broadens and deepens and sweetens the heart of the old and makes them loyal to the friend, the lover and the rose of a vanished but untorgotten youth.

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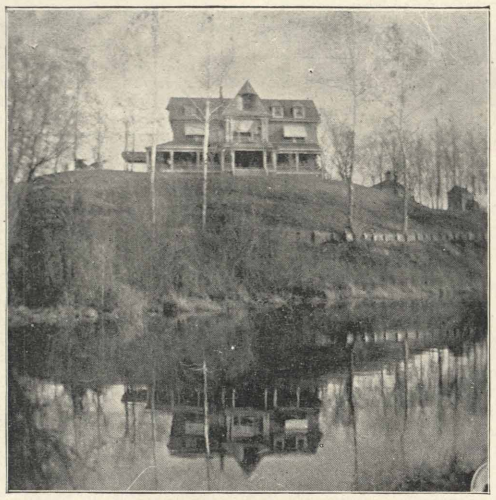
How I love these soft, white winter days! We think the world is beautiful in June, and it is, but it is just as beautiful in January.

June is a gay worlding, decked out in bright colors, with roses in her breast, and the wine of berries to stain her laughing lips. January is a novice nun in her white robes, kneeling forever at her prayers, with a rosary of snowflakes and the lily of renuciation in her pale hands. June threads great blue sapphires with grass-green emeralds slipped between her long sweet days, but winter holds up a single diamond to dazzle our eyes in a day that is carved from glistening ice. In summer the crowding leaves shut out the view of heaven; in winter the fine tracery of delicate branches, whereon only frost flowers blossom reveal the heavens and the splendid shining of the stars.

MIRIAM BROWLEE GRAY.



A NOVEMBER VIEW OF THE COUNTRY CLUB.
Photo by Miss Eliza Gordon Browning. Not entered for contest.

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KIPLING'S SIGNATURE.

Rudyard Kipling's pet charity when he lived in Vermont was the fresh air fund. As he was constantly receiving requests for his autograph he conceived the idea of selling his signature for the qenefit of the fund. A letter which he wrote to an autograph hunter is published for the first time in this month's Book Buyer. It reads as follows:

"NAULAKHA, Waite, Vt. Dear——: Your order of the 22d inst. has been filled, we trust to your satisfaction, and the stuff is returned herewith.

"We did not know that there would be such a mass of lumber to put through the mill; and we note also that your order covers at least two supplementary orders—(a) in the case of a young lady, aged nineteen (not in original contract), and (b) an autograph book, for which we have supplied one original hardwood verse.

"Our mills are running full time at present in spite of the business depression; but we are very reluctant to turn away any job that offers. Under these circumstances, and making allowance for the time consumed in unpacking, sorting, packing, crating and returning finished goods, we should esteem it a favor if you could see your way to forwarding an additional $10 to the fresh air fund. Very sincerely yours,

"R. Kipling & Co.,

"P. S.—Autographs supplied on moderate terms; guaranteed sentiments to order. Verse a specialty. No discount for cash."

"I'S A-FEARED."
Photo by M. T. Waddell. Entered for contest.

Become a Member of the "INDIANA WOMAN'S" Amateur Photographers Club.

Amateur photography, already popular for many seasons, will be a fad during the coming summer. The camera can be carried on the bicycle, and the enthusiastic wheelman will bring back many beautiful views from his summer wanderings.

Do you want to learn how to photograph

correctly and well, and best of all

Free of Charge?

If so join our photographers' club.

ENTRANCE.

An entrance fee of $1 will give you THE INDIANA WOMAN for six months, and at the same time make you a member of the Club. The member will have the advantage of published lessons from time to time on developing, printing, and mounting. These articles will be prepared by well-known photographers specially for THE INDIANA WOMAN.

PRIVILEGES.

Arrangements have been made for all members to use the dark rooms of H. Hough & Co., 20 Pembroke Arcade, Koehler & Bishop, 62½ East Washingington Street and Stephens Photo Supply Co., 19 Massachusetts Avenue, Free of Charge, and there to receive practical demonstrations in the work of amateur photography.

PRIZES.

We also offer three cash prizes to members, of

$15, $10 and $5

These prizes will be awarded by three competent judges, experts in the art of photography.

The pictures will be published for ten consecutive weeks, at the end of which time the contest will close. They will then be divided into three classes, first, second, and third. On the first Saturday after the contest closes, all pictures in the first class will be published; on the following Saturday the pictures in the second class, and on the third Saturday, all pictures in the third class.

In the next issue will appear the names and photographs of the prize winners together with the prize winning pictures.

OPENING THE CONTEST.

These valuable articles on photography will begin in the issue of January 8, 1898. Remember they are written by men who understand their business. The contest will begin in issue of January 15, 1898. Enter now as it takes some time to make the plates and you have the privilege of entering three different pictures all at the same time or at different times during the ten weeks of the contest.

IMPORTANT.

Twenty of these notices clipped from INDIANA WOMAN will entitle one to entrance into contest.

For further particulars call at office of INDIANA WOMAN, 49 N. Illinois St.

Carnes-Jacob.

One of the pretty midwinter weddings was that of Miss Caroline E. Jacob, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Jacob, and Mr. Lew C. Carnes, which occurred Tuesday evening at the family residence on East New York street. Mr. George Hebble played the wedding music as the bridal party passed down the stairs and entered the parlor. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Frank A. Hays, in the presence of the relatives and most intimate friends. The bride wore a dainty gown of white organdie over silk, made walking length and trimmed with Valenciennes lace. She carried a cluster of white flowers. As the words of the ceremony were said "O Promise Me" was softly played. The house was adorned with palms and smilax, and the bride and groom stood beneath a canopy of the latter. Mrs. Jacob was assisted in the entertainment of the guests by Mrs. Lou Chapman, who presided at one end of the table, and Miss Gertrude Brocar, of Louisville, who served the ices at the other, and by Mrs. Thomas Robertson and Miss Nellie Frazee, who passed the cups. The table was adorned with a basket of pink roses and carnations, and it was canopied with pink ribbons and smilax. Mr. and Mrs. Carnes will go at once to the Algonquin, where they will be at home to their friends after February 1. Among the guests at the wedding were Mr. and Mrs. John Carnes, parents, and the Misses Kusick, aunts of the groom, all of Muncie; Mrs. Albert Scott, of Louisville; Miss Jeannette West, of Columbus, O.; Mr. and Mrs. John S. Moore and Mr. Edward Boyce, of Muncie.

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Mrs. J. K. Lilly's Reception.

Mrs. J. K. Lilly and her sister, Miss Ridgely, were the hostesses Wednesday afternoon for a reception given at the home of Mrs. Lilly, in North Pennsylvania street. at which Mrs. Garland Stewart was the guest of honor. The assistants in the parlors were Mrs. Albert Baker, Mrs. Eli Lilly, Mrs. John Carey, Mrs. A. J. Graham, Mrs. George Sullivan, Mrs. G. G. Tanner, Mrs. Ridgely, Mrs. Evan Lilly, Mrs. A. M. Ogle, Mrs. William Scott, Mrs. Ernest Wiles, Mrs. O. B. Jameson and Mrs. Harry M. Ohr. In the dining-room were Mrs. A. L. Mason and Mrs. Harold Taylor, with Miss Mary Foster, Miss Mary Noble, Miss Helen Baker, and her guest, Miss Tupper, of Cambridge, Mass., Miss Hasselman, Miss Eleanor Smith, Miss Florence Day, Miss Caroline Denny, Miss Josephine Hyde, Miss Dye, Miss Annie Dye, Miss Daisy Wilson, Miss June Jaquith and Miss Anna Spann. In the parlors the prevailing colors were white and green; in the dining room pink was shown in the rose-baskets suspended from the windows and from the chandeliers. In the hall were American Beauty roses. A frieze of hardy smilax was placed high on the ceilings in the parlors and in the hall about the stairway. Marone, the harpist, played during the afternoon.

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The Burford Reception.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Burford and Mr. and Mrs. Miles W. Burford gave an elegant reception last Tuesday evening in honor of Miss Haywood, of Pana, Ill., and Miss Haskell, of Chicago. The guests, all young people, were received in the north drawing room, which was tastefully decorated with American Beauty roses. The hostesses were assisted by Mrs. E. B. McOuat, Miss Caroline Burford, Miss Laura Bryan, Miss Daisy Wilson, Miss Mary Pickens, Miss Mary Noble, Miss Myla Coburn and Miss Juliette Bryan In the dining room Bermuda lilies were artistically arranged and the ices were in lily forms. Green and white were the colors used. In the south rooms pink roses were combined with the palms and vines. An orchestra, screened by palms, was in the hall. Among the guests were Miss Arnold, of Kentucky, Miss Clearwater, of Providence, and Dr. Jackson, of Kansas City, who is one of Mrs. Burford's house party. Tomorrow night Mr. and Mrs. Miles W. Burford will give an informal dance for Miss Haywood, Miss Haskell and Dr. Jackson.

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People and Events.

Mr. Albert J. Beveridge has been invited to respond to the toast "Abraham Lincoln" at the twelfth annual Lincoln banquet of the Republican Club of the city of New York, which will be held February 12 at Delmonico's. This club includes many eminenent business and professional men as members. Chauncey M. Depew is its president this year and will preside at the banquet. One object of the meeting in February, as stated by Mr. Depew, will be to "unite the Platt and anti-Platt forces," and to bring about such harmony in New York as will influence the quieting of the factional fights in Ohio, Maryland and other states.

Mrs. and Mrs. W. B. Burford and Mr. and Mrs. Miles Burford gave an informal reception last Tuesday night for Miss Hayward, of Pana Ill.; Miss Haskell, of Chicago, and Dr. Jackson, of Kansas City, who are with Miss Caroline Burford. The assisting ladies were Mrs. E. B. McOuat, Miss Burford, Miss Mary Pickens, Miss Daisy Wilson, Miss Laura Bryan, Miss Juliette Bryan, Miss Myla Coburn and Miss Mary Noble.

Mrs. Charles F. Sayles entertained a number of ladies at luncheon Tuesday in honor of the birthday of her mother, Mrs. Tuttle, and in honor of the birthday of Mrs. Hoover, the mother of Mrs. W. J. Richards. The guests included Mrs. Beveridge, Mrs. W. J. Richards, Mrs. Adella W. Coe, Mrs. Mary L. Williams, Mrs. J. H. Baldwin, Mrs. A. J. Beveridge and Mrs. Herman Sayles.

Last night was guest night at the Century Club, and a large number of the friends of the club were present to hear Mr. Oliver Willard Pierce read his paper on "Richard Wagner—A Study in Egoism." At the close of the paper Mr. Pierce gave an interesting talk on his visit to Bayreuth and of the performance of the Wagnerian operas there.

Mr. William Armstrong, Musical Critic of the Chicago Tribune, who has recently returned from a lecture tour in England, and who will address the Contemporary Club at its next meeting, will be Mrs. May Wright Sewall's guest of honor at her usual reception next Wednesday afternoon, hours 3:30 to 5:30. No invitations will be issued.

Miss Caroline Jacobs, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Jacobs was married last Tuesday night at the home of her parents in East New York street to Mr. L. C. Carnes. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Frank A. Hays. There was a number of friends and relatives present from out of town.

At the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Morgan, their sister, Miss Josephine Snowden, was married last Tuesday night to Mr. Jesse J. Smith, of Alexandria. The Rev. W. T. Davis performed the ceremony The bride was attended by Miss Minnie Knight and the bridegroom by Mr. Charles Smith, his brother.

Messrs. Ray and Roy White, of Lewisville, Indiana, who are now attending the University of Pennsylvania, have won first and second places respectively, in their college contest in which representatives were chosen for joint debate with Cornell University. This event will take place the coming spring. The White boys are well known here.

The announcement of the engagement of Mrs. Frances Haberly of Terre Haute and Mr. R. S. Robertson of Fort Woyne will be of interest to the many friends of both parties in this city. Mrs. Haberly is now in Europe and it is said the wedding will occur soon after her return home.

Master John Reinhard, son of Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Reinhard, whose picture appears on page 6, is a bright boy whose excellent work in elocution has already made his services much in demand for church and parlor entertainments.

Miss Margaret Reid is expected to visit friends and relatives in this city in the spring. Miss Reid has had a very successful winter in France and Belgium. Her engagements for the next season are at the Royal Opera House, London.

Mrs. Flora M. Hunter gave a dinner Wednesday night in honor of Mr. William H. Sherwood of Chicago who gave a recital at the Matinee Musicale. Mr. Sherwood was the guest of Mrs. Hunter during his stay in this city.

The next meeting of the German Literary Club will be held Tuesday with Mrs. Meredith Nicholson. The address of the afternoon will be given by Prof. Yeager on "The Literature and the Spirit of the Times."

We take pleasure in presenting our readers with a picture of Miss Harrye Branham of Evansville, Indiana. Miss Branham has visited in Indianapolis frequently and has made many friends here.

Mrs. John B. Elam has returned from Peru, where she attended a house party. Mrs. P. P. Reifenberick, of Middletown, O., one of the members of the party, returned to Indianapolis with her.

Miss Bertha Gall invited a number of young ladies to meet her guest, Miss Helen Matthews, Tuesday afternoon, from 3 to 5 o'clock. A few friends were asked to assist in entertaining.

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Johnson and Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Levey will leave Sunday for New York, and the following Thursday will sail for the Mediterranean to be absent several weeks.

Miss Breed, who will lecture at the Propylaeum on the 31 on the "Yellowstone Park," is a cousin of Mrs. Frederick W. Chislett. She will be her guest while in the city.

Mr. William H. Sherwood gave a recital Wednesday afternoon before the Matinee Musicale. Mr. Sherwood is a pianist and his recital was very much enjoyed by all.

Mrs. Ellen Griesener, of the Winona Cooking School, will give a series of demonstration lectures on cooking at the Propylaeum, from January 25 to February 4.

Miss Mary Hawkins, of Noblesville, who is attending Butler College, was initiated into the Kappa Kappa Gamma fraternity Tuesday at the home of Miss Edith Keay.

Miss May Brayton will entertain the associate and alumni members of the Kappa Kappa Gamma fraternity this afternoon at her home, 2113 Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Miles W. Burford observed their first at home Wednesday afternoon and evening at their new home in North Meridian street.

Mrs. and Miss Lutes received informally Thursday afternoon at their home in Woodruff Place for their guest, Miss Waterhouse.

Mrs. Flora C. Jones and Mrs. Jacob P. Dunn have issued invitations for a reception on Wednesday afternoon January twenty-sixth.

Mr. Walter S. Chambers of New Castle has gone to Florida for a three week's visit. He may visit Cuba before his return.

Miss Helen Matthews who has been the guest of Miss Gall in North Illinois street, returns to her home at Clinton, today.

The officers and directors of the Woman's University Club held a meeting at Mrs. Sewall's on Wednesday of this week.

Mrs. Stephen D. Bond and daughter Georgiana, who have been visiting in Fort Wayne have returned home.

Mrs. Benjamin Carver Kelsey gave a reception yesterday afternoon from five to seven at her home in Ash street.

Mrs. George Brinkmeyer will give a euchre party Wednesday, January 26, and a coffee on Friday, January 28.

Miss Lillie Hamilton entertained the T. E. G. card club at her home in Park avenue yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. R. G Taylor of Noblesville is the guest of her parents, Dr. and Mrs. McShane in College avenue.

Mrs. W. O. DeVay will entertain at cards next Tuesday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Levey.

Mrs. Charles Ashley of Toledo, Ohio, is visiting Mrs. Charles L. Bieler at her home in Woodruff Place.

Mrs. J. A. Houser entertained the Flower circle of Roberts Park church yesterday afternoon at 2:30.

Little Dorothy Thornburg, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Thornburg, adorns our coevr this week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Wasson have issued invitaiions for an evening company at the Propylaeum February first.

Miss Jewett of Evansville, who has been the guest of Miss Ethel Smith, returned home on Tuesday of this week.

Mr. Lucius B. Swift addressed the McCulloch Club Wednesday night on "Boss Government in Cities."

The Philharmonic Club gave an entertainment at Plymouth church on Thursday night of this week.

Mrs. Marshall of Denver, Colorado, is visiting her sister Mrs. J. W. Foutz in West St. Clair street.

Miss Genevieve Campbell has issued invitations for a card party on Wednesday, January 26.

Miss Kate McVey of New Castle who has been visiting in Indianapolis, has returned home.

The Minerva Club will entertain Wednesday evening, February 2, at the Propylaeum.

Mrs. E. S. Seguin will give a children's party Monday afternoon for Austin Seguin.

The Society of Hygiene will meet on January 26, at 3 p. m. with Dr. Rachel Swain.

Mrs. H. W. Bennett returned yesterday from Chicago where she has been visiting friends.

The Beta Theta Pi fraternity gave a dinner at the Denison on Friday, January 21.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Tarkington and sister have gone to Nashville for a few days.

Miss Anna Beck of Crawfordsville is the guest of Mrs. Benjamin Carver Kelsey.

Prof. and Mrs. E. E. Griffith of Bloomington attended the contest last night.

The Neptune Club gave its first dance last night at Brenneke's academy.

Mr. Thomas David is taking a mechanical course at Purdue University.

Miss Neva Bunker of Louisville, will visit in Indianapolis next week.

Miss Agnes Smith of Kokomo is the guest of Miss Frances McElwee.

Mr. Cramer Sexton of Tennessee is visiting old friends in this city.

Mrs. Bement Lyman has returned from a visit to friends in Chicago.

Miss Katherine Ayres will return to school the first of February.

Mr. James S. Young of Spiceland was in Indianapolis this week.

Miss Pickens spent Founders' Day with friends in Bloomington.

Hall's
Vegetable Sicilian
Hair Renewer

It won't let you keep that bald spot. First you know it is all covered with a thick growth of glossy hair. No gray hair.

Miss Katheaine G. Breed.

Miss Katherine Gordon Breed, the young woman who will lecture at the Propylaeum on Jan. 31, on the "Yellowstone Park" sprung into fame through the work which she rendered to two renowned lecturers, namely, John L. Stoddard and E. Burton Holmes. For three years she has painted in exquisite coloring the lantern slides which they use to such effect in illustrating their lectures. The process was invented by Miss Breed's uncle, the Rev. Daniel Breed, who obtained the only award for "colored positives" in a competition at the International Exposition of Photography, Geneva, Switzerland, a few years ago. Miss Breed has developed this process, known only to her uncle and herself to a degree of perfection. The eagerness with which her work, as presented by Mr. Stoddard and Mr. Holmes, was received, induced her to enter the lecture field herself. Her success has been immediate in many of the large cities. The Chicago Institute, where she was graduated, has honored her with an invitation to talk and show her pictures there—a rare distinction. Everywhere she draws large audiences.

She is a tall slender blonde, graceful and dislinguished looking, with winning manners. This year Miss Breed has four lectures—"Venice," "Holland," the "Yellowstone Park" and the "World's Fair." The "Yellowstone Park," the lecture which will be given in Indianapolis, is one of her best. Many artists have traveled to this beautiful spot, but no one has been able to reproduce its wonders in colors with such faithfulness and skill as Miss Breed.

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Mas. A. M. Kuhn gave a handsome party last Tuesday afternoon to about thirty ladies at her home in Capitol avenue, North. The house was beautifully decorated with a profusion of smilax, palms and ferns. The table, which seated all of the guests, was trimmed in smilax and pink carnations and Dresden candelabras. Mrs. Kuhn was assisted by Mrs. Ruschlauft, Mrs. George A. Dickson and Mrs. Paul Nastel. There was some beautiful music during the afternoon.

The song service at Plymouth Church tomorrow night will consist of selections from Beethoven. The quartet choir consists of Mrs. Fremont Swain, Mrs. Simpson, and Messrs. Steele and Van Wie.

The following items arrived too late for insertion in Club Calendar.

The Park Memorial Tree Association will hold a meeting on January 25, in the Commercial Club Rooms.

Marcy's
38 W. Washington St.

SPECIAL SALE DIAMONDS THIS MONTH ✿ LOWEST PRICES EVER MADE ✿ ✿ WE CAN SAVE YOU MONEY ✿ OUR PRICES TALK FOR THEMSELVES ✿ COME AND SEE OUR GOODS BEFORE YOU PART WITH YOUR MONEY.....

GREATEST WATCH SALE ✿ ever made in this city. No wonder our neighbors kick at our low prices. Still the sale goes on just the same.

EYES TESTED FREE by our optician Dr. Woodard, and glasses fitted to perfection. We can make your sight perfect. Don't miss this opportunity. Consult the Doctor at once.

The Latest Fashion in Ice Cream Molds.

Ice cream made its first appearance in America as an accessory for a social function during the Administration of President Jackson. It was formally introduced into society by the widow of Alexander Hamilton at one of the General's receptions. "Much to Old Hickory's delight." who, when a plate was handed, laughed heartily "to see the rustic sovereigns blow on the funny stuff." So popular did it become as a fashion that articles were written in its behalf. As balls and routs increased it then took its place in the line of sweets for informal affairs, until now this icy mixture is found on the least pretentious tables.

It is not so very many years ago that creams were served only by spoonfuls on the saucer, the idea of forms having never been thought of. But as decorative accessories made their appearance the mold, by a lucky accident, came into use. A wealthy Frenchman, giving a dinner at his beautiful hotel in Paris, the idea occurred to his maker of creams that if a frozen dessert of a floral nature could be furnished a success would be scored in his behalf. So a cast was made and the ice offered in the shape of beautiful flowers.

The pretty fancy found its way across the Atlantic, and a clever man with Yankee shrewdness added others of a more decorative character. The American molds now rank as superior to those made either in Paris or London.

For midwinter a new mold has made its appearance in the shape of a lamp. It is in three tints, pink, pale yellow and old rose. For military banquets, we are told, the bold soldier boy will take an active part. He is tall, in figure rather clumsily built, but the tints of his fatigue dress can be excellently depicted by the confectioner's colors, which are always on hand of whatever tone may be desired.

As a musical scheme there are numerous designs. The most prominent is a darky, who carries in his arms a violin, a decorative bit of silver and gilt, in contrast to the chocolate face of the musician.

The miniature ice is unquestionably the most favored device of the moment.

One clever hostess has had made for her dinner her own miniature in lovely flesh tint in this cold delicacy. When served it will be put on a plate and decorated with a wreath of smilax finished at the top by a group of small natural rosebuds—a peculiarity happy thought for any women's function.

For frozen punches a peculiarly striking novelty is now in the market. This is the tumbler for champagne punch. This glass is a form in ice, but so perfectly frozen as to be impregnable to heat for some time. In this icy receptacle a well-made punch is brewed and served, or, if preferred, a lemon ice, Roman punch or orange souffle. Any of the three can be given to this glass-like stand, and for any function is a desirable dessert.

Among the new varieties in ice creams the Klondike is greatly in favor. This peculiarly rich-looking sweet is made in cornucopia form of almond paste, filled with a whipped cream and soft custard slightly frozen. Over this congealed mass is an abundant spread of almonds cut in tiny nugget shapes, all highly gilded, producing the desired effect, from which it takes its name. The smaller end of the cornucopia is tied up with different ribbons in delicate tones. Each guest is served with one Klondike, which rests on a small, round mat of embossed gilt paper.

Another picturesque dessert in ices is the "salad cream." As a green foundation for this novelty there is a lettuce leaf in all its pretty tones, made so by the aid of pistache. On this are lighter frozen leaves in delicate yellows, while for the dressing there are hard-boiled eggs of solid creams. Over all is a soft custard slightly congealed, which forms for this scheme the mayonnaise. This form has just arrived from Paris, being extremely popular for formal dinners and collations, and is often served after the entree, cleansing the palate for the courses which are to follow.

Croquettes of ice cream are now made in pure white to imitate rice, Over this is a slightly warmed chocolate sauce, which at the time of serving, is put over this frozen savory and congeals at the moment of eating. Each croquette is placed on a highly embossed creamy paper, which is ornamented with a wreath of smilax, adding to the scheme as a pretty adornment.

In floral novelties, nothing is prettier than the tulip dessert, which can be given by the real flower, or by a pretty device in paper, and still be made to do duty, when the form can be easily decorated from the outside.

MRS. OLIVER BELL BUNCE.

THE NEW YORK STORE
Established 1853.
Sole Agents for BUTTERICK PATTERNS.

We Have Purchased the Entire Stock of

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Wm. L. Elder

at a low price and shall sell it at Mr. Elder's Salesrooms, 43-45 S. Meridian Street

In the Greatest Furniture Sale Indianapolis ever saw, beginning Monday Morning. Watch the Daily Papers for particulars.

WHITING'S STATIONERY PETTIS DRY GOODS CO. EASTMAN'S CAMERAS

"Give me a copper, guv'nor?"
"Wait a minute. I'll fetch one."

Little Bosher: "Oh, I say, Miss Wareham, I've been going to ask you—have you, ah, evah been mistaken, ah, foh a man don'cherknow?"
Miss Wareham: "Never—have you?"

Diamond Values

Every Diamond in our store is worth the full price we ask for it. Our guarantee is back of every Precious Stone sold over our counters. It is not spending money to buy diamonds—it is investing money. Diamonds fluctuate very little in value. Ten years from now—twenty years from now—the Diamond you buy from us today will be worth approximately the same money.

J. C. SIPE, Importer of Diamonds,
ROOM 4, 18½ N. MERIDIAN ST. INDIANAPOLIS

INDIANA CLUBS AND THEIR WORK

EDITED BY MRS. HARRIET W. KITTS.

ON QUOTATIONS.

It was Dr. Johnson who said, "Classical quotation is the parole of literary men all over the world." It is the universal language which enables the cultured of every nationality to become friends and companions. It is the open sesame into the charmed circle of genius, and stamps him who uses it understandingly, as a scion of earth's choisest aristocracy. It introduces the novice who mayhap may understand but be yet unable to speak it, into the very best society,—a society which never forgets its breeding, nor its kindness of heart.

The quotation habit is one which clubs should foster. When rightly acquired, it is the salad of the feast, which to be sure, one may do without, but which enhances the flavor of all the other viands. A well prepared salad is a dish fit for a king; a poor one is worse than none at all. A quotation brought to the club from memory's store-house where it had been carefully preserved together with the song or story of which it formed a part, is a relish both wholesome and appetizing; one read from a slip of paper, perhaps without knowledge of the poet or theme, is a wicked waste of valuable ingredients. Quotations like all other studies should be acquired conscientiously. Those who use them should be too honorable to pretend to an erudition they do not possess; should scorn to be like those superficial souls who,

"* * * for renown on scraps of learning dote,
And think they grow immortal when they quote."

A certain scholarly gentleman used to require his children to commit to memory each day a line or sentence from some eminent author. "It will store your minds with beautiful thoughts and beautiful language," he explained, "and give you a fund of apt illustration upon which you will be able to draw at any moment." If club members would set the task of learning properly one quotation every fortnight, at the end of the season they would have enriched their memories with sixteen gems of thoughts and as many literary treasures.

Where clubs are not too large—and the majority, be it known, are not—the time honored custom of responding to roll-call with quotations is an excellent one, always providing the "salad" is properly prepared. Where roll-call has given way to register because of numbers, the closing five or ten minutes might be thus employed; but however or whenever it may be convenient to have them, do not fail to form the quotation habit, which will be found to repay a hundred fold.

And lastly, do not be afraid to use quotations when after a long and familiar acquaintance with them, they present themselves unbidden, just at the moment when you need their assistance to "point a moral or adorn a tale," for "next to the originator of a good sentence, is the first quoter of it," as Emerson himself has said.

PEN PORTRAITS.

Mrs. Emma Jennings Clark first vice-president of the Woman's Club of Bloomington, was born in Owen County, Ind., December 16, 1852. In 1868 her father, T. C. Jennings came to Bloomington to make his home, in order that his family might have the benefit of the State University. Mrs. Clark, one of the first dozen young women to be graduated from the college, was a member of the class of '72. She married Rev. T. J. Clark upon the evening of her graduation day, and went with him to Vincennes where, as pastor of the Christian church he remained for twenty-one years. Mrs. Clark has led a busy and happy life in doing good. She has been an earnest worker in the W. C. T. U., and C. W. B. M. of her church, and at the present moment holds the honor of the presidency of both organizations. Through her experience in the W. C. T. U. work, she become a suffragist realizing the helplessness of woman in her battle against evil, without the ballot. She is a member of the Kappa Alpha Theta fraternity, and represents the W. C. T. U. in the Local Council of Women.

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Mrs. A. S. Dwiggins, first president of the Ladies' Literary Club of Rensselaer, was born in Clarion County, Pennsylvania, May 1, 1836. In 1860 her family removed to Rensselaer where two years later she was united in marriage to Robert S. Dwiggins, a young lawyer who was fully in sympathy with her advanced views on the rights of women, the temperance generation, and kindred subjects. Mrs. Dwiggins soon became an active and influential worker in the church, in the cause of woman suffrage, in the W. C. T. U., and in everything which tended to lift humanity to a higher plane. Her home was ever open to her friends and co-laborers.

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The members of the Ladies' Literary Club of Rensselaer' whose portraits we have the pleasure of presenting in the accompanying group, are:

1. Mrs. C. W. Coen.
2. Mrs. J. F. Warren.
3. Mrs. W. H. Sanders.
4. Mrs. J. L. Brady.
5. Mrs. Sarah Hemphill.
6. Mrs. Alfred Thompson.
7. Mrs. Elizabeth Percupile.
8. Mrs. S. P. Thompson.
9. Mrs. W. H. Coover.
10. Mrs. D. B. Nowels.
11. Mrs. Frank Foltz.
12. Mrs. Isabel Parker.
13. Mrs. W. A. Hopkins.
14. Miss Kate Rogers.
15. Mrs. J. M. Wasson.
16. Mrs. J. C. Porter.
17. Mrs. C. W. Porter.
18. Mrs. W. H. Moore.
19. Mrs. Arthur Nowels.
20. Mrs. John Medicus.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB OF BLOOMINGTON.

Very neat and up-to-date is the year-book of the Bloomington Woman's Club, with its calendar, committees, and constitution quaintly tucked away in the upper corner of each page. Quite as satisfactory from a progressive standpoint is the line of study that it presents for the the current year, even though much of its excellence does not appear in print. The theme for the season is Art, and the topics which we present here below are such as would of themselves produce a program of unusual interest; but their manner of treatment which the literary committee has directed can but convert each meeting into a veritable treat. For instance, Mrs. Huffman whose subject was "The Madonnas" illustrated her paper with about fifty photographs of the famous paintings of the Madonna and child.

Miss Hughes who recently read a paper on "Indian Art" displayed the very extensive and valuable collection which she had made during her Californian trip of the past summer, and a four years sojourn in New Mexico. Professor Hoffman who lectured on Grecian Sculpture in December, gave illustrations with the stereopticon from slides made while he was in Athens. Mrs. Aley whose subject is Ceramics, will introduce to the club next week Mr. Homer J. Langhlin of East Liverpool, Ohio, who represents one of the most extensive pottery works in the United States, and who will bring some of the rarest specimens. Professor A. M. Brooks, who is now studying art abroad, will illustrate his lectures on etching and engraving by his own collection, and by the one which he is commissioned to purchase for the University.

The Woman's Club was organized December 17, 1891, by Mrs. John M. Coulter whose husband was at that time president of the University. In February 1893, it become affiliated with the Indiana Union of Literary Clubs. It is also a member of the Local Council of Women. It meets on Saturday, every third week, and it is limited in members to forty.

THE LADIES' LITERARY CLUB OF RENSSELAER

Its several presidents have been, Mrs. Coulter (two terms,) Mrs. Robert Miers (two terms), Mrs. James A. Woodburn, Mrs. Priscilla Shelper, and Mrs. Joseph Swain. Its present officers are: president, Mrs. Joseph Swain; vice-presidents, Mrs. Thomas J. (Emma Jennings) Clark, and Mrs. Martin Sampson; secretary, Mrs. Charles A. Rhetts; corresponding secretary, Mrs. James A. Woodburn; treasurer, Mrs. Benjamin F. Adams, jr.

Its committees, are: on calendar, Miss Hight, Miss Hughes, Mrs. Rhetts; on members, Mrs. W. P. Rogers, Mrs. Lindley, Miss Cherry; on anniversary. Mrs. Buskirk, Mrs. B. F. Adams, jr., Mrs. Duncan.

PROGRAM OF THE WOMAN'S CLUB OF BLOOMINGTON.

SEPT. 28.—President's Day.
OCT. 16.—Debate. Question: Resolved that a Constitutional Amendment should be secured, giving to the Federal Government exclusive control over divorces. (Affirmative, Mrs. Miers and Mrs. Reinhard; Negative, Mrs. Beck and Mrs. Clark.
NOV. 6.—The Madonnas. Indian Art.
NOV. 27.—Japanese Art. Oriental Tapestries.
DEC. 17.—Anniversary. Guests' Evening. Lecture: Grecian Sculpture. Illustrated—Mr. Horace A. Hoffman.
JAN. 8.—Christ in Art. Bronzes.
JAN. 29 —Ceramics. Glass.
FEB. 19.—Legendary and Mythological Art. Valentines.
MAR. 12.—Impressionism. Posters.
APR. 2.—Election of Officers.
APR. 23.—Art Loan Exhibit.
MAY 14.—Lecture: History of Etching. Mr. Alfred Mansfield Brooks.
JUNE 4.—Lecture: History of Engraving. Mr. Alfred Mansfield Brooks.

THE LADIES' LITERARY CLUB OF RENSSELAER.

Hearken to the story of the Ladies' Literary Club of Rensselaer and learn that the oldest societies do not always flourish in the largest cities, nor the most faithfulness and enthusiasm in the largest clubs. Although not the oldest in formal organization, it is the oldest society which has developed into a literary club, that we have the pleasure of presenting.

Of its earliest history a member writes, "It is the outgrowth of the Ladies' Literary and Social Circle which was organized in 1870 or 1871. At first it was a sewing circle which met every Thursday afternoon to work for the poor. After a time it was decided to have the president appoint some one each week to entertain the ladies while at their sewing, with a paper, select reading, or discussion, and then to spend the remainder of the afternoon socially. At a dinner given by Mrs. Alfred Thompson in 1877, it was decided to organize a literary society independent of every other organization. On Thanksgiving Day, 1877, twenty-three ladies met, adopted a constitution, and a name which was "The Ladies' Literary Society of Rensselaer." The first officers were Mrs. R. S. Dwiggins, president; Mrs. Elizabeth Principile, vice-president, Miss Mollie Babcock, secretary. On each recurring Thanksgiving day, the anniversary was observed in a public manner, either by a specially prepared program, or by an address from some noted speaker."

As is inevitable in so venerable an organization, the membership has undergone great changes; indeed, but three of the charter members are still enrolled, Mrs. Alfred Thompson, Mrs Elizabeth Principile and Mrs. John Medicus. "Many have gone to other states, and a few have been called to the eternal home," but all of the first corps of officers are still living.

The programs of study have generally been of a miscellaneous character; the years '94-'95 and '95-'96, however, were given over to a course in ancient history and literature. For the present season, the lives and works of American writers are under consideration. Usually one day is devoted to an author, with a biographical sketch, a discussion of his chief work, and selected readings.

Although the club meets every Friday, and allots but two months, July and August, for vacation, we do not find a single provision for social affairs, even the customary President's Day is conspicuously absent. The constitution directs that "at least once each year the club shall have a public meeting, the time of which may be fixed by the club;" but the date being a variable one, the year-book makes no mention of it.

"The Ladies' Literary Club has been affiliated with the state federation since 1895, and has sent delegates to every convention. It now includes twenty-five active and eight associate members. Its officers are: president, Mrs. Charles Coen; vice-president, Mrs. J. F. Warren; secretary, Mrs. W. H. Sanders; treasurer, Mrs. C. G. Spitler.

The program committee is: Mrs. W. H. Sanders, Mrs. A. S. Nowels and Mrs. Frank Foltz.

"THE TOURISTS" OF PRINCETON.

The year-book of "The Tourists" of Princeton presents an unusually attractive appearance, with its graceful design of carnations—the club flower, upon the outer cover, and its cheerful bit of color which club traditions permit in the knot of ribbon that ties it. The sketch was drawn by Miss Maria Blair, a student in the Cincinnati Art School.

During the six years of existence "The Tourists" have traveled extensively. They have visited and enjoyed England, Scotland, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, France, Spain, Greece, Egypt, India, Syria, Turkey, Norway, Sweeden and Russia. Returning only last June from their long sojourn abroad, they thought to remain quietly at home the present season, and devote themselves

MRS. R. S. DWIGGINS.
The First President of the Ladies' Literary Club of Rensselaer.

to the study of English literature. Their program, which we have the pleasure of presenting, outlines a course which extends from earliest times down to Elizabeth's reign.

"The Tourists," have enjoyed several delightful evenings in times past when foreign speakers have entertained the club. Upon one of these occasions Mr. Hannibal Williams, whom we ourselves know to be unexcelled in Shakespearean interpertation, presented in monologue the play of Julius Cæsar. Upon another occasion, Professor Sampson of the Indiana University addressed the club upon German life and character as seen by him during the years he spent in the German Universities. Last winter "The Tourists" entertained the other clubs of Princeton at an Open Meeting—a literary and social session, which was held in the parlors of the Presbyterian church. This plan of showing courtesies to sister organizations, is one we should like to see oftener followed. We have all lived too much within our own clubs, to the neglect of the advantages to be derived from fresh outside inspiration.

The Tourists are affiliated with the Indiana Union of Literary Clubs. They number seventeen. Their favorite flower is the carnation, and their chosen colors are red and white. Their officers are: president, Miss Isabel Blair; vice-president, Mrs. Luella Casey Embree; secretary, Miss Ellen Howe; treasurer, Mrs. Minnie Fields; critic, Mrs. Agnes Lockhart Twineham.

The program committee is: Mrs. Fleming, Mrs. Warnock, Mrs. Devin, Mrs. Fields. The executive committee is: Miss Isabel Blair, Miss Howe and Mrs. Fleming.

PROGRAM OF "THE TOURISTS" OF PRINCETON.

SEPT. 29.—President's Day.

OCT. 6.—Responses, Chaucer. English Literature from Earliest Times to 1400 A. D. Progress in Literature to the Time of Queen Elizabeth.

OCT. 20.—Responses, "Utopia." The England of Elizabeth. A Sketch of the Virgin Queen. Reading.

NOV. 3.—Responses from Spenser. Edmund Spenser. Fairy Queen—Argument. Conversation.

NOV. 17.—Responses, Raleigh. The Arcadia—Sidney. Bacon. Reading.

DEC. 1.—Responses, Henry VIII. History of the Times of Henry VIII. Domestic Life of the People. Study of Act II.

DEC. 30.—Guest Evening. A Trip Abroad —Mr. Thomas R. Paxton.

JAN. 5.—Responses, Richard III. The King's Marriages. The Power of Conscience. Study of Act III.

JAN. 19.—Responses, "Merchant of Venice." Cardinal Wolsey, Sir Thomas More. The Spirit of the Renaissance. Study of Act IV.

FEB. 2.—Responses, "As You Like It." Cranmer's Prophecy. Review of Characters. Study of Act IV.

FEB. 16.—Responses, Beaumont and Fletcher. Ben Jonson. Beaumont and Fletcher.

MAR. 2.—Open Meeting. Responses, "Il Penseroso." James I. Milton's Paradise Lost.

MAR. 16.—Responses, "Comus." Charles I. and the Commonwealth. Influence of the Press.

MAR. 24.—Guest Evening. From a Literary Standpoint—Mr. M. W. Fields.

MAR. 30.—Responses, Jeremy Taylor. Theological Writers of the Puritan Age. Bunyan and his great Allegory.

APR. 13.—Responses, Dryden. The Classic Age. Dryden and his Fellow-writers. Reading.

APR. 27.—Responses, Pope. The Society of Friends. Pope. Reading.

MAY 11.—Responses, Addison. Swift. Comparison of Addison and Steele. Conversation.

MAY 25. Responses, Locke. Johnson's Lives of the Poets. Rasselas. Reading.

JUNE 8.—Responses, Goldsmith. Oliver Goldsmith. "Vicar of Wakefield," "The Deserted Village."

WITH THE CLUB EDITOR.

Upon April 23rd, the Woman's Club of Bloomington will arrange an Art Loan. It will be in charge of Mrs. C. L. Simmons, Mrs. Gabe and Mrs. S. B. Rogers.

We received such a charming account of "The Tourists" of Princeton, from the able pen of Mrs. Ella Fellows Ewing, that we regret our inability to present it in full.

Miss Maria Blair of Princeton who designed the cover of The Tourist's brochure earned the honor last year of having a place in the display in the Gallery of Art in Cincinnati—an honor which is only awarded to the best sketches of the year.

The Ladies' Matinee Musicale of Muncie will take possession of the "Wysor Grand" for two nights in February, when its members will present the opera "Egypta." This production was given at Fort Wayne during the Holiday week, and created a furor, so 'tis said.

Here is a good one! The Philistine says of Mrs. Emma Carleton of Amaranth Club of New Albany: "Emma Carleton tells me that a Hoosier is one born in Indiana or elsewhere who pronounces it thus: Injunopolis."

Something new in the line of club entertainments originated with the "Ephemeron" of New Albany during the Holidays. Members were requested to contribute to the exercises in any way they desired consistent with the rule of the club permitting oral matter only. Hence there were recitations and talks, Christmas legends and stories, all filled with the spirit of the season. The palm was awarded to Mrs. F. E. Austin who narnated an original story entitled the "Magic Mirror," a story fine in invention and replete with verbal beauty. A humorous original production, a sermon a la Chadband on the text "Little Johnny Horner" given by Miss Anna Cardwill, was warmly appreciated."

The Woman's Club of Bloomington is specially honored in state offices this year. Its president, Mrs. Joseph Swain, whose portrait we had the pleasure of presenting December 18, is a member of the program committee of the Indiana Union of Literary Clubs. Its secretary, Mrs. Harriet Rhetts, is chairman of the state executive committee, and five other members of the club serve also on this committee, Mrs. B. F. Adams, Mrs. L. M. Beck, Mrs. William Johnson, Mrs. Charles L. Simmons and Mrs. James A. Woodburn.

We have no grudge against the men—indeed we may be said to have taken up the cudgels in the cause of male suffrage in the club world. But we confess we are very human, and can't help laughing in "ghoulish glee"—just a little—when the men get their come-up-ance (we have no patent on this word.) For years men have been willing that women should have all the rights in the world—save holding office and voting—mere trifles to be sure. Here is one time when men are accorded this same privilege: "Any gentleman may become a member of this club in the same manner (which is explained in the preceding claim) and shall have all the privileges of the club, except the right to hold office and to vote." This club is one of the three we present today, but we shan't tell which. Guess!

President's Day in the Woman's Club of Bloomington partook of the nature of the unexpected this year. Mrs. Swain, the president, instead of reading a paper, surprised the club with a collection of pictures in oil and water colors, in all about one hundred, by Gruelle, Forsyth, and Stark. We are thoroughly in favor of club surprises. We believe that all arrangements for President's Day. Open Meetings, Guest Evenings, etc. should be in the hands of small committees—the smaller the better—and by them left a state secret.

Very a propos to the year's study, are Rudyard Kipling's verses from "Seven Seas," which appear upon the initial pages of Bloomington Woman's Club's brochure:

"When earth's last picture painted, and the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded, and the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it —lie down for an aeon or two,
Till the Master of all Good Workmen shall set us to work anew.

And those that were good shall be happy —they shall sit in a golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comets, hair;
They shall find real saints to draw from— Magdalene, Peter and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting, and never be tired at all!

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame:
But each for the joy of the working, and each in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees it, for the God of Things as They are.

Indianapolis Club Calendar.

Monday, Jan. 24. Indianapolis Literary Club. The Land of the Windmill, George C. Hitt.

Monday, Jan. 24. Monday Afternoon Club. Poets' Day. Hostess, Mrs. Showers. Paper, Mrs. Parkhurst. Music, Miss Blanche O'Donnell. Paper, Hawthorne, Mrs. Somers. Conversation.

Tuesday, Jan. 25. Irvington Tuesday Club. England and India, Mrs. C. M. Cross. Conversation, "The Rise of Methodism," Mrs. J. H. Banning.

Tnesday, Jan. 25. Century Club.

Tuesday, Jan. 25. German Literary Club. Die Literatur der Neuzeit und der Zeitgeist, Mrs. Fred Knefler. Conversation.

Wednesday, Jan. 26. Inter Nos Club. With Mrs. Laura Brown. "England." Responses, "English Poets," "Merry England Under Good Queen Bess," Mrs. Alfred Stratford; "English Ballad," Miss Winnie Fesler; "King Arthur and his Round Table," Mrs. Eliza P. Champe; Selection, Mrs. Mary Meek; Song, Mrs. Alfred Stratford. Conversation, "Old English Castles," leader, Mrs. Laura Brown.

Wednesday, Jan. 26. Mary K. Denny Coterie. "Francis Bacon, Philosopher and Scientist," Anna F. Buchanan. "As Politician," Kate Buchanan. "In Disgrace," Elizabeth Olcott.

Thursday, Jan. 27. The Portfolio. "Hugo and Racine," paper by Hugh H. Miller. Committee on entertainment; Mr. and Mrs. Hilton U. Brown. Music in charge of Pauline Schellschmidt.

Friday, Jan. 28. Friday Afternoon Club. With Mrs. Moore, Charlotte M. Yonge, Mrs. I. S. McBride; discussion "Influence of the Author," leader, Mrs. Helen Ensley, roll call, Favorite Authors.

Saturday, Jan. 29. Rosemary Club. "Old English Clubs," Mrs. Carl Edwin Hildebrand; conversation "The Old Maid as She is, and as She Was," Miss Josephine Herron.

Saturday, Jan. 29. Sketching Club, "The Romance of Art," Selma Neubacker; "Mythological Subjects," exhibitor, Mamie Snyder.

MRS. EMMA JENNINGS CLARK.
First Vice-President of the Woman's Club of Bloomington.

Review of Fashions.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

The absence of grand opera this season, has given an impetus to concerts and therefore more high necks are worn than usual for evening. Many low corsages do duly at dances and with the aid of guimpes and long sleeves, are transformed into

waists that while very dressy, are suited to a certain class of musical entertainments which though given ostensibly in the name of art, are in reality but rendezvous where fashionable people can look at and gossip with each other. The Metropolitan during Italian or German opera, was hitherto the place where such meetings were held and in want of such opportunities, the Four Hundred console themselves as best they may, by gatherings of less magnitude. The easy transformation of

BALL AND DINNER GOWNS

has just been noted and a lovely example in pink satin, having fine black jet embroidery running between the sleeves, is provided with long shirred sleeves of mousseline that match a guimpe and as both are removable, a change is effected without difficulty. Lovely evening gowns for young girls, are made of striped gauze over taffeta silk and an example in pale blue, has a ruching of chiffon around the lower edge of the skirt and a garniture of the same around the neck of the full, drooping waist. The sash is of brocade showing blue chrysanthemums on a white satin ground. An elegant gown worn by a young matron, shows a combination of crimson velvet, satin and creamy embroidered net. Like other dresses into which velvet enters largely, it is made princess and shows the front draped in net that also gives a finish around the lower edge of the skirt. Net to match appears in jabot folds on the corsage and around the low neck. A delicately refined reception dress is in gray poplin made with plain skirt except a double scant ruffle of white mousseline, that extends down the left side. Three rows of fine gray passementerie form points in

front and are crossed by similiar points on the sides. The close waist is also trimmed by diamond shaped crossings of passementerie; the soft belt is of white mousseline and a plaiting of mousseline outlines the surplice neck and extends to the waist on either side. The sleeves are composed respectively of a short puff finished by a ruffle and long gray gloves give completion.

A DRESSY GOWN

for evening, has a white mousseline accordion plaited skirt over silk and the corsage is to match, with scarfs of mousseline that cross at the waist where one is completed by a boquet of wild roses and the other hangs. Wild roses outline the neck: a boquet of roses being placed on one shoulder and a jaunty bow of pale pink ribbon on the other. This dress was worn by a young debutante and her mother appeared in a brocade showing pale yellow and blue flowers on a white surface. The waist is drawn to a blunt point and a narrow plastron of yellow velvet is outlined by a row on either side of elegant passementrie having pale yellow beadings on a white surface. Delicate double puffs of white chiffon give finish and the belt and collar are of ribbon that shades from white to yellow, white chiffon completing the collar. The sleeves are long and show velvet epaulettes and cuffs outlined by chiffon puffs.

FINE CLOTH

or cashmere are much used for dinner or reception gowns and in white or pale colors embroidered in the finest manner, rank equal to brocade or other silken fabrics. Gilt or silver on white is reckoned very stylish, though too trying to be generally worn and there are elegant cloth or cashmere dresses in darker shades that show embroidery in black, though fine gilt or silver is used as well. These darker dresses are sometimes worn on the street and constitute quite appropriate church gowns and some are rendered becoming

by silk or satin guimpes of a shade that gives handsome relief.

FUR TRIMMINGS

appear not only on dinner dresses, but those made in the most exclusive evening fabrics, the favorite adjunct to fur, being lace or chiffon, especially the latter, as at present, the idea of extreme contrasts both in color, fabric and garniture, is a leading one. Even sashes have shown a finish of fur and now and then a necktie may be completed by this ubiquitous accessory. In the smaller fur garments, very large sacks are being made to thoughtful purchasers who with an eye to approaching spring, invest in collarettes or Victoreens that can be worn over jackets or capes at present and be utilized during summer for protection on piazzas or country drives. Good fur indeed is an investment that never comes amiss and the fashion of wearing it at all seasons, has been found very acceptable. Successful competition with

EUROPEAN PRICES,

a new departure inaugurated by the leading furrier C. C. Thayne, has both now and earlier in the season, induced an extraordinary demand for well made and reliable garments or accessories, among the latter, several styles in small capes or collarettes being worthy of special mention.

THE VICTOREEN

is most striking and is a small cape with long end reaching nearly to the bottom of the skirt in front and recalling memories or illustrations of old time mantillas. Another stylish shape has a square yoke reaching to the shoulders, with a full finish placed as a wide ruffle and handsome contrasts are obtained by having the yoke in one kind of fur and the outer completion in another: resembling this style, is a short cape with a round yoke and ruffle, the yokes in either shape being usually of short haired fur, with outer combination in some longer haired variety. A jaunty collarette is short on the shoulders, with a full finish of tails in front and this style is specially adapted to slender women, those of more ample proportions preferring a collar that is made in short haired fur and flares over the shoulders. The Nicholas collar encircles the neck and has a full addition of tails. These accessory garments in fur are called either collars or collarettes and are most convenient.

ROSALIND MAY.

NOVELTY IN JEWELRY.

At Templier's the jeweler, 8 rue Royale, I have seen half a score of tiny living tortoises, about 30 millimetres in length without the head, the shells of which are covered with an ornament of filigree gold in which is set a number of precious stones. The little reptiles appear in no way incommoded with their ornament, to which is added a tiny gold chain that can be attached to the corsage with a safety pin. Of the two specimens reproduced on page 4, one is ornamented with a lance-headed device in brilliants and rubies; the other is covered with a fine trellis-work of rose diamonds and brilliants in the Louis XV. style. Some others are ornamented with turquoises or with emeralds. They are also decorated with a simple monogram.

When not exhibited in a shop window or on a board covered with velvet, they roam about in a sort of doll's garden in the shop, planted with real shrubs, with a porch, rustic bridge and gravel walks, where they can sleep or desport themselves as they please. They are very much in fashion for present, just now.

—

BRIEF FASHION NOTES.

The extensive use of orange silks and velvets as trimmings are very noticeable this season. In black, navy-blue and gray, various shades of orange are exceedingly effective, "burnt orange" being one of the color fads of the day.

Cloth gaiters have made their appearance with cooler weather. Black, tan, gray and castor-colored cloths to match the skirt of costumes, are chosen for these foot adornments.

The warm, stylish-looking plaid golf capes are very becoming to young girls. They retail at $12 and $15.

For Breakfast,

MARRIED TO GLUTEN

WHEATLET

is preferable to oatmeal because Wheatlet is rich in gluten. Oatmeal is starchy. Many people cannot eat Oatmeal. Anyone can eat Wheatlet.

TRY IT.

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There is but one Wheatlet; avoid the "just as good." Booklet mailed free.

Made only by the

FRANKLIN MILLS CO.,

Lockport, N. Y.

Marie Antoinette curtains, bedspreads, centrepieces, hangings and handkerchiefs are popular. The designs are simple and charming.

The variety in "college cushions" is about endless. There are ever so many lovely patterns in our own university pillows, handsome effects in blue and red being accomplished. Such a pillow makes a very acceptable Christmas gift to a student at old Penn.

Will some one please tell me why there are women who persist in wearing "skeleton rubbers" during a rainy day shopping tour? What's the matter with the ample razor-toe rubber that protects the foot in the real sense of the word?

As to the women who dips a white cambric underskirt in the mire at every step, there are, unfortunately, still many of her, despite the cheapness, durability, neatness and style of the petticoat of mohair, cashmere or moreen.

Among the choice lingerie models there are some attractive pages in the dainty, durable "blind" embroidery.

Pretty corset covers of China silk are trimmed with Valenciennes lace insertion and narrow taffeta ribbons.

The silk petticoat with adjustable lace frill or silk ruffle is "the latest" and is very useful for full evening dress.

NOT QUITE THE SAME THING.

"It is so seldom that a fellow meets a sympathetic woman."

"It is so seldom that a woman meets a fellow who needs her sympathy."

Mrs. MACK

FRENCH HAIR PARLORS,
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Largest Stock and Finest Parlors in city. Always cool, clean, comfortable, refreshing. **Artistic Hair Dressing**—arranged in a becoming style. Shampooing and manicuring. Switches 50c to $50. Wigs. Switches and Hair Goods made to order. Special attention given Hair Dressing for balls, parties theater, etc. See us before buying Hair Goods Open Saturday Night.

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Big Four Two-Step.

(Mark envelope "Two-Step.")

We are giving this music, which is regular Fifty-cent sheet music, at this exceedingly low rate, for the purpose of advertising, and testing the value of the different papers as advertising mediums.

E. O. McCORMICK,
PASSENGER TRAFFIC MANAGER,
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With a Clear, Healthy, Spotless Complexion and Smooth, Fair Skin.

No woman can fail to possess personal charm and attractiveness. **Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers** and **Fould's Arsenic Soap** are universally recognized as the "very best" and "only" preparations in the world to obtain the same, for they not only remove "Pimples, Freckles, Blackheads, Redness, Oiliness and Tan," but they also render the blood so "Pure" that the skin and complexion become delightfully "Smooth, Clear and Transparent." They are recognized by the cream of society throughout the world, as the only real, genuine beautifiers of the complexion, skin and form. They are daily used in the practice of the most eminent physicians in this country and Europe, and pronounced by them to be the only safe preparations of Arsenic in the world. They Are Perfectly Safe and Warranted to Give Entire Satisfaction.

WAFERS, PER BOX, $1; SIX LARGE BOXES, $5.
FOULD'S ARSENIC SOAP, 50c.

Address all mail orders to H. B. FOULD, Department "H," 214 6th avenue, New York.

Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

Some are born smart, others have smartness thrust upon them.

She: "You're a poor judge of human nature."
He: "Why do you think so?"
She: "You have such a good opinion of yourself."

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NEW YORK

COMICALITIES

There was once a dull and long-winded member of Congress who said to Clay, "You, sir, speak for the present generation but I speak for posterity." Clay replied quickly, "It seems you are resolved to speak until your audience arrives."

—

At a dinner party the coachman had come in to help to wait at table. Among the guests was a very deaf old lady. Coachman, in handing the vegetables, comes to the deaf party. "Peas, mum?" says Jehu. No answer. "Peas, mum?" (louder.) Still no answer from the D. P., but placing her ear trumpet to her ear, lifts it interrogatively to the man, who, glancing down and seeing the tube, ejaculates: "Well, it's a rum way of taking them, but I suppose she likes it. Here goes?" and down went the peas into the ear trumpet.

—

A SURE CURE.

Family Doctor: "Your wife needs out-door exercise more than anything else."

Husband: "But she won't go out. What am I to do?"

Doctor: "Give her plenty of money to shop with."

—

"I am no coward," cried Dribbles; "I believe in making a clean breast of a thing."

"Yes," quietly observed a bystander, "when that thing happens to be a nicely cooked turkey!"

"He pressed her to his breast and sighed," read the elocutionist; and the boy in the gallery brought down the house by yelling: "Which side?"

—

Mrs. Stuckupp: "Is this Mr. Slimpurse you have engaged yourself to a man of means?"

Sensible daughter: "Yes, mother. He means all he says, and that's the husband I want."

—

There is a good old story of a general whose death was announced in a newspaper by mistake—a circumstance which annoyed him very much. He called on the editor and demanded that a contradiction should be inserted in the next issue.

"That, general," was the editor's reply, "is quite out of the question. We never apologize and we never withdraw a statement; but I tell you what we'll do for you. We'll put you in the 'Births' next week."

—

Stories about absent minded professors and other monuments of learning are always in order, and probably the worst case on record comes from a University town. The professor was hurrying with a friend to catch a train, when he stopped suddenly, and exclaimed:

"There! I've come away and left my watch."

"Let's go back and get it," suggested the friend.

"No; I don't believe we shall have time," said the professor, and he drew the lost watch out of his pocket, looked carefully at the dial, counted the minutes, and added, "No, there won't be enough time."

Then he pressed on towards the station, saying:

"Oh, well, I suppose I can get along for one day without a watch."

LOCATING HIM.

"Seen my boy Tommy anyw'ere, Mrs. Rook?"

"Well, no, I ain't seen 'im, but there's a fight at the other end of the street."

A MOTHER'S VALUABLE ASSISTANT

16mo, 144 pages; bound in linen, gilt top.

Home Occupations for Little Children

By KATHERINE BEEBE.

WHAT Miss Beebe's "First School Year" is to the primary teacher this little volume is intended to be to mothers. Miss Beebe believes that the ceaseless activity of children calls for employment, and "Home Occupations" is full of ways and means for mothers.

Enthusiastically endorsed by the press and leading kindergartners.

Hundreds of Hints on How to Make the Little Folks Happy

Lists of Stories, Songs and Plays Invaluable to Mothers and Nurses

In this book the Kindergarten offers to the Home suggestions for the occupation of little children with simple materials. The author does not presuppose a kindergarten training on the part of the mother, nor an ideal environment. She simply takes for granted the child's ceaseless activity and the mother's desire to furnish him with material and opportunity for development.

The occupations here considered are of three kinds. The first are those which require the active participation of an older person; the second, those for which only occasional direction or assistance is necessary; the third, those in which the child can engage by himself.

FROM THE NEW YORK WORLD.

"Home Occupations will be welcomed by weary mothers, for it is very clever and full of hints and suggestions they can carry out."

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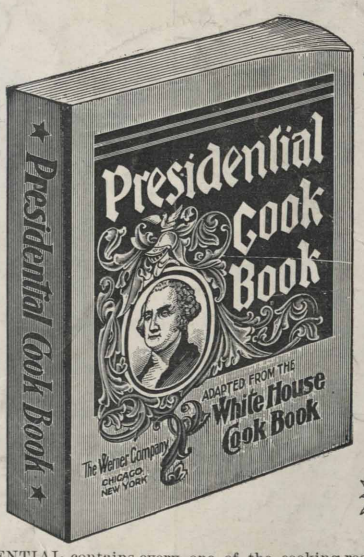

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THE INDIANA WOMAN

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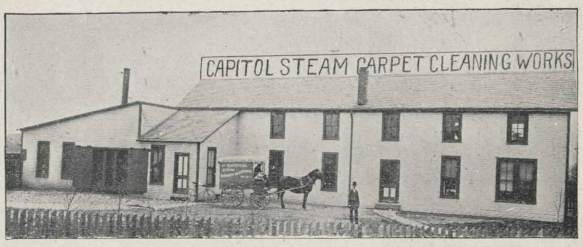

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See Page 9

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THE INDIANA WOMAN

Vol. V. Indianapolis, Saturday Afternoon, January 29, 1898 No. 11.

WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG

The weather of the greater part of this month has been of a nature calculated to induce fits of the blues in those who are easily depressed by the weather. Some people are very easily affected by a change in the weather. See them on a bright sunny day, and they are buoyant as a school boy at the beginning of the holidays. Meet them on a day when the skies are overcast, and the rain is falling, or the mist lies like a blanket over the face of the earth, and you can hardly recognize them, so gloomy are they, in mood so like the sulky sky. Perhaps they are not altogether to blame. Some temperaments may be more easily influenced by the atmosphere than others, but wonders can be done if one will but do what poor Mrs. Dombey's sister-in-law wanted her to do, "make an effort." Instead of regarding a rainy day in the light of a calamity, look upon it as the children do. You never see a child depressed by rain. What depresses him is being kept out of it. To trot along through sheets of rain, well wrapped up, and secure under the umbrella tent, is what he calls "fun." It would be fun for the "grown-ups" too, if they wanted it to be.

—

The best cure for the dumps on a gloomy day, is to quit staring out of the window at the rain. Instead, put on a short skirt, if you are a woman, or a heavy pair of rubber boots if you are a man, take a large umbrella, and go out for a walk. If you are well protected and enjoy walking, you will find out that a walk in the rain is just what the children call it, "lots of fun."

—

Our artists are receiving a proper amount of appreciation for their gifts to our schools. In no line are our children more sadly in need of cultivation than in that of art, and if they can not get it at home—some of the rich ones are just as sure not to get it there as the poor—they should get it at school. It is only a pity that we can not make a Kindergarten for some of their parents, and compel them to take a few lessons on this subject. They can not be made to attend the art exhibits unless an ordinance is passed to that effect—and they cannot be compelled to buy good pictures. So the only hope is in the coming generation.

—

What chance has a man today, against the wiles of a woman? One of the papers has been telling a story on a Omaha girl. She was out skating with a young man, and staggered and wobbled at a fearful rate. Presently she sat down to rest and her escort went for a cigar. While he was gone she confessed to a friend that she could skate as well as any body, but it was such fun having Tom hold her up that she didn't intend to let him find it out—she meant to be the slowest pupil he had ever had. Poor Tom, unconscious of her duplicity, probably supported her over the ice many a day, and she may have finally caught him for good, though if she did I'll wager she will never confess her artifice to him. This is but one instance of many that could be adduced to show that the weaker sex will resort to anything to capture the man they desire.

—

If some kind mortal would write a book on Club Conversation, telling just how to converse and how not to, he would certainly confer a boon on club members and those who have to listen to their conversation. I do not feel altogether depressed about the condition of the club conversation in Indianapolis, although it has not yet by any means reached perfection, for it is improving. It has not been so very many years ago that some Indianapolis women read their "conversations". The next stage was delivering a monologue, a half hour or more in length on the subject stated. In most of the clubs, a nearer approach to the real "conversation" has been made, and most of the blame for failures should be attached to the program committees. There are some subjects on which one can converse,—and the most important point, too frequently disregarded—can lead others to converse upon, but what club is going to talk well upon a didactic subject? How absurd, when one considers it, to appoint a paper on some abstract subject while the conversation for that day is on "George Washington," or some similar subject! What is the leader to do? What she does do is to recite the facts of that hero's life, and sit uneasily in her place for a while until some other member who has managed to read up on the subject ventures another bit of information. Then the so-called "conversation" is over. If the paper had been on George Washington, and the conversation on a subject on which every one is likely to have opinions, a clever leader might have so stimulated thought by her opening remarks as to have led the club into an animated and interesting conversation.

Well, there is still a little to be learned on some subjects—even in Indianapolis.

—

Mr. Henry B. Fuller never wrote a better thing to my way of thinking, than his picture of the "visiting girl" in "The Cliff Dwellers." This young woman visited many friends in many states and had a glorious time. When she was married and settled down to live on a moderate income, she was in turn visited by these same girls whom she had visited, and who, being still unmarried, were in pursuit of a husband. Of course visiting girls are expensive luxuries, and the small income needed much stretching to accommodate them. There are so many visiting girls nowadays, every one can count nearly a score of them in his acquaintance. I don't mean the girls who make a quiet visit occasionally upon an old friend, but girls who make a profession of visiting. They have friends in various cities and upon these friends they descend with great regularity every spring or fall, or every summer or winter with a trunk full of pretty gowns, and the expectation of a great deal of entertainment from their hostess. All the available young men must be asked in to call; if it is in the summer, picnics, wheel parties, breakfasts at the Country Club must be given for them; if it is winter, theater parties, dinners, dances and so on, are the thing. When the hostess' resources, and those of her friends are exhausted, the pretty bird of passage wings her way to the next friend in the next city, arranging, however, to return another season. She is as good as her word too, and keeps it up, until she finds a husband, or becomes convinced that none is to be found.

—

When she has arrived at this conclusion, it is usually too late for her ever to settle down to anything. She has been used from her earliest girlhood, to fly from one thing to another; she could not learn anything practical about housekeeping and housewifely arts, because she was always just getting home from a visit, or just getting ready to go away for one. What kind of wives such girls make may be learned from a perusal of "The Cliff Dwellers." I hope every unmarried young man contemplating matrimony will buy a copy and read it before he selects his life partner. Indeed, if I were rich and were going in for charity, I should most certainly purchase this book in large quantities and see that it was systematically given away to all unmarried young men. It might help them to avoid some serious mistakes in choosing a wife.

—

A young man in the higher walks of life has very little chance of knowing anything about the life partner he selects. He might do almost as well, except as far as looks are concerned, if he walked up blindfolded to a row of girls and selected one. The only time he sees the young women of his acquaintance is when they are dressed in their best and on their best behavior. How they act when their tempers are ruffled, whether they have tempers or not, whether they have any practicality, whether they have any idea of managing a home, he never learns until after the wedding, and then, alas! it is too late. Altogether the modern young man has my sympathies.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

MR. OTTO STECHHAN.
See Page 4.

The Indiana Woman

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KATE MILNER RABB, Editor.

The Indianapolis Maennerchor.

We have the pleasure of presenting our readers with a series of pictures of the Indianapolis Maennerchor accompanied by a short sketch of that interesting society.

In June 1854, under the leadership of H. Despa, the club was organized with a membership of forty, with Mr. Gottfried Recker as president. Mr. Recker still holds that position, and of the original number he and Mr. Edouard Longerich are the only survivors.

At present the club numbers 375 passive members and 152 active singers. The recent acquisition of Mr. Franz Bellinger, late of Philadelphia, has given a new impetus to the members and there is much enthusiasm among them. Mr. Bellinger is among the foremost of the younger men in his field, and the Maennerchor is justly proud of their leader.

The recent remodeling and refurnishing the Maennerchor Hall have made it a fitting home for this—one of the most important musical organizations of the west.

During the work of rebuilding the hall the Commercial Club generously extended their hospitality, and their rooms were used until the Maennerchor moved into its present home. This is a place of beauty. The Ladies' parlor deserves especial mention. It is all in rose color. The furniture and hangings were made to order, and the chandelier which came from Chicago is perhaps the finest in the city. The Gentlemen's Club rooms are also in excellent taste. The hall, hereafter, will be for the exclusive use of the members of the club.

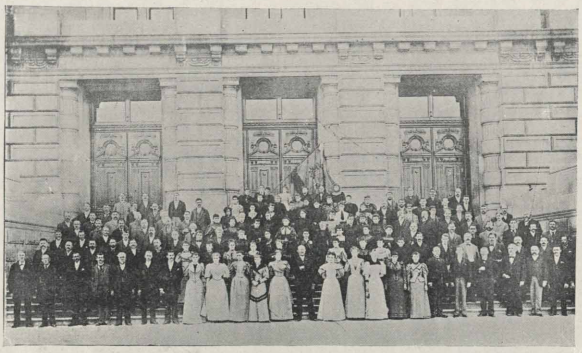
The opening of the hall occurred on the 25th of September, and on the following day a banquet was given for the members of the society. Among the many notable events in the history of the Maennerchor in the dedication of the "Fest-halle" in 1867. A fine musical program was rendered, followed by a banquet and dance.

The National "Saengerfest" in 1868 is a "white day" in their history. At this time the profit resulting from the concerts was $2,700, which was given to endow an orphan asylum and German-English school.

The Maennerchor has given many excellent concerts, operettas, etc., both in this and other cities. In 1894 they celebrated their fortieth anniversary. At that time a history of the society was prepared by Mr. C. E. Emmerich. This was printed in a neat and attractive form, and copies of it serve as souvenirs of the anniversary as well as an interesting record of the work of the society.

The pictures which we are enabled to present (through the courtesy of Mr. Paul Krauss, one of the leading spirits in the Maennerchor today) are of interest as they present the club of nearly forty years ago; the second in the series was taken in 1879 and it presents many familiar faces. The last was taken in Pittsburgh, on the occasion of a concert given there in 1894.

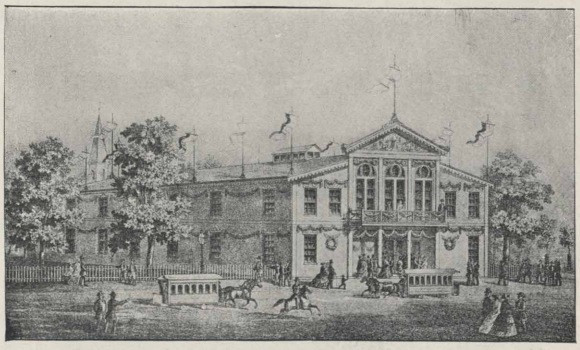
MANNERCHOR 1860.



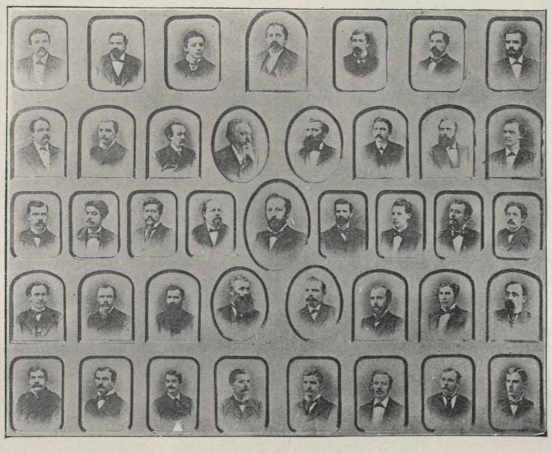
FEST-CHOR 1894.

The Maennerchor has had many excellent leaders. H. Despa, the first, was an enthusiastic and painstaking worker. His spirit was one of those that marks the leader. He was followed by Mr. Carl Barus. Later by Mr. Ernestinoff, and this year Mr. Bellinger. The work of the Maennerchor in the past has been excellent, and they hope for still better things in the future. Their Annual Masquerade Ball is an enjoyable feature of the organization. We hope in the near future to give some interior views of the Hall.

A. V. McN.



FEST-HALLE 1867.



MANNERCHOR 1879.

Notes on the Revolutionary Societies

The program of the General de Lafayette Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution for '97-'98 is a most interesting brochure, upon whose white cover, a design in gold intermingles most artistically with the lilies of France in blue.

The program is as follows:

Sept. 6. Address on Gen. de Lafayette, Madame Pauline Davies. Open Meeting.

Oct. 6. Causes of Emigration to the Colonies, Cecilia Hale Telford.

Nov. 6. A Woman of Colonial Days, Carrie Strickland Ankeny.

Dec. 6. Holidays among the Puritans, Mable Lingle Wilstach.

Jan. 6, '98. The Policy of England toward her Colonies, Margaret Lawrence Doll.

Feb. 6. The Foreign Element in the Revolutionary Army, Lida Atkins Andrew.

March 6. Colonial Industries, Eleanor M. Carnahan Ross.

April 6. Business Meeting.

May 6. Manhattan Island, Belle Taylor McBride.

June 6. The Beginning of the Government. Open Meeting.

The chapter contains seventy-nine members and is in a flourishing condition.

Pen Portraits of Well-known Indiana People.

Mr. Otto Stechhan is one of the few successful business men who finds recreation from his business cares in literary pursuits. Mr. Stechhan was born in Berlin, Germany but came to this country with his parents when he was but three years old. In 1857 he came to Indianapolis where he has since resided and where he has made a reputation as a successful business man.

Mr. Stechhan is a careful student of literature and has read widely in both German and English. He has delivered several lectures on his favorite subjects at the Deutsche Haus and the Progress Club. He has taken an interest in politics too, and it is a matter of pride with him that it was largely due to his exertions that the bill for the building and equipping of the Industrial Training School was passed by the legislature. Before this he had busied himself for sometime in moulding popular opinion for this form of education, by lectures and pamphlets on the importance of manua training,

Mr. Stechhan has published two volumes of poems. The first is a volume of English poems entitled, "I fear thee not and other poems," which appeared in 1893. This book is dedicated to all lovers of natures and the natural, and its motto is that passage from "Faust" in which Margaret ask of Faust "Dost thou believe in God?" The poems, as the dedication would indicate, deal principally with nature, of which, in all her moods, the author is a great lover.

In 1895 appeared "Lieben und Leben," a volume of German verse. This book is divided into two parts, the first group entitled "Aus meines Herzen's Schrein;" the second "Aus Welt und Natur." They touch on many subjects, but throughout them all rings a note of hope and faith in the gradual betterment of the world.

Mr Stechhan is now preparing a volume which he expects to see in book form soon. It is to be called "Rudder, Rod and Gun" and will deal with all the delights attendant upon hunting, boating and fishing. Mr. Stechhan is an ardent sailor and is now building a new yacht which he expects to launch at Maxincuckee next spring. In another column we print a poem from his pen, on this subject entitled "The Sailor's Song."

THE SKIPPER'S LOVE STORY.

Continued from last week.

at him. The look was in her eyes which all lovers long to see. He kissed her tenderly, and murmured:

"You wicked little midget! Poor old Tom!"

Five hours afterwards the tugboat Tom Jellico, with only half her coal aboard steamed away down the river.

"Any idea if Beasley's gone to sea?" asked Captain Harry Ramsay of his mate.

"No, I ain't," was the answer. "You see, he generally docks in the 'float.' Where are we bound to, Captain Ramsay?"

"Seeking."

"Oh!"

A good deal of mischief can be put into that interjection.

They soon ran past the line of docks, the glare of electric lights, and the screaming of whistles and reached the silence of the sea. It was calm. The water lay dead around them, only stirred by the hull of their vessel. The silence was unbroked save for the "hushing" sound of their foamy path and the dull heart-beat of their engines. The night was clear, and the few vessels' lights here and there appeared like stars that had strayed earthward from the galaxy above them.

Presently they neared a lightship, whose lantern as it slowly revolved, glared on them a great red flash, and then dimmed to a mere flicker.

"We'll give old Jack a hail as we go by," said Ramsay, as they approached the vessel.

"Ay, ay," answered the mate, reaching for the steam-whistle lanyard. "Hold on! Listen! I think he's a-hailin' of hus."

They both strained their ears, and heard a tiny voice coming across the silent water; but the words were indistinguishable. Presently they ranged up close, and eased a tiny bit.

"That you, Cap'n Ramsay?" hailed the voice.

"Yes."

"Tom Beasley went past about an hour agone. Where be you bound?"

"Seeking."

"Well, good-marning."

The voice was diminishing again, for they had surged rapidly past the stationary beacon. Ramsay rang his telegraph "full speed," and the quickened beat of the engines gave answer.

"Beasley off, too?" said the mate. "You knows your own business best, Cap'n Ramsay; but I ain't to be bluffed with 'seeking.' There's more nor that in the wind."

"Well," said Ramsay, "there's no harm in telling you, Joe. I've got word of a steamer abandoned to the west'ard, and I'm going to try to find her. You keep your head shut, mind!"

"No fears of me, cap'n," returned the mate. "You was quite right to keep it till we was outside. But how about Beasley? Did he know about it?"

"Yes."

"Good Christopher! Well, we must euchre him, anyway."

"We'll do our level best, Joe. It'll mean a good round sum to you—p'r'aps five hundred. I expect to get double that, at the least. She's a big cotton-laden 'tramp.'"

The mate whistled low and long.

A week later they were waiting for dawn. Four days of search had closed in disappointment. They agreed to keep her going dead slow during the night on a northerly course. But at four in the morning, Ramsay, having taken an observation of the pole star, and finding himself further north than he fancied, stopped his engines till daybreak. The mate had joined him, and together they waited for the chill, silent night to pass.

Both sat half dozing under the lee of the weather-cloth.

What is the solitude of the desert compared with the everlasting stillness of a calm sea?

Once a diver croaked near them. Else all was silence, save the slight bubbling alongside as the little vessel rolled to the swell. Sleep must have surprised them, for Ramsay started up suddenly, crying, "Eh?" in answer to the steersman's call.

"There's summut like a vessel 'way there to the heast'ard," said the man.

The two looked round and saw that dawn was coming. Harry picked up the binoculars and focussed the dim object.

"Yes, something out there," he said.

"Let's have a look!" and the mate took the glasses. "Well," he said, "I don't know—may be only fancy, you know—but——" He still kept his eyes glued to the glasses. "Here, you take another look!"

"By gad!" cried Ramsay. "Can it be?"

"Yes; I really think so!"

They put the boat's head for it, and rang "full speed." Five minutes more made it certainty. There a couple of miles off, rolled a steamer—stopped to all appearance. It surely must be the vessel they sought!

"Sail on the port bow!" said the steersman.

They looked. It was a steamer coming up from the west.

"Beasley, by all that's holy!" cried Harry, as he looked through the glasses. "Get your boat ready!" he yelled. "Be ready to board that steamer sharp!"

"Hurry up, Smith!" he roared to the mate, though he was close to him—"hurry up! It's Beasley, sure enough! Get aboard before his crowd, even if you have to knock their darned heads off!"

"By hokies!" growled the mate. "If they get aboard her before hus I'll turn blackberry-picker."

Now, the law of salvage is that, if a vessel be completely abandoned, he who shall first board her, and bring her safe to port, may claim the salvage.

The deserted steamer lay nearly midway between the approaching tugs; if Tom Beasley's mate got aboard first, Harry Ramsay and his crew might go to—the place which knows no winter.

Ramsay yelled down the skylight to his engineer:

"Give her jip, Mac, for goodness' sake! It's touch-and-go between us and old Tom Beasley."

"We can do no more, mister," came back the answer. "You can see for yourself that she's blowing off now." Which was true. The Tom Jellico was going as fast as the engines would drive her.

MRS. MIRIAM BROWNLEE GRAY,
Marion, Indiana.

They got their boat ready, but Harry intended, if possible, to put his tug alongside the steamer and let his men jump aboard. It was a bit risky, seeing the way she was rolling, but it was worth while to run some risk.

The Flying Cloud made the best run, but Beasley lost time in lowering his boat. As Harry Ramsay put his helm a-port to come round in a circle and run alongside, he saw the Flying Cloud's dinghy reach the steamer's bow. A rope was hanging over; one of the men clutched at it and held on; then he began to climb up hand-over-hand. Harry thought their chance was gone, and, snatching his cap from his head, dashed it on to the deck in vexation.

At that moment his tug crashed alongside, and the mate, with a smart jump, landed on the vessel's deck.

"First on deck, anyhow!" he yelled as he recovered his feet.

He rushed forward, knife in hand; but it was not the wild rage of murder which glared from his eyes. Looking over, he saw the man from the other tug—a fat, heavy fellow—laboriously climbing upward.

One slash of the knife, and the rope parted. The climber fell "splash" under the water, then emerged, spluttering and using "language."

The crew of the Tom Jellico gave a yell of triumph.

Beasley had seen the whole transaction. When his man disappeared under the water he fell back into his seat, and sat staring and puffing.

"Christopher stiffen 'em!" he gasped. Abject disappointment would not allow further speech.

* * * * *

Harry Ramsay's share came to fifteen hundred pounds. A week after the allotment Pansy and he were married.

"Poor old Beasley!" said he, when they were at last alone. "Do you think it was quite fair, my gal?"

She turned, and looked shyly up at him with blushing cheeks.

"I've heard that all is fair in—love, Harry."

He caught her in his arms.

"You're a little daisy!" he whispered.

"Pansy, Harry!" she cooed. And he could only answer by another caress.

Mrs. Miriam Brownlee Gray.

A most interesting woman is Mrs. Miriam Brownlee Gray, of Marion, Indiana, whose "Snap Shots," have appeared in these columns from time to time. Mrs. Gray has more than one talent. She is not only skillful with the pen, but is also endowed with a beautiful voice. Music is with her a passion, and both in piano and vocal work, her excellence is acknowledged by all who have heard her. The Lyric Club of Marion, of which a more extended notice will soon appear in these pages, was founded by Mrs. Gray and her first poem set to the air of "Auld Lang Syne" was dedicated to this club.

Many people have beautiful voices and sing themselves into wealth and fame, but it is not every singer whose chief thought in singing is to give happiness to others. This Mrs. Gray does. "There is not another voice in our city," says one of her friends, "so adapted as hers, to the music of 'the land of song that summons tears.'" "Her voice," said one who attended a church service where she sang an old Scotch hymn, "would make a man think of heaven whether he wanted to or not."

Perhaps this is why her voice is so much admired by the old soldiers at the Marion Soldiers' Home where she sings regularly. So dear are her songs to these men, that their dying request is frequently that Mrs. Gray be sent for to sing to them. "To them," says some one, "her voice is as the voices of the angels calling the weary soul into Paradise."

One veteran who had suffered long on his hospital bed, and had found Mrs. Gray's songs most soothing, when he realized that death was so near, himself scrawled a note begging her to come and sing to him. She hastened to him and sang that pathetic song so dear to the soldier, "Bingen on the Rhine."

This little incident was copied by several papers and some months later a beautiful tribute came to Mrs. Gray from Wisconsin in the shape of a poem dedicated to her and founded on this incident. The poem is entitled "Come Sing to Me," and tells the story of how the dying veteran went through the dread valley, fearless, soothed and sustained by the voice of the singer.

Mrs. Worth Merrett, who is an enthusiastic amateur photographer, has taken many pictures of George Merritt, Jr. The little fellow poses most naturally, it being his own idea that he must not look as if he was having his picture taken.

Join the Amateur Photographic Club. See notice on page 14.

RUTH LOCKWOOD
Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Virgil H. Lockwood.

POINTS BY PYKE.

Where are the Indianapolis debutantes this year? Other years we have had whole handfuls of these rosebuds, but this year one can count them on his fingers. What is the reason? Are there no misses of the proper age to be introduced to society? Or have they all gone in for a higher education and betaken themselves to our universities instead of shining in society? Or are they still kept in retirement by jealous and unmarried elder sisters? There must be some reason for their failure to blossom in society's garden this season.

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Mrs. Jesse Claiborne Tarkington, Regent of the Daughters of the Revolution in Indiana, has compiled a little pamphlet of Dates and Names of the Battles of the Revolution. It is arranged by months, beginning with January. All the battles occurring in January, from January 1, 1776, the date of the battle of Norfolk, Virginia, to the battle of January 29, 1779, at Augusta, Georgia, occupied by the British, are given under this head. This little pamphlet will be very useful to all those seeking membership in any of the Revolutionary societies, and to those already members who wish to perfect other lines. The pamphlet is pleasingly bound in the colors of the society, the blue and buff of the Continental soldiers. At the end of the pamphlet is printed the eligibility requirements of the Society of the Daughters of the Revolution.

—

This is a piece of work that reflects credit on Mrs. Tarkington, who has evidently devoted much time to it, in spite of her laborious chapter work.

—

When I see women engaged in work like this, or in making efforts to find the graves of the Revolutionary soldiers in this state and mark them suitably, as some of the D. A. R.'s have been doing, I feel that there is some good in these socities. But when I see them doing nothing but glorifying themselves and their ancestors, then I am not sure. In fact, I am sometimes smitten with disgust.

—

One of our exchanges printed last week the edifying bit of news that "Mr. Vivian Burnett has returned to resume his studies in Cambridge after visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Hodgson Burnett, in Washington." It is bad enough to be known as some great woman's husband, but to be piloried for all time as Mr. Francis Hodgson Burnett is so stinging an insult that the changing of Frances to Francis affords no palliation. And this, too, from classic Boston.

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"I dreamt that I slept in marble halls," shrieked the new soprano.

"Why did they wake you?" murmured the Critic as he shifted uneasily in his seat.

—

"The Idol's Eye" is one of the popular operas of the season, with Mr. Frank Daniels in the leading role. Indianapolis is longing to have it reach here this season.

—

The audience at the "Sign of the Cross" on Monday night, was a sober but appreciative one. Just how many of the ministers accepted their invitation is not known, but there were several present. The rest of the audience was composed of people who knew how to applaud at the right place. Every strongly moral sentiment was applauded to the echo. One woman was heard to say as she left the theater, "Well, it's the best play I ever saw in my life.

—

One of the most interesting features of the play was the scenery and costumes. These costumes were designed by Alma Tadema. As may be seen from his paintings, Mr. Tadema has ever been most inclined to classic themes and it is to be supposed that what he does not know about Roman costumes is not worth knowing. It was some satisfaction therefore, to know that the costumes upon which one gazed with delight were accurate as well as beautiful.

PYKE.

An Apology and an Explanation.

A most humble apology is hereby tendered to the Art Association. Last week THE INDIANA WOMAN emptied the vials of her wrath upon its now alas! known-to-be-unoffending head because she was not included in the invitations sent the newspapers for the first view. Many reasons were suggested by the office force for this neglect. During this discussion the boy who runs errands and is known as the Imp, the traditional "devil" being considered too unrefined a term for THE WOMAN to use, and some name suggestive of brimstone being considered absolutely necessary, sat in the outer room and whistled. For once, he failed to offer a suggestion.

It was two days later, that, while engaged in carrying proof from one room to another with an accompanying threat as to the rapidity with which it must be read, that he spoke. The sun was sinking in the west, and the sky was painted with rich tints, subdued by the haze of mist through which they shone. "Gee—whiz," exclaimed the Imp, gazing at the sky, with rapture in his face, "ef that don't look exactly like some of the pictures of that—what d'ye call him --Forsythe!" For a moment, the proof reader sat paralyzed. Then, recovering, he got the story, little by little.

By dint of reading advertisements from time to time, when he should have been hastening on errands, it had been borne in upon the Imp's mind, that there was to be a food show in town, and that he who visited this show would be tendered samples of all sorts of goodies, and might eat his fill of soup, sandwiches, rolls, cake, ice cream, etc. This was a tempting prospect, and when early one morning, he found the sanctum empty and some tickets on the desk, the hungry boy, thinking them tickets to the food show, reasoned to himself that he was more in need of them than any one else and pocketed them forthwith. Then, at the earliest opportunity and before it was possible for him to repent, he sought out the Propylaeum, and discovered, all too late, that it was another kind of show, and that all the feasting must be done with the eyes.

Once there, however, he determined to make the best of it, and see all there was to see. He seized upon a catalogue without asking the price, and set out upon an exploration of the room. There was no one else there at the time, so he had it to himself.

Just what he thought of it came out by degrees. He admitted that at first the splotches of color meant nothing to him, it was all so different from the highly colored chromos that hung on his mother's parlor walls. But after a while, when he stood far enough back, the splotches of color resolved themselves into forms and shapes, and he found himself in the country.

Now the Imp had been in the country once—just once, when he was a very little boy. Very few have been the times since then when he has been able even to get to a park though he confesses to have rested at intervals in University Park and St. Clair Place when he had been sent on errands with the command to go and return in lightning quick time. So, in a way, this pictured land was new to him and yet contained a hint of pleasant, half forgotten memories of the early days in the country which made it all the sweeter.

It was easy to imagine from his incoherent explanations, what the pictures meant to him. He had looked long and returned again to the "Path Through the Orchard"—that picture of Mr. Forsythe's at which every one is compelled to pause; he gazed upon the "Kentucky Hills;" he looked "From a Balcony into Maple Avenue," and felt the mist on his brow on "A Grey Morning." The Cabbage Garden charmed him with its quaint homeliness and when he turned from it it was to wander across the stubble, and into the Path to the Barn.

At last he came to the Metamora pictures. O, how the heart of the Imp rejoiced when he looked upon those stretches of hillside, scattered over with burning maple trees! How he longed to run down their easy inclines, and to dip his bare toes into the little streams purling below. How he longed to gather the nuts, he knew grew upon those trees! And oh, what fun to have had a boat and paddled about during "High Water!"

Of course the Imp had never seen the sea, though he had often heard very pointed remarks from the office people about "the devil and the deep sea." He had never had much idea about how it looked, the portrayal of it in his mother's chromos being eminently unsatisfactory. But when he came to Mr. Gruelle's group and saw how the sea looked in summer, and then watched the angry storm waves curl upon the rocks, and then again saw the smooth waters veiled in silvery mist, he dimly felt that although he might never hear its mighty voice, the deep would henceforth be far more to him than a word of three letters—a meaningless sound.

There were many other pictures, too, and upon all of them, catalogue in hand, the Imp conscientiously gazed. He likes children in his way, and for every one of Mr. Stark's darlings he had a smile and a nod. They just seemed alive, he said. Two hours or more he spent in the hall, going from group to group, and its guardian was so struck by his odd little figure, and the look upon his face, as of one groping after something dimly understood, that she said never a word about his paying a dime for the catalogue, although when he left it with her there were several grimyspots where his thumb and finger had marked his approval on the page.

He left the hall, and when he told the story to me four days later, he had forgotten all about the food show and its delights. "Gee cracky," he said, thrusting his hands in his pockets and flapping the loose sole of his shoe. "That show's worth seeing, I can tell you. Tell you what, sir, if ever I can save up enough money, I'm going to have one of them there pictures all fer my own."

After this revelation, no one in the office dared say a word concerning the missing tickets. Instead, each went dutifully to see the pictures that had given such pleasure to one little darkened soul. And they feel if the story were known, that the men who had worked so diligently transferring the summer sunshine to canvas to brighten winter days might feel encouraged to continue, even though Indianapolis' wealthy citizens continue to go to Europe to buy pictures with which to adorn their homes. Perhaps—there is no knowing—someday when their hearts are soft, and their pockets full, the office force may be moved to lift a collection and buy a picture for the "Imp" that his soul may starve no longer among his mother's chromos.

NEXT WEEK AT THE THEATERS.

AT ENGLISH'S OPERA HOUSE.

One of the most interesting theatrical events of every season is the engagement of the Liliputians those clever little actors and actresses, who are prime favorites in this city. They come to English's Monday night for half the week, this time with a play which is said to surpass all their previous efforts. The Liliputians say that they never before had parts which gave them so much opportunity to show all they can do. Franz Ebert, the smallest comedian in the world, as a bar-keeper, Selma Goerner, daintiest of soubrettes, as a scullion, and Adolf Zink, the personified agility, have the principal parts and form a trio which cannot be duplicated. But their little colleagues also will show that they are as accomplished as ever, if not more so. Neither labor nor expense has been spared in making their new spectacular production "The Fair in Midgettown" what it is, namely: the most gorgeously and lavishly mounted play ever given by the popular Liliputians. The splendor of sceneries and costumes will dazzle the eye. The music is extremely pretty and catchy while the mechanical effects and devices are novel and surprising. The three grand ballets, called "The five Senses," "Newspaperdom" and "Victorious Armies of the World" originally designed and carried out by a corps of young and handsome dancers. The Liliputians participate in the choreographic part of the play as Spanish toreadors, newsboys and famous generals. "The Fair in Midgettown" is a play which everybody may enjoy. The first performance will take place on Monday night and there will be a Wednesday matinee. The performances this year will be given entirely in English.

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AT THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

"A Stranger in New York," the latest work of Charles Hoyt, will be presented for the first time here next Monday evening at the Grand, continuing for three nights and a matinee. The new piece was written very much on the line of "A Trip to Chinatown." It represents the adventures of a man who goes to New York for the purpose of seeing the city. Miss Charlotte Crane plays the part of "Hattie," which is that of the girl who is a "good fellow," a charming companion, who plans all the adventures, sings a song when need be and goes to the French ball. The pretty McCoy sisters, Steve Maley, Camille Cleveland and others contribute to the specialty part of the program. The cast numbers twenty-three people and there is almost as much music in the comedy as in a comic opera. Mr. Hoyt's popularity here is well-known. His productions, especially the first appearance of them, invariably pack the theater.

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The catholicity of John Philip Sousa's musical taste is admirably exemplified in the arrangement of his programs. A thorough believer in the principle of giving the public what it wants and is willing to pay for, Sousa possesses in addition the happy faculty of being able to cater at once to the most widely diverse tastes. Here a bit of classic music for the lovers of the substantials in music, there a dainty melody for those who love the lighter forms of musical expressions; here the stirring rhythm of a Sousa march and there the languorous swing of the dreamy waltz. A glance at the superb program that Sousa will present here next Wednesday night when his great band will give a single concert at Tomlinson Hall will show how the great bandmaster consults the wishes of the many. Maud Reese Davies, soprano, and Jennie Hoyle, violiniste, accompany Sousa and his band as soloists on the present tour.

CHARLOTTE CRANE.

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AT THE PARK THEATER.

The Park Theater has one of its banner attractions next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday when George W. Monroe and his fine company will appear in "A Happy Little Home." This organization includes eighteen of the best artists ever seen in musical comedy at the Park. The last half of next week will be occupied by John L. Sullivan the ex-champion of the world, and his Specialty Company.

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THIS WEEK AT THE THEATERS.

The pessimist should be encouraged by the Indianapolis people's fondness for "The Sign of the Cross." I confess to a slight feeling of disgust with the public when it flocks to a comic opera seven nights in a week, and forgets to attend good plays.

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In Louisville, Kentucky, "The Sign of the Cross" people played to empty seats. We have suspected for some time that Indianapolis people were less frivolous and more appreciative of the finer, higher things in the drama than the Louisville people and this proves it.

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CALVE AS SAPHO.

Concerning Calve's Sapho the London Daily Telegraph remarks: "The part brings out to the fullest extent her best notes, her vocal proficiency, and her remarkable facility in the expression of over-brimming jollity, strong passions and trembling pathos. Passing over the ball scene, wherein Mme. Calve shines as an actress rather than as a singer—for here she has little to do—her first great effort is made in the scene in which she installs herself in Jean's home, and, leaning back at full length on the sofa murmurs the 'Megali' song to the original words of the poet, Mistral, and to an authentic Provencal air. It will be remembered that Gounod made use of a French version of the song in 'Mireille.' Mme. Calve, who is to the manner born, sings it in the Provencial dialect—one does not dare call it a patois—with the vertical accent of her native home, and she shows noteworthy dramatic instinct in repeating the song, when she sings it as action, attitudes and manner."

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A PRETTY TALE OF MANSFIELD.

There is one side of Richard Mansfield's disposition that the public does not see. It is his overwhelming fondness for children. In that connection a pretty and true story is told which illustrates his affection. Some years ago he had in his company a bright little girl, who played small parts. The actor and the child were great chums, and when she fell ill he was at her bedside every minute that could be spared. Just at that time "Prince Karl" was given its first production. The following day Mansfield called on his protege. It was a source of worriment to her that she had been unable to see the new piece, and to please her the actor went through the play from beginning to end. Propped up by pillows, the girl watched and listened attentively as Mansfield strode up and down the room reciting the different roles. He grew interested in the work and threw his whole soul into it, playing the Prince such as he never had before. It was the last play the child ever witnessed. The disease from which she was suffering carried her off a week later.

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Next season Mr. Clement will make "A Southern Gentleman" the chief feature of his repertoire. The summer he will devote to rewriting and strengthening the play that made so good an impression here last fall, and he is now negotiating with one of the ablest actresses in the country to play the leading woman's role. Mr. Clement's rise in the favor of the public has been steady and continuous, furnishing a pleasing proof that success is only a question of time for what is good and true in dramatic art.

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WANTED—Young lady of good appearance to gather society items for THE INDIANA WOMAN. Call between 11 and 12 o'clock.

CHARLES HOYT.

PHOTOGRAPHIC WORK IN WINTER.

No greater mistake can be made by any one than to put away camera and lenses as soon as November fogs become frequent, and to imagine that the only photographic work possible till the return of spring is the making and showing of lantern slides. Printing it is true, often causes much weariness and vexation of spirit, especially when a dense negative has to be printed from, and the day, as far as photographic action is concerned, closes in soon after two o'clock. But though printing may be well deferred to the brighter days of spring or summer, when there is plenty of light available, and we can print either in full sunlight or in shade, according to our judgment of what is best for each negative, yet negative making need not cease in winter, whether our aims are artistic or topographical. Snap shot work will probably, save under peculiar circumstances, never be attempted at this time of year, but what an abundance of artistic subjects may be found, subjects, too, which photography can render far better than it can render the sunlit landscapes of summer.

No one who visits the best photoraphic exhibitions can fail to notice how of late years low toned subjects have been on the increase. Fashion and imitation of the leaders may have something to do with this, but the way in which such subjects lend themselves to photographic representation has been one of the most important discoveries of modern times. Hoar frost scenes, when every blade of grass, every twig in the hedge-row, every branch of the leafless trees is laden with its sparkling burden, backed up, it may be, by dark clouds, are very beautiful. So, too, are the frozen moorlands, with the middle distance partially shrouded by mist, and the snow covered landscape with a road or pathway trodden by the feet of man and beast and marked by tracks of wheels. The sluggish stream with a thin coating of ice along either bank, with jagged outline where the part that has covered the center of the stream has been broken away, the pollard willows standing up dark and weird along the banks, the frozen sedges and the frost laden grass, make a promising subject for the artistic photographer. Print such pictures in the cool grays of platinum, and you will have something that refreshes you to look upon in the glaring days of summer. Sheep and cattle studies also may well attract the photographer's attention when the ground is white with a thin covering of snow, through which the half-eaten swedes protrude, and the sky is dark with snow clouds; when the animals huddle together for warmth, or gather round the feeding troughs. Even the most uncomfortable days of winter, when a thaw has set in, and we have to splash through slush as we go out with our cameras, will provide us with opportunities of making pictures. He who works throughout the winter, seizing every favorable opportunity of making exposures, braving the elements, disregarding wet feet and benumbed fingers, will have a far more valuable collection of pictures to show than the fair weather butterfly photographer who is so much in evidence at holiday resorts in summer and early autumn.

But not only one who is seeking to make pictures, but one who is satisfied with the humbler, but perhaps not less useful work of topographical surveying, will find that the low suns and absence of foliage render it possible during the winter to get much more satisfactory negatives of certain objects than can be obtained at any other season of the year. Now, as at no other time, can the beautiful branching of the trees be portrayed, and any one who has the opportunity, might produce a most valuable work by photographing typical trees of all the various kinds that grow in the country, and getting them reproduced in half tone process blocks. Such a book, which so far as I know, has not yet been produced, would be of immense educational value, especially if each tree were again photographed from the same point of view, when adorned in its summer garb, and individual leaves, or clusters of leaves were picked and photographed on a large scale.

In winter, many buildings, more or less hidden by trees in summer time, are much better seen; the lower altitude of the midday sun in winter may also be taken advantage of when photographing the south side of a building, as in the summer when the altitude of the sun is considerable, shadows of any projecting parts are in many cases unduly heavy. In winter, too, the doorway under a south porch is better lighted, and a similar remark applies to many parts of the interior of a building, owing to the sun's rays being more horizontal. Snow outside a building, by the scattered reflection through the windows of the light that falls upon it, will light up a dark interior, roof or ceiling, and enable detail to be obtained which it would be impossible to get under ordinary circumstances.

One danger must be guarded against, which often threatens the photographer in winter, and which, in our own earlier work, ruined many negatives, This is the tendency of dew to form on the surface of the lens in cold weather. It is well known that at all times there is some moisture in the air, and if any substance colder than the air is brought into it, the moisture is condensed upon the surface. Thus, if a camera with the lens attached, having just been used for exterior work, is brought into a building, the air inside, which is warmer than the air outside, dew will at once be formed on the lens; one may wipe it off and focus, put on the cap, and imagine that all will be right, but this is not the case; the dew will again be deposited when the lens is uncapped, and the negatives be fogged. Even out of doors the warmth of the hand settling the stops and removing the cap may render the air in the immediate neighborhood of the lens warmer than the lens itself, thus causing a deposition of dew and resulting fog. The only safeguard is to have the lens as warm as or warmer than the surrounding atmosphere. This condition may generally be secured by holding the lens for a short time close to the body, or putting it into a breast pocket.

NOTES.

The nearer the camera is to the object photographed, the farther the camera-back will need to be drawn out to get it in focus; thus it is difficult to get two objects in perfect focus at the same time, when one is near the camera and the other remote, though it is much improved by using a small diaphragm in the lens. The near object is said to be in the foreground, while the remote object is in the background.

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Take time for focussing; it will amply repay you. It is quite evident that clear definition cannot be obtained without accurate focussing.

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Mrs Horace Fletcher is considered by her friends who are acquainted with her work, as a most excellent photographer. She rarely makes mistakes, and she has even reached the stage where she can venture to make experiments.

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In focussing where instantaneous pictures are to be made with the drop shutter, always focus upon the point to be occupied by the coming object, and drop the shutter when the object is in range. In photographing moving objects the drop shutter is indispensable, but the author recommends a time exposure by the cap, for all stationary objects.

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The focus having been obtained, insert the largest diaphragm in the lens and note the results; you will observe that while less amount of light enters the lens, the detail is clearer.

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Remove this diaphragm and insert a smaller one, and you will observe that the picture is sharper still, but more difficult to see on account of the lessened amount of light admitted through the lens.

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It is evident that the photograph will be sharper by using the smaller diaphragms, but as a less amount of light is admitted, the exposure must be lengthened in proportion.

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Some beautiful specimens of the photographer's art are possessed by Mr. Thomas Spann, who is enthusiastic and industrious in this—to him recreation from graver duties.

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It requires a certain amount of light to make the picture, and it is evident that it takes longer for the required amount to enter through a small than a large aperture.

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In photographing groups or in portraiture, it is advisable to use a large diaphragm, which will permit of much shorter exposure, and thus avoid the blur caused by the movement of the sitters, which is liable to occur in long exposures.

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The proper focus having been obtained and the diaphragm you have desired to use is in the lens, place the cap on the lens to cover it.

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Now unlatch the ground glass frame and place the plate holder in position on the camera and carefully latch it. Some cameras have a spring actuated ground glass, which recedes for the insertion of the plate holder. The plate now occupies exactly the same position that the ground glass did in focussing, and it is evident tha t the same view will be taken on the plate that you saw on the ground glass. The camera is now ready for the exposure.

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Enthusiasm in our Photographic Club is constantly increasing, and new members enter their names and their pictures every day. Among the finest specimens are the two photographs by little Miss Ramey, who is only twelve years old.

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Miss Morgan of North Alabama street, daughter of Dr. Morgan, stands high in the ranks of the amateurs. She is one of the recent acquisitions to the club.

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Success in obtaining a good negative depends largely upon the proper exposure of the plate, and care and judgment must therefore be used in this operation.

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Now, everything being ready, the proper diaphragm inserted, and cap on end of tube, draw the slide of the holder nearest the lens, which is always the slide to be drawn.

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Clasp the cap with the thumb and finger and draw it from the tube with a slightly spiral motion, removing it as quickly as possible and entirely out of range of lens, and watch in hand, count off the seconds, replacing the cap at the end of the time allowed for the exposure; replace the slide in the holder; reverse the holder and expose the other plate in a similar manner.

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Most people, in trying to count seconds, will count much too rapidly; the author recommends, that you practice counting seconds by holding a watch before you; this is valuable, for while you intend giving a stated number of seconds of exposure, you will not allow full time.

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The different sides of your plate holder should be numbered consecutively, with Roman capitals or figures, and exposures always to be made in the order of numbers. Keep a memorandum book, and make notes of the length of exposure and other conditions likely to affect each plate, to which you may refer during development.

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Mrs. Elias Jacoby has some beautifully tinted photographs, the effect of which is almost that of a delicate water color painting. Mrs. Jacoby does beautiful work in water color, her experience with which is valuable in her photograph tinting.

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On the subject of length of exposure it is impossible to lay down any hard-and-fast rule, or to give any directions which can be blindly followed, as the variation in the power of light and in the character of the object to be photographed, form important factors which are beyond the control of the operator. Experience alone can give the needful judgment. When that is gained, a knowledge, of the sensitiveness of the plate used, enables the operator to estimate his exposures with tolerable accuracy, under any conditions of light. A few suggestions, however, will be found of use:

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For a landscape view in brilliant sunlight, with smallest diaphragm, one to five seconds will suffice, while for a dull light with sun under cloud, it will require from five to ten seconds. With the next larger diaphragm, the exposure will take about one-half as long. If very rapid plates are used, the above figures must be reduced one-half.

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From eleven until two o'clock is the brightest portion of the day, the sun having more actinic power at that time. For an early morning view or late in the afternoon the exposure must be longer than at noon.

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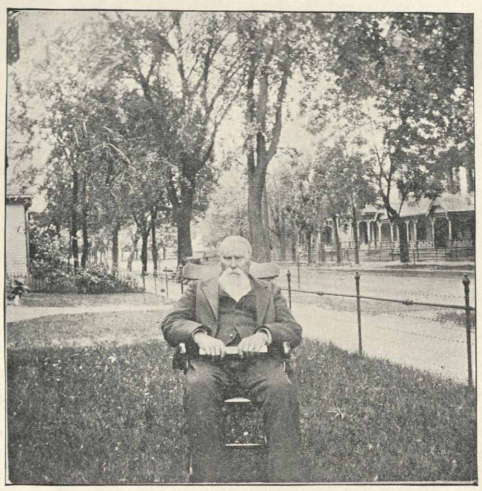
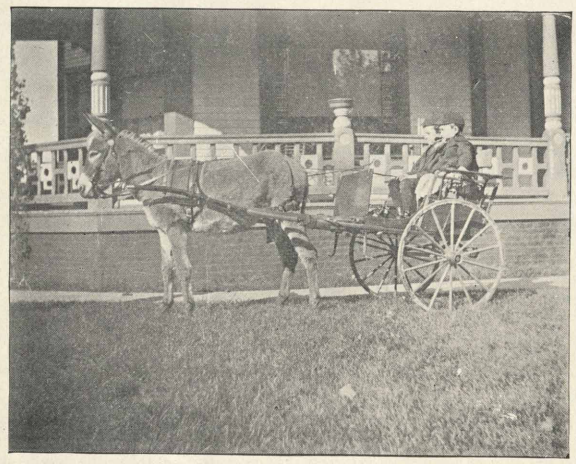
The article used in this issue is taken from the "The Ancient Photographic Times," of New York, a most interesting and useful book for photographers.

"I'll tell you a scheme I worked not long ago," said a pretty society girl the other day. "Until the morning of a recent dance I had no man offer to take me. I told a downright fib. A friend of mine chanced to pass through and stopped over night. He called on me and I asked him if he desired to attend Miss Blank's dance. I explained to him that I had another escort, but that I could break the engagement satisfactorily. The stranger, as a matter of course, was delighted, and so I was able to be present, not any thanks, however, to the young men who had partaken of my hospitality."



FREE SILVER.
Photo by Miss Gussie Brown. Not entered for contest.

PEACHES.
Photo by Miss Gussie Brown. Not entered for contest.



OFF FOR THE RACES.
Photo by Harry H. Coburn. Entered for contest.

A FAMILY GATHERING.
Photo by Harry H. Coburn. Entered for contest.

THREE OF A KIND.
Photo by Harry H. Coburn. Entered for contest.

MEDITATION.
Photo by Miss Gussie Brown. Not entered for contest.

The Misses Simmonds' Dinner.

A beautiful dinner was given on Tuesday evening of this week by the Misses Simmonds of N. Capitol avenue, in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Benno Gundelfinger, and Miss Rose Lehman of New York, who is the guest of Mrs. Benjamin Cone.

The table which was laid for fourteen, was decorated in pink, green, yellow and white. Curled strips of crepe paper in these colors and garlands of smilax were draped from the chandelier from which hung a basket of roses, to the corners of the room. The long centre scarf of drawn work was laid over green, and the doilies showed through their transparent drawn work, pink and yellow. Candelabra with pink and green candles stood on the table, in the centre of which was a bisque stand filled with pink begonias. Diagonally across the table, beginning at alternate corners, were laid fern leaves, over which, at intervals, were scattered fragrant violets. At each cover stood Boston tea sticks in the predominating colors.

The name cards consisted of a large letter S in pink cardboard, tied with green ribbon. On one side of the card was the name of the guest; on the other two quotations from a floral love game, which were to be guessed by the holder of the card. Prizes consisting of handsome handkerchiefs were given for the correct guesses. While the dinner of twelve courses was served a music box discoursed sweet strains.

The guests were Dr. and Mrs. Benno Gundelfinger, and Miss Lehman of New York, in whose honor the dinner was given, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Cone, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Fugate, Mr. Bert Feibleman, Mr. J. H. Johnson, Mr. Robert Algoe and Mr. D. B. Leck.

After the dinner an impromptu musicale was given. Mrs. Gundelfinger, who came to this city from Chicago a short time ago, as a bride, played several numbers on the flute; Dr. Gundelfinger played on the violin, and Mrs. Fugate and Mr. Feibleman sang.

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Mrs. Jones' and Mrs. Dunn's Reception.

A beautiful reception was given on Wednesday afternoon by Mrs. Flora Jones and Mrs. Dunn, in honor of Miss Bryner of Peoria, Illinois. The rooms were elaborately decorated. American Beauty roses were used in the parlors, and lilies in the library. Garlands of smilax draped the archways and the chandelier. The sideboard in the dining room was draped with green and white vines, among which stood vases of hyacinths. In the center of the table stood an oblong basket of violets.

The ladies assisting in the parlors were Mrs. John H. Holiday, Mrs. C. C. Foster, Mrs. Edward Daniels, Mrs. John W. Jones, Mrs. Joseph T. Elliott, Mrs. Henry Tutewiler, Mrs. T. C. Day, Mrs. Henry Bals, Miss Philips and Miss Dunn. In the dining room were Mrs. M. L. Haines, Mrs. Edson T. Woods, Mrs. J. T. Elliott, Jr., Mrs. J. K. Sharpe, Jr., Mrs. Preston T. Kelsey, Mrs. C. N. Thompson, Mrs. Walter Millikan, Miss Margaret Smith, Miss Kate Smith, Miss Eleanor Dilks, Miss Mary Foster, Miss Florence Day, Miss Eleanor Smith and Miss Florence Jones.

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Logan-Buchanan.

On Thursday, January 27, 1898, at one o'clock P. M., occurred the marriage of Mrs. Annie Buchanan and Mr Alexander Wallace Logan of Akron, Ohio. The marriage took place at the home of the bride,s mother, Mrs. Anna Mather, 1528 Olive street, in the presence of the relatives and friends from this and other cities. The Reverend J. Cumming Smith performed the ceremony, after which a dinner was served.

The house was prettily decorated with La France roses and smilax. The mantel was draped in Florida smilax sent to the bride by Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Flanner. Among the many elegant gifts were a dozen solid silver spoons from the Queen Esther Auxiliary of which Mrs. Buchanan was a member. A silver candelabra from the Meridian Union W. C. T. U., a fine bust of Robert Burns and a beautiful water color picture of the home of Mrs. Buchanan's parents in Aberdeen, Scotland. Both the bride and groom are natives of Scotland. The families of both came from Scotland to this place in the same year, 1854. They were neighbors when the southern part of this city was a forest. They were playmates as children and have been life-long friends. Mrs. Buchanan has been one of the prominent women of the state for many years. She was an official in the Girls' Reformatory for five years, superintendent in the Home for the Friendless in Louisville for five years and Police Matron for seven years. She has taken a prominent part in all benevolent and reformatory efforts, and in every position has proven her efficiency. She has a host of friends in this city and state who send with her to her new home their love and best wishes for her future usefulness and happiness. Mr. Logan is an engineer on a passenger locally know as "The Cannonball." He has been a resident of Akron for the past thirty-five years.

The bridal gown was a very becoming gray brocade silk, trimmed in mousseline de soie and applique. She wore a handsome pair of gray suede shoes, made and presented by a friend in New York City. Her traveling dress was a handsome brown cloth with a bonnet to match. Mr. and Mrs. Logan will be at home after February 1, at 590 Buchtel avenue, Akron, Ohio.

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The "Afternoon Coffee."

There is scarcely a house nowadays where the attention is not at once attracted by a table in a cozy corner of a room, in which will be a complete cooking outfit, on a pocket-edition scale. The new way of living and the introduction of the chafing dish so largely in polite life have necessarily modified the furnishings of a house to suit the habits of bachelors and bachelor maids. One of the great drawbacks of the special form of entertainment, known as the Five O'clock Tea, is the fact that so few men care to ruin their tempers and digestions by sipping tea; hence, society will rejoice in the news that the "Afternoon Coffee" is what is expected of you this winter. Therefore, those who have any old coffee urn hidden away, a remnant of the past, must have it rubbed up and brought to the front. A Russian coffee urn is the preferred style. It is a boiler made of copper, and swings over an alcohol flame.

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Sousa's Concert.

Following is the program to be rendered by Sousa's famous band at Tomlinson Hall next Tuesday night, February 2:

1. Overture, "Il Guarnay" (new) - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Gomez.
2. Ballet Suite, "Love Above Magic" (new) - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Lassen.
3. Cornet Solo, Aire Varie, - Hartman. Mr. B. Kryl.
4. Pilgrim's Chorus and "Evening Star" Romance, - - - - - - - Wagner.
5. Soprano Solo, "Linda di Chamounix" - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Donizetti. Miss Maud Reese Davies.
6. Scenes Historical, "Sheridan's Ride," - - - - - - - - - - - - - Sousa. Intermission Ten Minutes.
7. Second Hungarian Rhapsody, - Liszt.
8. a. "Love in Idleness" (new) - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Macbeth.
   b. The Stars and Stripes Forever - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Sousa.
9. Violin Solo, Gypsy Dances, - Nachez. Miss Jennie Hoyle.
10. Sketch, "Over the Footlights in New York (new) Sousa. Paderewski at Carnegie Hall; "El Capitan" at the Broadway Theater; "Lucie" at the Metropolitan Opera House; "The Belle of New York" at the Casino; Faust Ballet at Koster & Bial's; "The Girl from Paris" at the Herald Square Theater; "Anvil Chorus" at the Academy of Music, and Sousa's Band at Manhattan Beach.

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Chenoweth-Espy.

Mr. D. A. Chenoweth of Indianapolis and Miss Blanche Espy were married on Wednesday evening, January 26, at the First Presbyterian church in Shelbyville, Tennessee. The bridesmaids were Miss Bradford of Cincinnati, Miss Cooper and Miss Sandusky of Shelbyville; the maid of honor was Mrs. George Jo Caldwell. One maid in white walked up one side aisle, one maid, gowned in green walked up the other side aisle and one in white and green walked before the maid of honor and the bride up the center aisle. The bride wore a beautiful gown of white satin and carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley. Mr. Charles McIntosh of this city was the best man. After their wedding tour, Mr. and Mrs. Chenoweth will be at home at 841 North Delaware street, Indianapolis.

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People and Events.

In Louisville, the emergency class originated several years ago, at the suggestion of a well known young woman, and was entered into with enthusiasm by her friends. Why do not some of our Indianapolis women follow in their footsteps?

"For some weeks," says a Louisville paper, "twenty prominent women in local society circles have been taking practical lessons in surgery, physiology and anatomy. Various physicians have dellvered the lectures free, and the money realized from the contributions of the class has been applied for the carrying on of the district nurse work, one of the best philanthropical charities that is supported in the community. At one of the meetings the class had an illustrated lecture on original anatomy. A child of about three years of age from the Children's Free Hospital was brought before the class as a subject. Some of the lessons are very valuable. For instance, practical illustrations on how to handle a sick person, put the patient to bed and arrange the bed comfortably have been given. One of the doctors gave a talk on the use of bandages, and what to do in certain emergencies. Many mothers declare that they do not know how they have succeeded in rearing their children without the knowledge they have obtained by attending the class.

The '98 Whist Club of Logansport is the first club to introduce duplicate whist in that city. The members of the club are Dr. and Mrs. Ward, Drs. E. S. and Mae Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Finch, Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Shanks, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Reed, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Foster, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Bowen, Mr. and Mrs. Will Rosier, Mrs. A. P. Jenks, Mrs. Marcellus Nash, Otis Nash and Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Harrington. This club was entertained this week by Mrs. Rosier. The house was beautifully decorated with palms and lilies and an elegant luncheon was served.

A season of extraordinary dullness has fallen upon the social world. Early in the fall it was predicted that the season would be unusually gay, and for a month or so, dinners, teas, reception and dances kept the social butterfly's wings a flutter. But since the holidays, very few large entertainments have been given. It is the season of small, informal parties, which are not to be given to the society reporter. It is some consolation however, to all but the society reporter, that these small affairs are so much more enjoyable than the large ones.

Among the entertainments of the week Mrs. Jones' and Mrs. Dunn's reception on Wednesday afternoon, the Misses Simmonds' dinner, the Dramatic Club's performance. which was pronounced unusually good and the several entertainments given for the Monetary Conference, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hanna's luncheon and dinner and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pierce's dinner.

Miss Genevieve Campbell gave two large card parties on Wednesday afternoon and evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Tuttle. Six prizes were given at each party. Among the guests from out-of-town, were Mrs. Morgan of St. Louis, Miss Riggs and Miss Alma Mauzy of Rushville, and Miss Williams of Brazil.

Mr. Frank Chandler and Miss Ida May Avery were married at Christ church on Saturday, January 22, by the Rev. A. J. Graham. Mr. and Mrs. Chandler will reside at 823 N. Capitol avenue. After the ceremony a dinner was served at their home to the family and their immediate friends.

MRS. HARRY B. SMITH.

HALL'S
Vegetable Sicilian
HAIR RENEWER
Cleanses the scalp and puts new life into the hair. It restores the lost color to gray hair. It means youth and beauty.

People and Events.

Drs. G. T. Beasley, J. C. Webster, G. F. Keiper, G. K. Throckmorton and W. R. Moffit of Lafayette were in the city this week as representatives of the Tippecanoe County Medical Society. Their purpose was to secure the meeting of the Indiana State Medical Society at Lafayette.

Mrs. Miles W. Burford received her friends on Wednesday afternoon, assisted by Mrs. James R. Carnahan, Mrs. W. B. Burford, Mrs. A. A. Barnes, Mrs. D. P. Winnings and Mrs. James M. Leathers. The rooms were adorned with palms, lilies, roses and carnations.

An organ recital by the eminent Mr. Gustin Wright (pupil of Alex Guilmant) will be given at the First Baptist Church Wednesday evening, February 16. Mr. Wright will be assisted by Mr. Arthur P. Preston.

Mrs. J. C. Tarkington has returned from Laporte where she has been establishing a chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution. Mr. and Mrs. Tarkington will go to Nashville next week.

The Amaranth Club of New Albany will celebrate its sixteenth anniversary, February 12, by issuing a club newspaper. Mrs. Emma Carleton, so well known in this city, will be the editor.

The Fort Wayne Dramatic Club was photographed after their successful presentation of "A Scrap of Paper," last week. We hope to present this picture to our readers soon.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Cockrum of Evansville have issued invitations for a large reception to the Bar Association at the Denison on next Thursday evening.

Mrs. Harry Miller, a most popular Louisville matron, will soon remove with her husband to Terre Haute, Indiana, where Mr. Miller has a railroad position.

Mr. Howard Dill, formerly of this city but now of Richmond, read a paper on "The Armenian Question" before the "Tourist Club" of Richmond this week.

Mr. Alfred Potts of Indianapolis attended the annual banquet of the Prudential Insurance of the Richmond district given at Richmond Ind., last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Stubbs and Mrs. N. A. Moore attended the wedding of Mr. John W. Stubbs and Miss Emmeline Scovell at Spiceland last week.

Miss Perle Simmonds will leave Saturday for Cincinnati to attend the debut party of her cousin, Miss Snodgrass, of Mount Auburn.

Mrs. George Wurster and daughters, Miss Clara Wurster and Mrs. William Steele, of Lafayette are visiting in Indianapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Coffin returned this week from Lafayette, where they have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Vinton.

Father Gavisk conducted the funeral services of Rev. Father Seibertz at Richmond Indiana, on Wednesday of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. John E. Turner and children, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Weakley of Lafayette have returned home,

Prof. E. E. Griffith of the State University addressed the graduates of the Industrial Training School Wednesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Edson T. Woods will give a card party on Monday night in honor of Miss Bryner who is Mrs. Dunn's guest.

The Misses Burks of Morton Place entertained at cards this afternoon in honor of Miss Arnold and Miss Hinkle.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Lola Harrington and Mr. Bert Needham both of Muncie, Indiana.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Dill are the guests of Mrs. Dill's parents, Judge and Mrs. Lewis C. Walker.

Messrs. Robert D. Jacques, H. H. Lancaster and Charles Sparks of Lafayette were in the city this week.

B. B. Johnson and L. M. Emmons of Richmond, Indiana, attended the monetary conference this week.

Mr. John E. Scott has gone to Bloomington, Illinois, where he was called by the death of a relative.

Myer Heller of Newcastle is in Indianapolis attending a meeting of the State Florists' Association.

Chicago has a Purdue Alumni Association which recently gave an elegant banquet in that city.

Mrs. Clifton Comly, Mr. Garrard Comly, and Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell were in Richmond this week.

Mr. Quincy Myers and Mr. Magee of Logansport attended the monetary convention this week.

Prof. Frank Fetter of the State University attended the Monetary Convention this week.

Mrs. J. R. Norris and Miss Kate Clancy of Newcastle are visiting Indianapolis friends.

Mrs. James B. Wallace of Lafayette was the guest of Indianapolis friends this week.

General Jasper A. Packard of New Albany has been in Indianapolis the past week.

The New Albany City Federation of Clubs will hold an open meeting, February 14.

Mrs. George K. Levering of Lafayette is visiting in Indianapolis this week.

Mr. Jesse Cain has gone to Newcastle and Anderson for a week's visit.

Mrs. Al Moore who has been visiting in Newcastle has returned home.

Miss Annie Ellsworth of Lafayette is attending Knickerbocker Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Breckenridge of Knightstown are in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Millikan and son are visiting in New Castle.

Mrs. Frank I. Grubbs of Lafayette is visiting in Indianapolis.

Mrs. Eva Rife spent Tuesday with friends in Logansport.

Mrs. Robert Zener entertained friends yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. Frank Elder of Richmond was in the city on Monday.

Mr. A. L. Kumler of Lafayette was in the city this week.

Mr. Charles Gresh spent last week in Spiceland.

WEDDING PRESENTS
Up to Date Styles
Card and Club Favors. New Novelties. Prices to meet your limits.
STERLING SILVER SALE
Spoons and Forks. We can save you money.
DIAMONDS.
In this line we excell and our prices talk for themselves. We invite your inspection before you buy.
WEDDING RINGS.
Every ring warranted as represented. Ours are seamless. No soldering perfection.
Marcy's
38 W. Washington St.

THE NEW YORK STORE
Established 1853.
Sole Agents for BUTTERICK PATTERNS.
Extra! Second Week
of the
Wm. L. Elder
Furniture Sale.
Monday morning we shall have ready all the duplicate stocks from the wareroom, with the exception of part of the parlor goods that we have been unable to get made up. Come Monday sure and get the advantage of the greatest assortment.
WHITING'S STATIONERY PETTIS DRY GOODS CO. EASTMAN'S CAMERAS

Stray Tales of the Town.

A good story is told on a professor at the State University who is as noted for his absent-mindedness and his lack of practicality as he is for his excellence and enthusiasm in his college work. A Bloomington man tells this story on him. Some years ago he went to the city in which his wife's parents live to spend Sunday. On his way to the train he stopped at a grocery. The grocer looked at him in wonder. In one hand he carried a bottomless chair; in the other a live turkey, and under one arm a crokinole board.

"What are you doing with those things?" inquired the grocer.

"Well, I'm taking the chair to the city to have a new seat put in it," he replied calmly, "and I'm taking the turkey up to my father-in-law for him to fatten it and get it ready for their Thanksgiving dinner. The crokinole board is to play on after I get there. My wife went the first part of the week."

"Didn't you know you could have the chair bottomed here?" inquired the grocer.

"No, it had never entered my mind that there was such an industry in Bloomington."

"Well," said the grocer, "you leave the chair here, and I'll have a seat put in while you are gone. Leave the turkey with me, and the day before Thanksgiving I'll ship your father-in-a nice dressed turkey."

"Agreed," said the other, and with a lighter heart he departed for the train, with the crokinole board under his arm.

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There is a young man in Indianapolis whose quaintness of expression often amuses his friends. Not long since he passed a gaily attired woman on the street. "That's Blank's wife," explained a friend who was with him.

"Is that so," cried he, turning to look after her. "Well, no wonder he smokes cigarettes. I'd take poison!"

A Reliable Clock
Is a necessity in every well-regulated home.
OUR CLOCKS combine beauty of design, with absolute accuracy as time-keepers. We invite inspection of our clocks.
J. C. SIPE, Importer of Diamonds,
ROOM 4, 18½ N. MERIDIAN ST. INDIANAPOLIS

INDIANA CLUBS AND THEIR WORK.

EDITED BY MRS. HARRIET W. KITTS.

ON WOMEN'S NAMES.

CHAPTER I.

We confess to a long premeditated mutiny against establishing women's names. It came to the pass with us, where it had to be either mutiny or hysterics. We chose mutiny deliberately. You see we had been making a study of programs for months, otherwise we might have been an unoffending citizen still, rather than an arch-conspirator.

But listen to our woe! We have occasion to write to Mary Smith of Jamestown, about club matters. Now, as the letter is an important and personal one, we wish to make sure we are addressing it to the right Mary Smith; so we seek light from the club calendar in which her name appears. But the light is not! In the register we find Mrs. James Brown Smith, Mrs. Thomas Henry Smith, Miss Mary Smith, Miss Mary Smith, Miss M. C. Smith and Miss Smith. Which please is Mary Smith? Evidently we have been looking in the wrong direction for the light: we turn back,—Ah! here is an October meeting held at the home of Mrs. Smith of Ash street—but is this Mary Smith's, or is it Mrs. Thomas Henry Smith's or Miss M. C. Smith's? At last we hit upon a clever scheme; we will begin our letter "Mary Smith, Woman's Club, Jamestown; Dear Madam—," which is safe and non-committal. We can get along very well after all without the light.—Ah, but can we? The envelope must be addressed—shall it be "Miss" or "Mrs.?" "Dear Madam" will not help us out this time.

We tried, at first, leaving it to inspiration. We never failed to be inspired—exactly wrong, as we afterwards learned. Then we took turns with the two prefixes, because we couldn't quite bring ourselves to treating our desired correspondent so cavalierly as to address her with any title whatever. The result left much to be desired. Women do not seem to feel drawn towards a correspondent who takes liberty with their names. Apologies only serve to confirm the unpardonable fact that you do not know plain Miss Smith from Mrs. James Brown Smith of Madison avenue.

We have taken up arms against the modern hap-hazard club register. Why, in the name of common sense should a member's name appear in two or three different ways, in one year-book? Why should a woman have half a dozen ways of writing their name any way?—Ah! but that's another chapter.

PEN PORTRAITS.

Mrs. Walter Hindman, president of the Fortnightly Club of Vincennes is of French descent, her grandfather, M. Aime having come to this city from France early in the century. She was educated in St. Rose's Academy, and in the Vincennes High School, in which she taught for several years before her marriage. Mrs. Hindman takes a deep interest in all the educational and philanthropic questions of the day. She is happily possessed of a bright and engaging manner that enables her to preside with charming grace.

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Miss Anna C. Stover, founder of the Bachelor Maids Culture Club of Ladoga, was born on Walnut Hill in the little town where this unique organization is now leading a flourishing existence. She was a student at Butler University, where she was graduated in 1893. Later, she went to Cincinnati, Ohio, for the purpose of obtaining a course in Kindergarten training. Though she is now residing in Wilkesbarre, Pa., where she is secretary of the Young Woman's Christian Association, she remained long enough in her native town to place upon a firm foundation the novel and beautiful structure which her earnest desire to better others had led her to plan.

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Miss Mary Widdop, the present president of the Bachelor Maids Culture Club, is also a native of Ladoga. She is a graduate of the High School, and also of the Central Indiana Normal College. Miss Widdop is especially gifted in the art of dramatizing and presenting plays and sketches. This gift enables her to use to great advantage her knowledge of current literature which is all-embracing. Under her wise and excellent administration, the club which was builded on such broad and beautiful plans, has become the center of usefulness which the founder designed.

MISS MARY WIDDOP,
President of The Bachelor Maids Culture Club of Ladoga.

THE FORTNIGHTLY CLUB OF VINCENNES.

Of the "Fortnightly" of Vincennes a member writes entertainingly: "This is purely a literary club. After devoting six years to the study of Shakespeare, it has this season changed its course, and begun the study of the city of London. Each member is required to contribute at least one paper during the year, and not the least delightful of the club's features are the open discussions which follow. These are distinguished at times by individuality and originality. I recall one upon "Shakespeare's Women," particularly, one member boldly asserting them to be old-fashioned weaklings, much given to falling in love on short notices, in a manner truly shocking to the 'new woman;' while another promulgated the startling theory (to the disparagement of critics) that his tragedies were due to mistaken marriages, and that if Othello for example, had wedded the lively Beatrice, or the sensible and sprightly Rosalind, instead of the timid and untruthful Desdemona, Iago would have had no field whatever for his talents, and would have left in disgust. Their ideas, it is only fair to record were treated with much scorn by the serious minded, who protested that under these circumstances the immortal Shakespeare would never have written his immortal plays."

The brochure, which is a neat one of generous proportions, and deckel edge quality, makes provision for but one social meeting. In contrast to all the other sessions of the year, this one occasion, which is President's Day, is always made conspicuously social. Refreshments are served, and toasts, or some other special feature engaged. "The Fortnightly has the pleasure of looking back upon several red letter days of this kind," our correspondent goes on. "Among others it recalls an address from Mrs. May Wright Sewall of Indianapolis, a Shakespearean Reading by Mrs. Hannibal Williams, a delightful essay upon 'Hamlet' by Professor Griggs of the State University, a thoughtful paper upon 'Ideals' by Miss Noble of Indianapolis, and a lecture upon 'Club Life,' by Mrs. Fowler of Spencer."

The present presiding officer is the seventh the club has known; the others are: Mrs. J. L. Bayard, Mrs. Franklin Clarke, Mrs. Maurice Trimble. Mrs. George Reily, Miss McIlvaine and Mrs. Charles McCord. The club was organized in 1891; its membership is limited to fifty. It was admitted to the State Union in 1896. "If some ambitious club member occasionally points out to strangers, a fine German Gothic structure as the Fortnightly Club building, she is felt to be quite excusable even if she neglects to add that the City Fathers deliberated on the welfare of the comunity within the same walls."

The officers are:
Mrs. Walter Hindman, president.
Mrs. Ada Willis, vice-president.
Mrs. M. A. Bosworth, treasurer,
Miss Cora Malott, secretary.

The executive committee is: Mrs. George Reily, Mrs. Frank Bare, Mrs. Clement Weisert, Mrs. Franklin Clarke.

PROGRAM OF THE FORTNIGHTLY CLUB OF VINCENNES.

OCT. 6.—President's Day.
OCT. 20.—Ancient London—Its Topography. The Thames. Reading—"A Tale of Drury Lane."
NOV. 3.—Saxon London. The Tragedies of the Tower. St. Paul's—Old and New. Reading—Selections from Harold.
NOV. 20.—The Mansion House. Civil Government of London proper. London Guilds—Their Rise and Influence. Reading—John Gilpin.
DEC. 1.—Lincoln Inn Fields. The Temple. Reading—The Temple in Literature.
DEC. 15.—Charing Cross. The Plague and Fire. Ancient and Modern Sanitation. Reading—"The Victim," Tennyson.
JAN. 5.—Westminister. Poets' Corner. Cathedral Architecture.
JAN. 19—Parliament Buildings. Evolution of the House of Commons. Quaint Customs of Parliament. Reading—"Coningsby," Disraeli.
FEB. 2.—Old London Bridge. York House in History. Shakespeare's London. Reading—Shakespeare.
FEB. 16.—Palaces. Memories of St. James Square. Prisons and Penalties. Reading—Dickens' Prisons and Prisoners.
MAR. 2.—London of Charles Second. Fleet Street in History and Literature. Amusements, Ancient and Modern. Reading—Boswell.
MAR. 16.—Parks of London. British Museum. Bird Cage Walk. Reading—Browning.
MAR. 30.—Development of Art in London. Haunts of Artists. National Gallery. Reading—Ruskin.
APR. 13.—Famous Monuments. Homes of the Statesmen. Rise of London as a Financial Centre.
APR. 27.—Election of Officers. What has been the most interesting study of London? Conversation by the club. Presentation of the newly elected officers. Closing remarks of the retiring President.

THE BACHELOR MAIDS CULTURE CLUB OF LADOGA.

Clubs of Indiana, allow us to introduce to your acquaintance and affections, the Bachelor Maids Culture Club of Ladoga, which we assure you, has proved itself worthy of your admiration and esteem. There are four reasons why it gives us pleasure to present this particular club: first, because it is rural—and ruralists have complained that such a club couldn't be; second, because, its conditions of eligibility are so broad as to admit "any young woman of good moral character"—and such an utter disregard of the ballot-box is generally considered detrimental to a clubs' best interests; third, because the number and character of its social affairs are so large and so varied that the tastes of all are catered to,—and the typical club pays comparatively little attention to social sessions; and fourth, because its influence is so great thas it practically controls the literary and social features of the town—and we know of no other one club which has achieved such greatness.

But let us tell you how this unique and influential organization came to be. About 1992 Miss Anna Stover, returning to her native village from Butler University, where she had just been graduated, saw and deplored the lack of educational advantages which were open to the young women of small towns and rural communities. The village churches, to be sure, sustained several young people's societies, but literary work and training was not their object. Moreover they divided an already small community, into still smaller clans and classes. A grand union of all of them, based upon a Christian—literary—social foundation became Miss Stover's dream. Her Sunday school class of 24 was something tangible to work with. An up-town suite of rooms was fitted up attractively, with some good current literature lying invitingly about, and a wee bit of a library occupying a cozy corner. Here the town girl loved to spend an afternoon whenever she had one to spare; here her rural sister found a comfortable home-like stopping place, whenever she had occasion to come to town. By the time all this was accomplished, the class of 24 had grown to such proportions, that some kind of an organization became necessary.

At present, the club which is only in its second year of formal organization numbers 84—and this in a town of only 1200! The library has increased to 105 volumes, and is still growing. A lecture course has been furnished to the community, which cost the club $400, and which brought such celebrities as Robert Burdette, Anna Shaw and others. Meeting every week, forty-eight sessions of literary character have been enjoyed, and eight of a purely social nature. Three open meetings have been held in the club rooms, and their public entertainments, as well, the latter having furnished the means for defraying all the expenses of the club—room-rent, light, fuel, library fund, etc. It is the boast of the organization that no member has ever paid a penny towards its maintenance.

The club's year-book is a home-made affair which touches the heart, for it shows the hours of labor and thought that has been lovingly bestowed upon it. The cover which is of cream card-board, tied with a cord of royal blue, bears a design executed in the same hue, below which the name of the club appears in artistic

MISS ANNA C. STOVER,
Founder of The Bachelor Maids Culture Club of Ladoga.

lettering. The design is a branch upon which are perched several owls; while at the center rests a book which supports a lighted lamp of classic outline. Nineteen pages are enclosed which contain the regular weekly program, membership list etc., all in manuscript.

As will be observed by a study of the topics, which we have the pleasure of presenting, the literary committee has fitted the program to the year, as closely as possible; but what is not so plainly revealed is that the subjects are just as suitably fitted to the particular members to whom they are assigned. By this plan the best of each is brought out and every meeting is a signal success. Musical talent is encouraged in a most commendable manner. Besides both vocal and instrumental members at all sessions, each meeting is opened with a chorus. Is it any wonder that harmony prevades the Culture Club of the Bachelor Maids? Histrionic talent is also fostered in the frequent presentation of farces and scenes from tales and plays.

But we must stop somewhere, otherwise we might mention a score of other ways in which this novel club is doing its best to fill the niche in which it finds itself. Its officers are:

Miss Widdop, president.
Miss Ivey, vice-president.
Miss Venard, secretary.
Miss Fullen, corresponding secretary.
Miss Cooper, librarian.
Miss Clark, treasurer.
Miss Jenkins, Marshall.

The program committee is: Miss Widdop, Miss Anderson and Miss Stover The relief committee is: Miss Johnson, Miss Lidikay and Miss Cox. The social committee is: Miss Brown, Miss Case and Miss Hodshire.

PROGRAM OF THE BACHELOR MAIDS CULTTRE CLUB OF LADOGA.

SEPT. 18.—Opening Program by New Cabinet: "What we have done," Ladoga, Ladoga Girls. "What they say," Prophecy, "What we may do."

SEPT. 20.—"Ourselves at Our Best:" The Critical Girl. Visitors and Visiting. A Few Words on Gossip.

SEPT. 27—Musicale.

OCT. 4.—"Ourselves the World Over:" The Uncivilized Girl, Girl Life in the Orient, The European Girl, The American Girl. Response—The Ideal Girl.

OCT. 11.—Sir Walter Scott: Scene from "The Bride of Lammermoor," Music, Reading, Recitation.

OCT. 18.—Ourselves Physically: Food, Rest, Headache, "The Ounce of Prevention." Physical Culture Exhibition. Responses—Hints on Health.

OCT. 25.—Arbor Day: Origin of Arbor Day, Trees Rebellion, "When the Green gits back on the Trees." Responses—Names of Trees.

OCT. 30.—Planting of Club Tree.

NOV. 1.—"Hallowe'en:" History of Hallowe'en, Hallowe'en Pastimes. (The rest of this program is in the hands of a mystery committee.)

NOV. 8.—Ourselves Religiously: Epworth League, Christian Endeavor, Baptist Young People's Union, King's Daughters, Young Woman's Christian Association, Catholic Young People.

NOV. 15—Kate Douglass Wiggin: Life Sketch, Scene from Bird's Christmas Carol.

NOV. 22.—Thanksgiving: History of Thanksgiving. Recitation, Music, Refreshments—"A Pie Time."

NOV. 29.—Ourselves in Literature: Sketches of Modern writers. Selections from Mrs. Harrison and Miss Wilkins.

DEC. 6.—Indiana Day. "Wherefore Hoosiers." Indiana Authors. "Tales of the Airly Days," Indiana in the White House. Scene from the "Hoosier School-master."

DEC. 13.—Culinary Art. Recitation from Lucile, (we suspect the lines ending: "* * * but civilized man cannot live without cooks.") How Different Nations Dine. Ney on Table Etiquette. Banquet Response, Anecdotes.

DEC. 20.—Christmas. World Wide Christmas, Christmas Giving, Christmas Story, Recitation, Christmas Carol.

DEC. 27.—"Ourselves with Thread and Needle." Pleasures of Millinery. Trials of Dressmaking. Ladoga Art Needle Circle. City Serving Girls.

JAN. 3.—New Year's Evening. Response, New Resolutions. Social, Literary and Musical Entertainment.

JAN. 10.—Eugene Field. Life Sketch. Reading and Recitations.

JAN. 17.—Modern Philanthropy. City Hospitals. College Settlements. Free Kindergartens. The Mission Fields. Work of the Sisterhood. The Salvation Army.

JAN. 24.—Robert Burdette. Life Sketch. Reading Recitation.

JAN. 31.—Child Life in Literature. The Children of Dickens. The Children of Mrs. Burnett. Fairy Stories from Hans Anderson. Children of the Cartoonist.

FEB. 7.—"Ourselves Original." Response, My Particular Hobby. Brief Essay. Poem. Story. Poem. Short Farce.

FEB. 14.—Valentine Night. Wherefore Valentine Day. Story of Cupid and Psyche. Heart quotations.

FEB. 22.—Washington's Birthday. Public Reception.

FEB. 28.—Alaska. Description of the Country. Of the People. The Gold Mines. Reading. Recitation.

MAR. 7.—Oliver Wendell Holmes. Life Sketch. Characteristics. Readings. Recitations.

MAR. 14.—St. Patrick's Night. Ireland, St. Patrick. Recitation. Robert Emmet. Ireland of Today.

MAR. 21.—Ourselves in Profession and Trade. Response. "What would I rather do?" Office Work, Teaching, Housekeeping, Clerking, City Working Girls.

MAR. 28.—Ourselves in High Society. Response, Popular Women. In Washington Circles. Queen Victoria. Popular French Women. German Royalty. Short Scene.

APR. 4.—Scotland. Life of Burns. Recitation. Selection from McClaren. Scottish Chiefs.

APR. 11.—Ourselves in Music and Art. Life and work of Rosa Bonheur. Those who Sing Best. Selection from Mary Anderson. Girls with Chisel and Mallet.

APR. 18.—"Up to Date:" Response—Current Events, The Latest Invention, Governmental Affairs, Those Recently Famous, Spring Styles.

WITH THE CLUB EDITOR.

The latest meeting of the Bachelor Maids Culture Club was devoted to "Bob Burdette," who lectured for the members last week.

The Muncie Art Students' League held a reception Monday night, in honor of Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, who earlier in the evening entertained an immense audience at the "Wysor Grand" with readings from "Col. Carter of Cartersville," and "Tom Grogan."

The many Shakespeare Clubs in the state—and other clubs, too, will find much to interest and assist them in the American Shakespeare Magazine, a new publication, edited monthly in New York by Anna Randall-Diehl, Litt. D. Miss Diehl was one of the speakers at the recent New York State Federation, which convened in Syracuse.

The "Fortnightly" of Vincennes has a club library of twenty-five volumes, of which about fifteen pertain to the study of Shakespeare. Some of the others are: Ruskin's "Seven Lamps of Architecture," Hammerton's "Intellectual Life," Mason's "Women of the French Salons," Reed's "Lectures on the British Poets," Cruttwell's "History of Roman Literature," Conington's translation of the "Aeneid," Schlegel's "Dramatic Art and Literature," Whipple's "Age of Elizabeth," and the ever increasingly popular Phyfe's 7000 Words. An excellent nucleus!

So wholesomely outspoken and sincere are the intentions of the Bachelor Maids Culture Club of Ladoga that we take pleasure in presenting them, as they appear on the initial page of the brochure:

Purpose: Culture along all lines.

Motto: "The King's Daughter is all glorious within."

Pledge: I solemnly promise, on my honor as a young woman, to attend all the meetings of this club when possible, and to perform to the best of my ability all of the duties assigned me. I will support the constitution and be always ready to help, and never to hinder, any member of this club from becoming as pure and cultured as possible. Personally, I will honestly try to be purer in my thoughts, purer in my acts, purer in my language, that I may indeed be as a "Daughter of the King, all glorious within."

The clause "and never to hinder" is one which most clubs might insert in their by-laws with happy results. It is a hindrance to a committee to meet objections and criticism at every hand; it is hindrance to a president to be continually told that this or that should have been done some other way; it is a hindrance to a club to have members who are unwilling or unable to perform certain things, always suggesting some superior method which those on duty might have employed.

The "Thackeray at Home" which was given recently by the Terre Haute Woman's Club, and of which a brief mention was made in these columns a fortnight ago, was a more unique and complete affair than we had supposed. In the first place, it marked the mid-season of the club's present work—the study of "The Newcomes," which is being prosecuted under the direction of Mrs. H. A. Davidson of Albany, N. Y. The "at Home" was planned according to Mrs. Davidson's suggestions and resulted in a novel and altogether delightful entertainment. Letters were read introducing Mr. Thackeray. One purporting to have come from Mr. Thackeray's secretary's wife, warned the club against any attempt to lionize him, or to call upon him for a speech, for above all things, he hated speechifying. Several letters of request were read, one from Edmund Yates of London, who expressed surprise at receiving an invitation to meet a man who for some time had declined to recognize him and another from Mr. Thackeray himself, who wrote he feared he should have to decline the invitation as he couldn't find Terre Haute on the maps of London. One of the especially attractive features of the afternoon was a series of spicy letters of travel extensively written by members who had been sent abroad by the club. Miss Harriet Hosmer the distinguished sculptor closed the entertainment with personal reminiscences of Mr. Thackeray, with whose family she had been intimately acquainted. She presented the club with a picture of the author.

Miss Hosmer is an honorary member of the Woman's Club. She has just presented to it, a piece of her own work, a cast of the "Browning" hands. She has sent to Rome for the cast which now occupies a place in her Italian studio.

Indianapolis Club Calendar.

Monday, January 31. Indianapolis Literary Club. "Democracy and Popular Restlessness," J. E. McCullough.

Monday, January 31. Irvington Woman's Club. "Henry Clay," Mrs. R. E. Moore; "Daniel Webster," Mrs. F. R. Kautz; "John C. Calhoun." Mrs. J. L. Kingsbury; conversation, "Co. spicuous Figures in Congress," Mrs. C. B. Clarke.

Monday, January 31. Minerva Club. "The Land of Acadia," Nancy Sidwell Stevenson; "The Huguenots Seekin Homes in America." Miss Sarah E. Rudisill; conversation, "The French Romances of Mary Hartwell Catherwood," Charles E. Busby.

Tuesday, February 1. Fortnightly Club. "Personality," Mrs. Helen A. Eaton; "Growth of Philanthropy," Mrs. Virgil H. Lockwood; conversation, Mrs. Ridgley Hilleary.

Tuesday February 1. Local Council. Ladies' Aid Society, Memorial Presbyterian Church; Ladies' Social Circle, First Baptist Church; St. Margaret's Guild, St. Paul's Church; Woman's Foreign Missionary Society; Friends' Church; Woman's Home Missionary Society, Roberts Park M. E. Church; Address, "Prison Reforms," Alvin T. Hert, Warden State Reformatory, Jeffersonville, Indiana.

Wednesday, February 2. Matinee Musicale. Study of the Opera, "Der Freischutz." (Von Weber) first division.

Wednesday, February 2. The Mary R. Denny Coterie. "The Women of Shakespeare's Plays;" "The Merry Maids," May P. Heeb; "The Wicked Women," Mary P. Gibson; "The Daughters and the Brides," Mattie B. George.

Wednesday, February 2. Parlor Club, 2:30 p. m. "Pope," Mrs. John Stone; "Essay on Man," Mrs. J. W. Sawyer; "Dunciad," Mrs. D. L. Wood; "Rape of the Lock," Mrs. D. K. Partlow; Quotations.

Thursday, February 3. The Aftermath Club. Mrs. J. S. Thompson. Essays on Characterization; "Thoreau," Mrs. Whitehead; "Napoleon," Mrs. D. C. Allison; "Shakespeare," Mrs. Jordan.

Friday, February 4. Woman's Club. "High Ideals," Mrs. Victor K. Hendricks; conversation on the paper, Mrs. Benjamin D. Walcott, leader.

Friday, February 4. Philomathian Club, with Mrs. Farrabee. "Louis XVI." Leader, Miss Sara Currie; paper, "Madame de Stael" Mrs. Grimes.

Saturday, February 5. Magazine Club. Mrs. N. T. Perine. "The Hero as a Poet," Miss Adelaide Carman; "The Times of Dante," Miss Carrie Fisher; "The Times of Shakespeare," Miss Ida Foudray.

NOTE—All Indianapolis Clubs not mentioned in the above calendar are requested to send programs to THE INDIANA WOMAN office. Any notification of change of program should reach this office not later than Wednesday evening.

MRS. WALTER HINDMAN,
President of the Fortnightly Club of Vincennes.

Intelligent Eating.

Experiment proves that man cannot live on bread made from white flour. He would die in 40 days if fed on that alone.

FRANKLIN MILLS FINE FLOUR OF THE ENTIRE WHEAT

embraces all the elements of nutrition necessary to build up and sustain every part of the system, keeping it in good working condition and preserving it unimpaired to a ripe old age. As a health producer it is superior to any medicine in the world. It cures indigestion and kindred ailments. If your grocer does not keep it, send us his name and your order—we will see that you are supplied.

The genuine made only by the
FRANKLIN MILLS CO., LOCKPORT, N. Y.
Recipe book on request.

Review of Fashions.

THE TAILOR SASH.

A sharp eye is necessary to follow the countless manifestations the popular sash is making, for a sash seems almost an inevitable part of every gown at present. First, we have the sash that goes with the braided formal tailor suit. A tailor's sash is usually two long wedge-shaped pieces of cloth, faced with silk, stiffened with an interlining and decorated with braid. Such sashes have swallow tail or arrow head ends, and fall primly to the hem over the back fullness of the skirt, or beginning in two narrow braided bretelles from the shoulders pass over the bust and hang out upon the skirt, just outside the line of the hip.

Floral tulle, lace, ribbon and chiffon sashes for evening gowns have been mentioned, but two novelties have just been put forth. One is a sash of three or two mismatched streamers and of any goods you please. The three streamer sash is really one long loop and two ends, of pink, white and blue ribbon, or whatever three colors harmonize with the gown on which it is worn, or of crepe de chine on a white dancing or dinner dress it is appropriate to wear two sash streamers, and in their ends knot clusters of artificial flowers.

Last, but not of least importance, is the pretty chiffon, or ribbon sash, in Roman stripes, that is worn like a Scotchman's plaid or foreign nobleman's ribbon of a grand order, that is attached on the right shoulder and drawn across the breast—it is fastened to the bodice by pretty pins, or is caught on the shoulder by some old cameo or miniature brooch.

If the Roman sash is worn, deeply fringed ends are adopted and gay girls who skate this season, wear as mufflers wide soft neck scarfs, bright with Roman stripes and deep fringe. These are knotted like four-in-hand ties loosely about the throat, or with house shirt waists of flannel or silk, are very much used in place of belts. A Roman scarf is soft, draws into pretty, close folds, when wrapped tight at the waist line, and at one side two loops and fringed ends make a neat finish.

—

A NEW USE FOR JEWELS.

The coats, as the season deepened, began to show the new extravagance of fashion in trimming with imitation jewels, but now jewels appear on nearly all the gowns that lay any claim to smartness. A new fancy is for trimming

cloth suits with little bowknots of steel and jet in place of buckles, and making an elaborate use of gilded and gun metal chains, in ornamenting the panels of skirts and fronts of bodices. The chains, by pretty little hooks, are fastened to metal eyes, sewed on the cloth, and criss-crossing over lace or velvet they bring a new and undoubtedly costly addition to the sum of fashion.

Yet in details simple ornaments are very greatly admired and worn this winter. Venetian beads are very much the mode in place of pearl necklaces and diamond collars, and the fans we see on all sides are small, of white bolting cloth over colored bone sticks and powdered with spangles in no fixed pattern. Natural flowers are never even carried as bouquets and, because of the preference for long transparent sleeves, costly eighteen and twenty-buttoned

gloves are scarcely ever seen. It must be admitted that jeweled combs are still in many heads and yet with most extravagant toilets, twists and small bows of

black velvet ribbon are the only offsets to the hair.

Any woman can consider herself possessed of a perfect dinner gown who has only a lusterless black taffeta, trimmed with narrow velvet ribbon. She may flounce her taffeta up the waist, or decorate it only with velvet ribbon, set on in vandyke points, and garnish the bodice with a little lace, but any way she ornaments it the taffeta itself need only be of the sort used for lining skirts, and she can in confidence appear in any assemblage.

As a final assurance of the laxity of fashion's rules, one may now serve as bridesmaid in a shirt waist. The shirt waist, of course, must be a wonderfully showy garment of chiffon all over with lace and spangles, but in better taste it is lavender of rose, or fruit green satin surah, its tails to the outside, its collar a flounce of lace falling over a white satin cravat knotttd low on the breast, and the studs and sleeve links of real or imitation jewels, to match the shirt's goods. Shirt-waisted bridesmaids usually wear pretty tulle or muslin skirts, and in place of bouquets carry fans. Perhaps next we will hear of brides wearing shirt waists to the altar, but that is still to come.

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Costs Less than ONE CENT a cup.

Be sure that the package bears our Trade-Mark.

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(Established 1780) **Dorchester, Mass.**

TO VARY ONE'S COSTUME.

Recently dressmakers and tailors have agreed that no costume is complete unless its skirt is accompanied by two or more waists. For example every one of the best tailor dresses are made with a tight-fitting basque and shirt waist, that the wearer may alternate between the close and easy body as she pleases, while the evening dresses are made with as many as three waists. One decollete, one high in throat and sleeves for receptions and small dinners and one loose, lovely shirt, as simple or ornate as the owner desires.

There has come into being with the new year apparently a fancy for the fichu or kerchief, or whatever one may be pleased to call a drapery of soft transparent stuff across the bust. In black and white lace muslin, chiffon and liberty silk the kerchiefs, falling, just to the waist line or clear to the toes, are spread forth for sale. They are not extravagant investments, many women choose to make their own and their mission is to bring light and frivolous airyness to plain or sober dark dresses. Those most noticeable are pale yellow chiffon neckerchiefs, edged all about their many frilling ruffles with the very tiniest band of ermine or swansdown. They drape about the shoulders softly and knot on the bust, and a few very smart ones are clasped on the breast by a couple of bright-eyed little ermine heads, below which the long ends fall nearly to the floor.

—

BRIEF FASHION NOTES.

Gun metal, as applied to the toilet, has laid further claims than to the ornamentation merely of purses, card cases, umbrella handles, etc. The newest thing among the novelties, to speak literally, is gun metal beading, very much seen on fine half-mourning dresses, gun metal buckles for hats, throat latches and in dress decorations are gun metal belts. Another charming recent arrival, to be hailed by women of small purses and large ambitions, is the lace jewelry noticed in the shops. Scraps of pretty old lace are applied on black or cream net and worn as dog collars, as collars with lace tendrils falling out on the shoulders as pendants. Lace bracelets as well are among the pretty oddities, and especially exquisite patterns are mounted on white wire aud worn as coronets in the hair.

Designers have determined not to abandon the Russian blouses among their leading models next season, says a New York fashion writer. These garments have proved far too satisfactory to both the manufacturers, the importers and merchants, and to the countless wearers themselves, to be relinquished yet. It is true they are suited only to lithe figures, and they will therefore not interfere with the vogue of new stylish capes and jackets. The blouse mode will lend itself to many beautiful spring and summer fabrics, which will render it quite as attractive as it has proved in its very smart winter guise.

Most of the evening sleeves are extreme in style, being either very long or very short and transparent materials are in high fashion for both models. If a bodice, for example, is made of pale blue satin, overlaid with lace, the sleeves are blue satin puffs draped with plaitings of the lace. If the corasge is cut low in the neck the sleeves are mere straps holding crisp standing loops of rather wide blue satin ribbon.

Become a Member of the "INDIANA WOMAN'S" Amateur Photographers Club.

Amateur photography, already popular for many seasons, will be a fad during the coming summer. The camera can be carried on the bicycle, and the enthusiastic wheelman will bring back many beautiful views from his summer wanderings.

Do you want to learn how to photograph

correctly and well, and best of all

Free of Charge?

If so join our photographers' club.

ENTRANCE.

An entrance fee of $1 will give you THE INDIANA WOMAN for six months, and at the same time make you a member of the Club. The member will have the advantage of published lessons from time to time on developing, printing, and mounting. These articles will be prepared by well-known photographers specially for THE INDIANA WOMAN.

PRIVILEGES.

Arrangements have been made for all members to use the dark rooms of H. Hough & Co., 20 Pembroke Arcade, Koehler & Bishop, 62½ East Washingington Street and Stephens Photo Supply Co., 19 Massachusetts Avenue, Free of Charge, and there to receive practical demonstrations in the work of amateur photography.

PRIZES.

We also offer three cash prizes to members, of

$15, $10 and $5

These prizes will be awarded by three competent judges, experts in the art of photography.

The pictures will be published for ten consecutive weeks, at the end of which time the contest will close. They will then be divided into three classes, first, second, and third. On the first Saturday after the contest closes, all pictures in the first class will be published; on the following Saturday the pictures in the second class, and on the third Saturday, all pictures in the third class.

In the next issue will appear the names and photographs of the prize winners together with the prize winning pictures.

FRENCH HAIR PARLORS,
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Largest Stock and Finest Parlors in city. Always cool, clean, comfortable, refreshing. **Artistic Hair Dressing**—arranged in a becoming style. Shampooing and manicuring. Switches 50c to $50. Wigs. Switches and Hair Goods made to order. Special attention given Hair Dressing for balls, parties theater, etc. See us before buying Hair Goods Open Saturday Night.

Seal Skin Garments

And ALL KINDS of FURS repaired and REMODELED to PERFECTION at very moderate prices. Latest designs shown.

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For Treatment of Nervous and Mental Diseases.

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Special Treatment of Diseases of Women by DR. MARY A. SPINK.

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Is the best line to **Chicago** | Time reduced to **4¾ Hours**

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Leave Indianapolis—7:00 a. m., 11:50 a. m., 3:35 p. m., 12:55 night.

Trains Arrive Indianapolis—3:30 a. m., 7:45 a. m., 2:35 p. m., 4:37 p. m.

Local sleeper in Indianapolis ready at 8:30 p. m. Leave Chicago, returning at 2:45 a. m. Can be taken any time after 9:30 p. m.

Ticket offices, 2 W. Washington st., Union station and Massachusetts-ave. depot.

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Big Four Two-Step.

(Mark envelope "Two-Step.")

We are giving this music, which is regular Fifty-cent sheet music, at this exceedingly low rate, for the purpose of advertising, and testing the value of the different papers as advertising mediums.

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With a Clear, Healthy, Spotless Complexion and Smooth, Fair Skin.

No woman can fail to possess personal charm and attractiveness. **Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers** and **Fould's Arsenic Soap** are universally recognized as the "very best" and "only" preparations in the world to obtain the same, for they not only remove "Pimples, Freckles, Blackheads, Redness, Oiliness and Tan," but they also render the blood so "Pure" that the skin and complexion become delightfully "Smooth, Clear and Transparent." They are recognized by the cream of society throughout the world, as the only real, genuine beautifiers of the complexion, skin and form. They are daily used in the practice of the most eminent physicians in this country and Europe, and pronounced by them to be the only safe preparations of Arsenic in the world.

They Are Perfectly Safe and Warranted to Give Entire Satisfaction.

WAFERS, PER BOX, $1; SIX LARGE BOXES, $5.
FOULD'S ARSENIC SOAP, 50c.

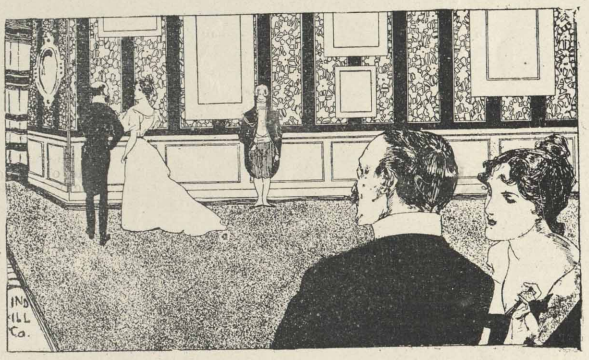
Address all mail orders to H. B. FOULD, Department "H," 214 6th avenue, New York.

Sold By Druggists Everywhere.

"I am very sorry Captain Brown, but circumstances over which I have no control compel me to say 'No'."

"May I ask what the circumstances are?"

"Yours."



NATURALLY.

"How did you get along at the spiritualistic seance last night?"

"Oh, medium."

"And what are the regions round the North Pole called, Poland, sir."

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INVITATIONS.
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See next week's ad. for Cutting School.

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863 and 150 BROADWAY
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COMICALITIES

A KIND OFFER.

Highwayman: "Your money or your life!"

Poet: "Money I have none; but if you will tell me some of your adventures, I will write them down and divide the profits with you."

—

A girl sued a man for breach of promise, and proved him such a scoundrel that the jury decided that she ought to pay him something for not marrying him.

—

Bacon: "Let me shake your hand, dear boy. This is one of the happiest days of your life."

Egbert: "You're too previous, old man. I'm not to be married until to-morrow."

Bacon: "That's what I say. This is one of the happiest days of your life."

—

Magistrate: "Excuse me, madam, but are you married?"

Witness: "Oh, your worship, this is so sudden!"

—

Agent: "Cant't I put a burglar-alarm in your house?"

Lady: "No; we don't need it."

Agent: "But——"

Lady: "No; I mean it. The family across the street watches the place so closely that even a burglar couldn't get in without being seen."

—

Customer: "You guaranteed a fit, didn't you?"

Tailor: "I did."

Customer: "Well, the only fit about these clothes was the one my wife had when she saw 'em."

—

"Thanks," said the tragedian; "many thanks for your good opinion. I always study from Nature, sir. In my acting you see reflected Nature herself,"

"Try this cigar," said an admirer of Nature, reverently. "Now, where did you study that expression of intense surprise that you assume in the second act?"

"From Nature, sir, from Nature. To secure that expression I asked an intimate friend to lend me $10. He refused. This caused me no surprise. I tried several more.

"Finally I asked one who was willing to oblige me, and as he handed me the note I studied in a glass the expression of my own face. I saw there surprise, but it was not what I wanted. It was alloyed with suspicion that the note might be a bad one. I was in despair."

"Well?" said the other breathlessly.

"Then an idea struck me. I resolved upon a desperate course. I returned the $10 note to my friend the next day, and on his astonished countenance I saw the expression of which I was in search.

—

A lawyer tells the following story concerning a client, something of a wag in his way, with whom he had long kept an account. When the latter was finally made up, the bill, mostly for trifling services, covered several pages of foolscap, as the items enumerated the most minute details. When the client came round to settle, he refused to enter the office, but stood in the doorway, holding one end of the voluminous document in the direction of his legal adviser, with the request that he would take the money and receipt it.

"Come in," said the lawyer, most cordially.

"Not quite," replied the client; "I know a thing or two now. You'd charge me rent if I did."

—

The blushing bride-elect was rehearsing the ceremony about to take place. "Of course you will give me away, papa?" she said.

"I am afraid I have done it already, Caroline," replied the old gentleman, nervously. "I told your Herbert this morning you had a disposition just like your mother's."

—

Buyer (entering poultry show): "I should like to see a nice fat goose."

Small Boy: "Yes sir, mother will be down directly."

"I don't look very newly married, do I?"
"Oh, no, dear. Quite the contrary."

Satisfaction

When Ferris' Good Sense Corset Waist is on the form the wearer is satisfied she looks right; she knows she feels right; she has the physician's assurance that she is dressed right for health. All who have worn them express their satisfaction with

FERRIS'
Good Sense
CORSET WAIST.

Always superior in quality and workmanship. Made high and low bust, long and short waist, to suit all figures. Children's, 25 cents to 50 cents. Misses', 50 cents to $1.00. Ladies', $1.00 to $2.00.

----FOR SALE BY ALL RETAILERS----

Insurance Agent: "Has your family been noted for longevity?"

Mr. B.: "Well, our family belong to the West of Ireland and their ages have usually been determined by the jury who tried them."

First Tom: "How did you feel when the brick struck you?"

Second Tom: "Say! My past eight lives rose up before me in a second."

IF YOU WANTED

The best cook book in the world, and price was no object, you would go to a book store and buy a WHITE HOUSE COOK BOOK, and whatever the price, the book would be worth it. But if you don't care to pay several dollars for a cook book, and want a good one, we will furnish you with a PRESIDENTIAL, postage paid, upon receipt of 50 cents.

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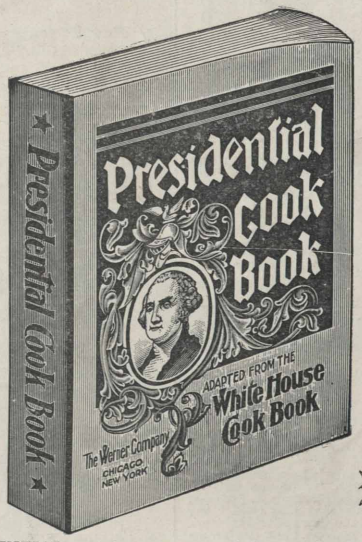

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THE INDIANA WOMAN

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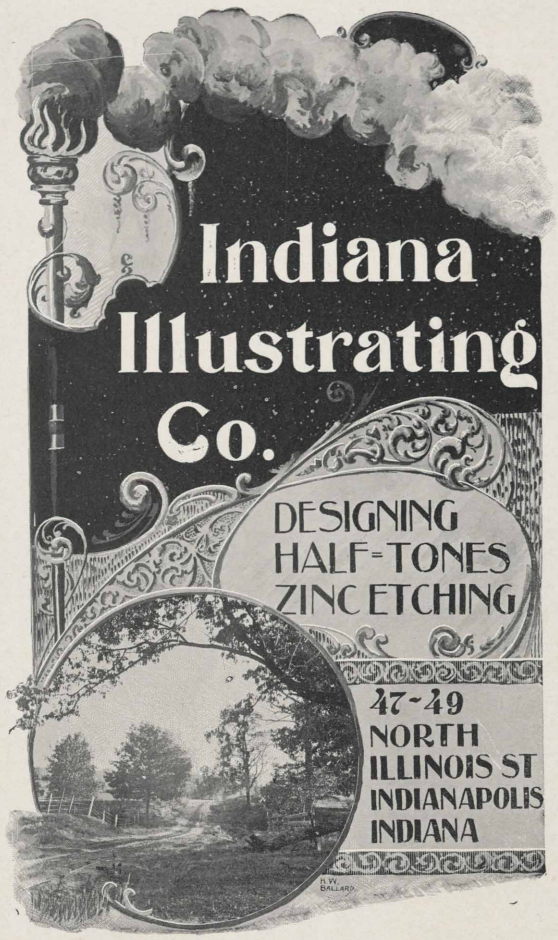

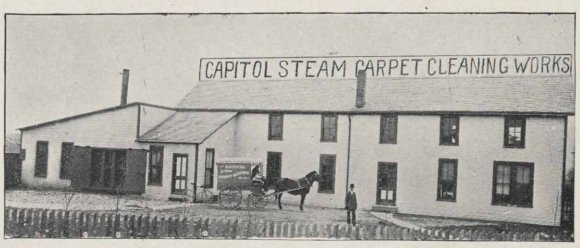

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That prices, as now established, are as low as will be quoted at any time until pretty designs have been exhausted or refused patterns have taken their place at the end of the season.

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THE INDIANA WOMAN

Vol. V. Indianapolis, Saturday Afternoon, February 5, 1898 No. 12.

WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG

It is difficult to see just what good results from a "popularity" contest such as that which recently closed at Greencastle. True, the young woman got her picture in the paper—a most dreadful woodcut it was too, and the people invited to the banquet got a good dinner, but beyond that, what? Such a contest reminds one of the similar contests held at "fairs" in little country towns. The ambitious well-to-do families buy up all the votes, and in consequence, a very unpopular young woman is frequently pronounced by these untruthful ballots, the most popular. If I were a father, I should think twice before I allowed my daughter's name to be entered in any such contest. She may be proved popular, but time will prove that such a course is distinctly cheapening.

—

Some one with literary aspirations has written "The Story of Jane Austen's Life." From all accounts, there is about as much story to Jane's life as there is to her books. She lived in a secluded village, she was a sweet tempered old maid, with a keen sense of humor, and she passed away the time by writing about people who came under her observation. This is all there was to make a book about; hence the author has had to elaborate some exceedingly trifling details. One reviewer remarks in apparent extenuation of the author's offense that "any one who loves her works will enjoy the book," which may be true. But perhaps the author did not take into consideration that there are a great many people who do not enjoy her works.

—

Fashions in pets seem to change as quickly as fashions in gowns. We have no sooner chronicled the fad of wearing a living tortoise, tethered by a gold chain than we read that Signora Crispi, wife of the former Italian premier, has been going to out-door festivities leading a pet calf elegantly attired (the calf) in gold vellum and ribbons. I rather think the line should be drawn at this animal. I am aware that the domestic cat is not a good companion at a lawn fete; I also admit that the dog has been rather overdone, and that when even the cooks go about accompanied by pugs and greyhounds, it is time for the lady of fashion to adopt something else. But why a calf? Why not a lamb? Perhaps the charming Signora is unacquainted with the gambols of the calf. It is a playful animal, and familiarity with social functions relieves it of its timidity, and it becomes accustomed to its gold vellum gown and its ribbons, it may electrify the Italian magnates by performing some of its gambols at the lawn fetes. The future newspaper accounts of the Signora and her pet will be awaited with interest.

What interesting items can be made out of very small happenings! That muzzling of dogs in England for instance! Every dispatch for the last month has carried something concerning it, and the fate of the nations trembles in the balance while the reporter stops to write and the reader to read just how angry some one has been and how politely he has remonstrated concerning the muzzling of his pet dog.

—

Now that the State Board of Health has taken up the question of individual communion cups, we shall be having them in all our churches. It is a wise move. When the State Board has settled this vexed question, I hope it will take up the dish-cloth—not to use it of course, but to air it. There are many women who claim to be fine housekeepers, although absorbed in much other work. Their housekeeping consists of doing marketing, giving directions concerning it, and seeing that their houses are kept immaculate. So far so good. But the most of them confess to a dislike to looking into their kitchens, an attitude encouraged by the cook, who brooks no interference in her domain. Unfortunately, investigation has proved that this is just where the housewife should maintain the greatest watchfulness. Typhoid fever and diptheria have been known to rise from the uncared-for dish-cloths and kitchen sinks. The Health Boards say so, and their claim is reasonable. Very few maids look after this apparently trifling bit of work as they should, and a family's health is imperiled in consequence. Hence, it frequently happens, that while the wife and mother is attending a meeting of the Sanitary Society, the maid is sowing the seeds for a family illness. The Health Board it is to be hoped will hasten through with the communion cup and take up the dish-cloth.

HARRY B. SMITH, AUDITOR MARION COUNTY.

Indianapolis people have had a visitation from the Ball heirs, who if the newspaper accounts be true, have returned home sadder and wiser. Convinced that a fortune was awaiting them they hurried hither from remote states to receive their portion, but by the time they had arrived, the estate had dwindled, and the millions proved as elusive as the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

—

This is but another evidence of the desire of people to get something for nothing. Men and women—the gentler sex must always be taken into account these days—will invest their money in any sort of wild-cat scheme, provided its originator will promise to make money for them "while they sleep." They are impatient of slow but honest means; they treat with scorn anything that promises a smaller return than $100 for one dollar. They will hasten to Klondike, willing to endure any hardship for the sake of a fortune, but they will not work at home for a small sum, minus the hardships. They will spend fifty dollars or more ungrudgingly in a trip across the continent to find out about an inheritance, only to learn on their arrival, that if they receive anything, it will be less than the amount of their traveling expenses. It is a sad commentary on human nature and its moulders, the preachers and teachers.

—

How greedy people are of other things, too. 'Twas but a little time ago that they were satisfied with being Colonial Dames, or at least, D. R's or D. A. R's. Now some one has started a new society, "Order of the Crown" to which no one need aspire, save those of royal descent. Now the woman who has held her head high on account of her descent from some great American patriot must hide it, for what is a patriot ancestor compared to one who once wore a crown, no matter how small the crown and how mean the man who wore it! The founder of this new organization is Miss Henrietta Lynde Farnesworth of Detroit, Michigan, one might have guessed that it was the thriving gushing pest who thus outdid her eastern sisters, who could originate nothing better than American societies! Now the Eastern people are taking it up, and hastening to claim that they are descended from anything in the shape of a king.

—

I wonder—this society gives room for much wonder—if these distant relatives of royalty will wear crowns? Probably they will have their diamonds reset in style of the crown worn by the royalties from whom they claim descent. Miss Farnesworth, the founder, for instance, may appear at social gatherings with a diamond crown like that worn by Alfred the Great; Mrs. Earle may wear one like that borne on the haughty head of Eliseus—whoever he was—and so on. This would prove valuable as an object lesson in history and hence may be tolerated by those not royally descended.

—

Mr. Le Gallienne is said to be coming to America, and is also contemplating settling permanently in New England. So long as Mr. Le Gallienne remains in New England we have nothing to say, but if he ventures across the Alleghenies, we may make known our opinions. Any young man who would set himself up to write about "If I were God" might think fit to dictate to Hoosiers. Therefore we will have none of Mr. Le Gallienne.

—

The fact that the street cars are said to be "heated," has kept many people warm these cold days.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

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An Illustrated Weekly Family Journal

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KATE MILNER RABB, Editor.

The Student Play at Indiana University.

AS TOLD BY A STUDENT.

The Student Play at Indiana University on Foundation Day has been in existence since 1896 and is firmly established. In that year, the committee having in charge Foundation Day exercises, decided to attempt to give a play as the students' share in the exercises. The outcome of this was a farce called "At the Gates of Wisdom" written by Mr. Frederick M. Smith, a student at the University. This play was merely a series of scenes, depicting the peculiarly characteristic features of college life at the University of Indiana.

But the complete success of this first venture made the idea of the Student Play become the reality. So, the next year, when it was suggested that again a play be produced, it was the general verdict that the students should attempt a more ambitious one. Goldsmith's comedy "She Stoops to Conquer" was hit upon and under the management of Professor Sampson whose active interest and familiarity with drama in any form made him an invaluable director, the play was a decided success. College theatricals were thus placed upon a firm footing and it became now no longer a question of "Can we present a play"—but "What play shall we present?"

This year the play chosen was Shakespeare's delightful comedy, "Much Ado About Nothing." The management from first to last was in the hands of Professor Sampson and Mr. Smith. Volunteers were called for from the students to read before Professor Sampson. Each student tried for the role he felt that he was best fitted for. This had been the method used the previous year, in casting the play and had proved a very successful plan. About fifty came at the appointed time and from this number the cast was selected.

Then came the arduous task of rehearsing. For ten days, from one to two hours were spent upon the play every evening, and then began full rehearsals, some of which lasted four hours. It was again owing to the tireless energy of Professor Sampson and Mr. Smith that the play achieved such brilliant success.

There were many incidents which occurred at the rehearsals which often caused much amusement for the onlookers. However, no one was admitted to the rehearsals except the members of the English faculty and the class in English Drama. For watching others act night after night and hearing the criticisms, afforded an unusually good opportunity for dramatic study, which this class did not care to lose. Then came the dress rehearsal the night before the public performance. It was on this night that each one accustomed himself to his grease-paint make-up and stage costume. And it was at this time, that the whole affair began to assume a serious aspect, whereas before it was considered more like "fun."

Everything was now in readiness.

ELMER E. SCOTT,
an Indianapolis boy who took the part of Benedick in the Student Play at Indiana University.

Each actor was letter-perfect—or thought himself so. Play bills had been put up all over the town advertising the performance in the following way—

Foundation Day 1898
THE STUDENT PLAY.

The Students of the University will present

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

A most pleasant and excellent conceited comedie, of Count Claudio and Hero intermixed with sundrie various and pleasing humors, of Benedick and Beatrice, Dogberry and Verges, with the morose and envious vaine of Don John.

Written by Master Will Shakespeare.

To be played
at the new Gymnasium, 20th of January 1898,
at eight o'clock.

A water-color poster designed by Professor Sampson was placed in one of the college windows announcing the Student Play. Programs printed also in Shakespearean English had been issued. One had only to await the evening.

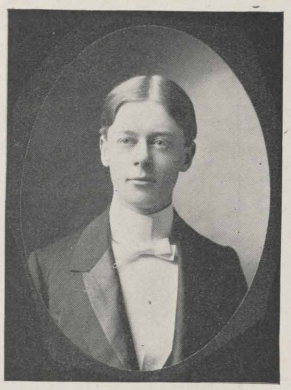
The weather had been bad all day but that evening the house was crowded. Among those in the audience whom the students had the honor of acting before were Governor Mount, State Superintendent Geeting, Judge W. P. Robinson, one of the Board of Trustees and Professors Smyser and Baker of De Pauw. Those from De Pauw were guests of the management and the students were especially glad that De Pauw showed such kindly feeling toward her rival, Indiana University. Over a thousand people greeted Professor Sampson as he stepped forward to deliver the prologue.

Three hundred years ago the gracious Muse
Beckoned to Master Shakespeare. In his ear
She whispered a sweet tale of man and maid,
And faith triumphant over doubt—the tale
Of Claudio and Hero and their love,
Brave love—God bless us all—is still the same
The wide world over! 'Twas the merry war
Of sprightly Benedick, arch Beatrice,
The siege of both, their swift capitulation—
Such pleasant tales the Muse can tell! And then
She must have chuckled in our poet's face,
And cried "What ho! A Dogberry, a Verges!
Something to rouse a hearty laugh, for men
Grow all too sad! Nay, this is much ado
That ends in witty nothing; come Sir Poet,
Here's stuff enough to make a merry play—
Can'st make it William Shakespeare?" Then, I think—
With sparkling eyes our Shakespeare stood erect,
And to the Muse's challenge answered "Aye!"
This is the play we offer you tonight,
Writ by the Master, played by us, his students.
Little we have to charm your ears or eyes,
But list his wondrous words, and you shall hear
What is beyond all praise. For our poor selves,
Judge not, I pray you, when this night be spent,
By our performance, but our good intent.

MARTIN W. SAMPSON.

The play was cast as follows:

Don Pedro, prince of Arragon - - - - Mr. Burbank.
Don John, his brother - - - Mr. Heyn.
Claudio, a young lord of Florence - - Mr. Stechhan.
Benedick, a young lord of Padua - - - Mr. Scott.
Leonato, governor of Messina - - - - Mr. Halstead.
Antonio, his brother - - Mr. Marshall.
Balthasar, attendant on Don Pedro - - Mr. Wilson.
Conrade } followers of Don John Mr. Wright.
Borachio } Mr. Bradley.
Friar Francis - - - - - Mr. Haggerty.
Dogberry, a constable - - Mr. Stevens.
Verges, a headborough - - Mr. Smith.
The Sexton - - - - - Mr. Garten.
Seacoal - - - - - - - Mr. Grimsley.
Oatcake - - - - - - - Mr. Nicholson.
Watchmen } Mr. Ahl. Mr. Hamilton. Mr. King.



FREDERICK W. STEVENS,
an Indianapolis boy who took the part of Dogberry in the Student Play at Indiana University.

Hero, daughter to Leonato - - - - - Miss Johnson.
Beatrice, niece to Leonato - - - - Miss Myrick
Margaret } gentlewomen attending on Hero Miss Nicholson.
Ursula } Miss Minor.

Another reason for the play's decided success was because of the excellent manner with which the minor characters were taken as well as the more important roles. The comic scenes invariably brought forth laughter almost before the audience heard the words. And the serious parts were done in a way that brought instant sympathy with the characters.

At least the Students' Play has done something to further the name and fame of the University. Few western institutions exhibit the progressive spirit that is found there. The University is proud of the fact that she belongs to Indiana and daily does those things which she thinks will be an honor to her state. Let Indiana be proud of her state institutions and let her show her pride by showing her appreciation. Indiana University is indeed well worth all the praise the state and the people bestow upon her and she is an institution which any state might be proud to acknowledge as its own.

Miss Frances M. Goodwin.

Every Hoosier should be doubly proud of the bust of the late Vice-president Schuyler Colfax, which will soon be placed in its niche in the Capitol at Washington, D. C. The bust is of a man of whom his state is justly proud. It is the work of an Indiana woman who by her energy and perseverance has made an enviable reputation as a sculptress. This is Miss Frances M. Goodwin of Newcastle, Indiana. How the bust was made, Miss Goodwin herself relates:

"Under a resolution of the Senate introduced by Senator Voorhees and passed by the forty-ninth congress, it was provided that busts of vice-presidents be executed and placed in niches in the Senate gallery and elsewhere; this work to be done under the direction of the architect of the Capitol, who at present is Mr. Edward Clark, subject to the advice and approval of the Senate committee on library. The committee at the time of receiving my commission were R. Q. Miller, D. W. Voorhees and Edward O. Wolcott. I have had most of my business transactions, however, with Mr. Clark. I took great interest in doing this work for many reasons—to succeed at anything I undertake, to show that a woman can surmount difficulties and follow her chosen profession whatever it may be. Also, it is a privilege to honor so eminent a citizen of our dear old Hoosier state.

While doing the bust my studio was in Chicago, where I had the pleasure of receiving Mrs. Colfax, who came on my invitation to suggest and criticise wherever possible. To the kindness of Mrs. Colfax and her son Mr. Schuyler Colfax, I owe a great deal of the success which I deem in a measure to have had with the bust. They have given me from the beginning their most cordial support, aiding me in securing photographs, etc.

"While in Washington last summer I selected the niche where it is to be placed. While there I had the gratification of hearing many favorable comments which had been passed upon it."

Miss Goodwin has done much other creditable work but this has perhaps done more to bring her into prominence than any. Her first public work was a statue seven feet in height entitled "Education" which was a commission from the board of lady managers for the Indiana building at the World's Fair and for wich she received a diploma of honorable mention. It now stands in the governor's parlor in the capitol in this city.

Miss Goodwin is spending the winter in New York City and in a recent letter from there says:—"I am hoping to gain a great deal by my experience of the past and my study and work in the present." She is full of enthusiasm, a tireless worker and a lovely woman. She comes of a fine old Indiana family and we have every reason to expect much of her in the future. We have the privilege of presenting some pictures of Miss Goodwin and her work.

HANS O. STECHHAN,
an Indianapolis boy who took the part of Claudio in the Student Play at Indiana University.

THE LAST CLASS.

Translated from the French of Daudet by Miss Esther Day Jordan.

On this particular morning I was very late in starting for school, and was very much afraid of being scolded, because M. Hamel had told us that he would examine us on participles and I didn't know the first word. In a minute the idea came to me to "cut" the class, and make my way to the country.

The weather was so beautiful, so clear! One could hear the blackbirds warbling on the edge of the forest; and in Rippert field, behind the saw-mill the Prussians were drilling. All this tempted me more than the rule of participles, but I had the strength to resist, and ran rapidly to school.

Passing before the mayor's office I saw that everyone had stopped in front of a little bulletin-board. For the last two years, all the bad news, the battles lost, the calls to battle, the orders of the governor of the garrison, had been posted here; and I thought I would stop.

"What's the trouble here?"

Then as I crossed the square, still running, the black-smith Wachter, who with his apprentice was where he could read the bill cried to me—

"Do not hasten so fast, my boy; you will be early enough for school."

I thought he was making fun of me, and I entered the little court of M. Hamel's school all out of breath.

Ordinarily there was at the beginning of the recitation, such a noise it could be heard from the street, the desks being opened and closed; the lessons being repeated in shrill voices and in concert, the eyes closed in order to learn better, and the great rule of the master tapping on the tables:

"A little silence please."

I counted upon this noise for reaching my seat without being seen; but just on this particular day everything was quiet as a Sunday morning. Through the open window I saw my companions already seated in their places, and M. Hamel walking up and down with his terrible iron ruler under his arm. You can imagine how red and frightened I was!

But no. M. Hamel looked at me without anger, and said to me very kindly, "Go quickly to your place, little Franz; we were about to begin without you." I strode to my seat, and sat down at my desk quickly. Then only, a little of my fright returned; I noticed that our master had on his beautiful green swallow-tail, his finely plaited frill, and his beautiful black silk skull-cap that he only wore on inspection or pay days. As to the rest, all the class was affected by something extraordinary and solemn. But what surprised me most was to see seated at the end of the room, on the benches which were usually vacant, the village people, silent as we; old Hauser with his three-cornered hat, the ancient mayor, the ancient postman and still other people. Every one there seemed sad; and Hauser had brought an old primer snatched in a hurry, which he held open on his knees, with his large spectacles across the pages.

While I was wondering at all this, M. Hamel seated himself in his chair, and in the same sweet grave voice with which he had received me, said to us: "My children, this is the last time that I shall teach your class. The order has come from Berlin that only a German shall teach in the schools of Alsace and Lorraine. The new master will arrive tomorrow. Today is your last lesson in French—I beg you to be very attentive."

These few words upset me. Oh! misery—this was what had been posted at the mayor's office.

My last lesson in French!

And I who scarcely knew how to write! I should never learn anything now! I must now limit myself to——!

How I wished now for lost time, the classes missed while hunting birds' nests, or sliding on the Saar. My book that had just seemed so tiresome, so heavy to carry, my grammar, my precious history seemed now like old friends with whom it was very hard to part. It was the same way with M. Hamel. The thought that he was going to leave, that I should not see him again, made me forget his punishments and the taps of his ruler.

Poor man!

It was in honor of this last class that he had put on his beautiful Sunday clothes, and now I understood how the elders of the village came to be seated at the end of the room. It was as if they regretted that they should not

MISS ESTHER DAY JORDAN.

come any more to this school. It seemed to be their purpose to thank our master for his forty years of good services, and to pay their respects, in behalf of the country which he was now leaving.

I had reached this point in my reflections when I heard my name called. It was my turn to recite. What would I not have given to be able to say all this long famous rule of participles, loud and clear, without a mistake; but I became confused at the first words, and I remained standing balancing on my bench, my heart swelling, without daring to raise my head. I heard M. Hamel say to me—"I will not scold you, little Franz. You ought to be sufficiently punished—this is how it happened. All day you said to yourself: 'Bah! I have plenty of time. I will learn it tomorrow.' And now you see what has happened—Ah! it was the great misfortune of our Alsace that she always put off instruction until tomorrow. Now these people will have the right to say to us:—'How! you pretend to be French and you know neither how to speak nor write your own language!'—In all this, my poor Franz you are not the only one to blame. We can all reproach ourselves."

"Your parents have not compelled you to listen to instruction. They prefer to send you to work in the field or at spinning that they may have more. For myself, have I nothing with which to reproach myself? Have I not often had you water my garden instead of studying? And when I wished to go to fish for trout did I incommode myself by giving you a play day?"

One thing after another M. Hamel said to us in French, saying that it was the most beautiful language in the world, the clearest and most substantial; that we must treasure it among ourselves and never forget it, because when a people fell into slavery they kept their language because it was the key to their prison. Then he took our grammar and read our lesson to us. I was surprised to find how much I understood. All that he said seemed to me easy, easy. I believe, too, that I had never paid so much attention, that he had never explained things with so much patience. Some one has said the poor man wished to give us all he knew, to make us learn it in one single lesson.

The lesson finished we passed on to our writing. For this day M. Hamel had prepared us entirely new examples, above which he had written in a beautiful round hand: "France, Alsace, France, Alsace." This too, was on the little flags which floated all around the class, hung in the triangle of our desks. The master had to see how each one applied himself; and what silence! Nothing could be heard but the grating of the pens on the paper. Once some May-bugs flew in, but no one paid any attention, even all the little children applied themselves to tracing up and down strokes with all their might, as if that too were French. On the roof of the school, the very pigeons cooed softly and seemed to say as I listened, "Shall we not be obliged to sing German too?"

From time to time as I raised my eyes from the pages, I would see M. Hamel immovable in his chair and looking fixedly at the objects about him, as if he wished to carry in his memory all his little school home. Think! During forty years he had been in the same place, with the school-yard in front of him and each class like all the others. Even the benches and the desks were polished, rubbed smooth by usage; the walnut trees of the court had become huge, and the hop vines, which he himself had planted, twined clear up to the top of the windows. How heart-breaking it would be for this poor man to leave all these things. And he could hear his sister who was coming and going in the chamber above, locking their trunks, for they were going to depart the next day, to leave the country forever.

Always the same, he had the courage to continue our lesson to the end. After the writing, we had the history lesson. Then the little ones sang together their little ba, be, bi, bo, bu. At the other end of the room old Hauser had put on his spectacles, and holding the primer in both hands, he spelled the letters with the children. They could see that he, too, was applying himself; his voice trembled with emotion, and it was so droll to hear him that we didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Ah! how often I think of that last class.

Suddenly the church bell sounded the noon hour, then the Angelus. At the same moment, the trumpets of the Prussians, who were returning from drill, sounded under our windows. M. Hamel, very pale, rose from his chair. He had never seemed so large to me.

"My friends," he said, "my friends—I—I——" But something choked him. He could not finish his phrase.

Then he turned to the blackboard, took a piece of chalk, and trying with all his strength to keep up, he wrote as large as he could—"Long live France."

Then he remained there, his head resting against the wall, and without speaking, with his hand he motioned to us.

"It is the end—go away."

THE SAILOR'S SONG.

Give me a boat, a buoyant steed,
A sail, a thing of life,
A water wide, a summer sky
The elements in strife.

Then let the dashing waves come on,
The breezes fierce and strong,
I'll give them welcome one and all
And greet them with a song.

I love to see the threat'ning clouds
The lightning flashing bright,
The thunder's roll, it greets mine ear,
The storm gives me delight.

Secure I rest within my boat,
And ride the crested wave,
The elements on fury bent
Exultingly I brave.

I fear them not, I know them well
They hear'en to my song,
They carry me, their minstrel, free
On pinions swift along.

A thing of life, my boat speeds on,
Majestic and sedate,
I conquer wave, the tide, the storm;
The sea is my estate.

—Otto Stechhan.

These two jokes come from Logansport, whence a friend sends them to us with the assurance that they were really "said," not manufactured by the funny man.

Jack (to Estella, at whose birthday party he is a guest): "Your father tells me that that large elm tree in your yard is just your age."

Estella: "Yes, we are both twenty, but it has out grown me."

Jack: "True, but it has left you in the shade long ago."

—

And this,

A Sunday-school teacher asked a child for the Golden Text, "I and the Father are one." "Yes, and who is the Father?" asked she encouragingly. The child looked bewildered for a second and then replied, "The old man."

—

The wheel fever struck Logansport last summer, and raged with terrible force. Within a few weeks, eight new wheels were bought in one small neighborhood and other neighborhoods were just as bad. The spring will find many enthusiasts in this city.

POINTS BY PYKE.

Taking the children to see the Lilliputians is like taking them to the circus. It is surprising to see the depth of parental devotion at such time.

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The Marion Times copies Mrs. M. B. Grey's "Snap Shots" from THE INDIANA WOMAN with a complimentary notice.

—

The notice of the Bloomington, Indiana clubs in a recent number of this paper shows a great improvement in such work in that city in the past decade. Ten years ago, the only club Bloomington could boast was the Chautauqua Circle. Since then, it has progressed slowly but surely, and to judge from its programs, its clubs must be doing excellent work. This is an argument in favor of clubs.

—

Calling cards for 1898 seem to be designed solely with a view to economizing space. The name is engraved on a very thin piece of Bristol board. A married woman uses a card large and square, with her name, address and "at home" day, engraved thereon. The girl who is not "out" has a small card with simply her name thereon; after she is out, her card is larger and much like her mamma's. Sometimes the mother and daughter have one card which they use together. On these it is quite optional whether the address and at home day are mentioned. Widow's cards have a black border three-eighths of an inch in width.

—

"The little thief, she stole my heart,
And would not give it back.
And when I would have prisoned her
In bonds for life alack!
Her saving plea was that she was
A kleptomaniac!"

—

Some club members discovered the other day that a lover of George Meredith can not endure to hear him criticised. This prose Browning was the subject under discussion at a certain Indianapolis club. Some people didn't like him and were frank enough to say so. This "deeply pained" some others. Moral, all similar subjects should be excluded from club programs. You may abuse Tennyson, or Dickens or Thackeray or golf, or impressionistic painting; but you must not say unkind things about George Meredith or Tolstoi. Their worshippers demand that every one else approach with the "reverence of unshodden feet." If not, he must stay without the temple.

—

At Supper: "What can I get you, Mrs. Malaprop?"

Mrs. Malaprop: "I think I'll have a little guillotine of chicken please."

A charming Indianapolis woman who has gone South, has been delighting her friends with letters descriptive of the anything but delightful times she has been having. She has written a most entertaining letter for THE INDIANA WOMAN which we hope soon to share with our readers.

—

A rose, it is said should always be placed on the table of every man who writes, as it refreshes the brain. If this is true it is a good thing that roses are so high priced as to be unattainable to the poor and literary. In this way, fewer brains will be stimulated, and there will not be so likely to be an over-production of reading matter.

Ada: "Why does Clara speak of George as 'her intended?' Are they engaged?"

Alice: "No, but she intends that they shall be?"

—

It is sometimes a disadvantage to be too clever. A charming Indianapolis woman who has a score of talents which she does not use because she is too rich to have need to, and is therefore sensible enough to leave the field to people who need to cultivate it, is always being accused of things she has not done. If a particularly clever story on some friends gets into the papers, she is at once accused by her friends of having written it. At first this amused her, later it annoyed her. Now her friends who are wise, avoid the subject, and sometimes she almost wishes that she did not have the reputation of being clever.

—

The silver mail boxes are not quite such blots on the landscape as were the red ones. Although governmental objects are usually ugly, let it be said to the credit of our government that it is willing to experiment until it hits upon something pleasing to the public eye.

—

Many young women of our city have been wearing the four-leaf clover charm. Some of them have expressed surprise that they have as yet experienced no good luck. No wonder. Know you not yet, fair maids, that she who would get good luck from the four-leaved clover, must find it herself? Keep your locket, but when spring comes, go forth along the highways and byways until the four-leafed clover comes into your range of vision. Pluck it, press it, and get the jeweler to slip it into your charm. Then and not until then expect your good luck.

—

If you want to be absolutely sure, however, of the man you are to wed, put the locket in your shoe. The first man you walk with after so doing, will one day be your husband.

—

One girl is so convinced of the truth of this, that one day last summer she turned back three times to avoid walking with a man she does not like. She wanted to assist fate in arranging her future. She is not married yet; she may never be. Fate does not like to be assisted. Take warning, girls.

—

There is a North Meridian street matron who looks very much like Miss Rooke, who plays Mercia in the "Sign of the Cross." Her features are very similar, and if she were made up cleverly I believe any one who saw the play would agree with me. No, I did not mention her name. That is for my readers to guess.

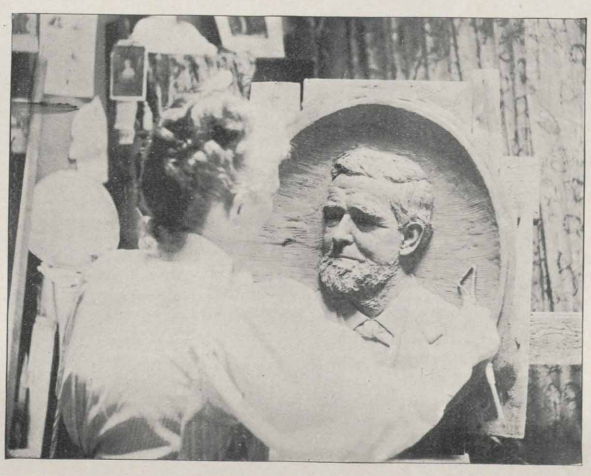
—

I saw some frightful styles of hair-dressing at the theater the other night. They were on women who could afford to go to the hair-dressers, too. The styles were supposed "pompadours." It was not hard to tell that it was home-done hair-dressing, and it was so dreadful that it distracted attention from the stage. The unhappy observer almost longed for the theater hat, instead.

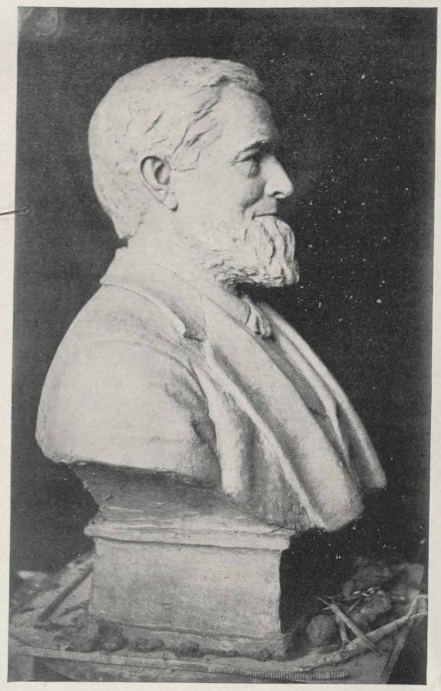
—

That was a most charming story of Mr. George Cottman's in the News last week, entitled "Poor Jonathan Cool." Mr. Cottman possesses the happy faculty of writing as though he were an eye witness of the events he describes. His style is charming and he is perfectly familiar with Indiana history and Indiana legends and Indiana scenery. If ever he chooses to write a history of Indiana, it will be worth reading.

PYKE.



MISS GOODWIN AT WORK ON THE BUST OF VICE-PRESIDENT COLFAX.



VICE-PRESIDENT COLFAX FOR SENATE CHAMBER, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Stray Tales of the Town.

Some years ago, an Indiana Professor was elected to a still higher position in another state. When he left town for Indianapolis he bore under one arm a large parcel wrapped in paper, and in the other hand a bushel basket, of the kind used by grocers with a small handle on each side. Over the basket was carefully tied an old kitchen apron.

"What have you in that basket?' asked a friend who met him on the train, wondering if the great man was carrying his lunch in that primitive fashion.

"Well," responded he, "we had an old cat and some kittens and I didn't want to turn her loose on the world, so I thought I'd take her up to Indianapolis and try to find her a home there. She's in the basket."

The friend never learned the sequel of the story. It would certainly be interesting to know whether he found the home, or whether the cat and her kits had to accompany him on his long journey.

—

There is one charming Indianapolis young woman who always carries American Beauty roses. Indeed, her friends say she carrirs them on the slightest provocation, and sometimes without any provocation. Once this winter at a little company at her home some one remarked to her, "What lovely roses! American Beauties must be favorites of yours, you always carry them."

At which the young woman blushed, faltered, and at last said, "Well, perhaps they are some one else's favorite flower!"

Since then, her girl friends are watching her flowers with great interest. They think a man's devotion pretty serious when he provides such expensive flowers so frequently.

—

They were talking about the insolence of bicyclers. "Last summer," said one man, "a man who was riding on the sidewalk, ran into my dog and got the worst of the encounter. Then he wanted to sue me for damages. 'Look here,' said I, 'my dog is licensed to run on the sidewalk, and you're not.' That settled him. He said nothing more."

—

An Indianapolis lawyer was complaining of a Judge in another Indiana town. "He's too sleepy to talk about," said he disgustedly. "The other day, Lawyer A. made a long speech in which he stated his case. Then B., his opponent, took his turn. When B. concluded, the Judge aroused himself, looked around and told A. that he would like to hear his opinions on the case. That's the way they deal out justice over there," said he.

NEXT WEEK AT THE THEATERS.

AT ENGLISH'S OPERA HOUSE.

DeWolf Hopper and his excellent company returns to English's Opera House next Tuesday evening in successful "El-Capitan," for two nights and a matinee. Two nights seem all too short a stay for those who will naturally desire to see and hear the opera again. On the occasion of Mr. Hopper's return visit, "El-Capitan," the pretty opera will be presented on a more elaborate scale,—if such a thing is possible,—than when initially presented last season for its hitherto sumptuous scenic environment has been made more elaborate by skillful re-touching, many new and novel properties have been provided, and to the bewildering display of showy costumes, costumer Dazian has added several new and elaborate gowns for each of the principals, as well as for the more prominent members of the chorus.

From all reports the comedian's tour of last season must have been a highly successful one, for the efforts of both star and principals, the sumptuous stage production and vocal beauties of opera, were highly spoken of on all sides, and everyw here it was an unchanging story of crowded houses and well pleased audiences. "El-Capitan's" a histrionic luminary, and although one of the best comic-opera comedians now before the public, with a large following all over the country, naturally enough would be able to attract attention in almost any work he chose to present, but in "El-Capitan" he found a prize winner, and one that has had but few equals.

Mr. Hopper's engagement is limited to two nights only, Tuesday and Wednesday with a Wednesday matinee. Hopper's manager has engaged the When band to take part in the stirring finales during the engagement here.

—

DeWolf Hopper's followers, that is those that admire his clever comedy methods and his resonant baritone voice, rejoice in his courage. He has at last rebelled against the demand of the galleries to recite "Casey at the Bat." When the comedian began to give that baseball epic on special occasions it was enjoyable. One could hear it with pleasure twice. On the third or fourth repetition it became wearisome. The forty-seventh repetition was a nuisance and endangered the immortal souls of many people of profane inclinations in the audience. Why the Gods on high Olympus wanted "Casey," at every performance, was never understandible, still less why Mr. Hopper yielded to the demand. For years he has been plainly tired of it, and never pretended to be otherwise. At first he used to deliver the mock-heroic lines with evident gusto. Latterly he rattled them off with breathless rapidity as if in haste to finish a disagreeable task, and it was painfully evident to the better class of theater-goers who happened to be among the audience, that the gallery gods when they called for "Casey," had no real desire for it, and even out on the Pacific Coast, where it was thought "Casey" had never been heard of, there came a vociferous demand for the recitation. Mr. Hopper's speeches between acts, are much more enjoyable. Old timers say that he is the legitimate successor of "Dundreary" Sothern in that respect, just as Sothern was the successor of John Brougham. It is high time to bury "Casey," not to praise him. "El-Capitan" minus silly and meaningless interpolation, is quite good enough for theater-goers.

—

John Philip Sousa, the well-known musician, draws royalties from the sale of his marches, yearly on an average, the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars, and in addition to this snug sum, divides weekly about eight hundred dollars with Charles Klein, the librettist of DeWolf Hopper's brilliant opera, "El-Capitan," to say nothing of the earnings of his superb band, of which he gets the lion's share. This is a pretty big change for a man, who half a dozen years ago, was conducting Marine Band concerts on the White House grounds at a salary of thirty dollars a week. One day, when he had spent twelve years in the service of the Government, he asked for an appropriation to increase the efficiency of his band. It was refused, and some one offering to organize a band for him to tour the country with, he accepted the proposition and began a new and profitable career, the first three months netting him seven thousand dollars. His second opera, "The Bride Elect," which he has sold to Klaw & Erlanger and Ben Stevens, will be brought out on February 3rd in Boston, where "El-Capitan" first saw the light. Sousa comes naturally by his musical ability, his father who was a Spaniard, having been a musician of some repute in Saragossa. His mother was a Maryland lady, and he was born in Washington.

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This year's cast is precisely the same as when the opera was presented here last season, with the single exception of Bertha Waltzinger who has resumed her old position in the company, and including Edna Wallace-Hopper, Alice Hosmer, Edmund Stanley, Alfred Klein and others. The same large and efficient chorus of fifty voices will surround the star and principals, who have been provided with new costumes. The supreb stage settings, which last season proved such a potent factor in "El-Capitan's" success, have been entirely repainted.

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MADELEINE LUCETTE RYLEY'S PLAYS.

The coming presentation of "The Mysterious Mr. Bugle" at English's will give local theater-goers another opportunity of seeing the brilliant work of Madeleine Lucette Ryley whose many successes have been the talk of the American stage during the last two years. From a financial standpoint, her greatest success perhaps is "An American Citizen" which she wrote for Mr. Nat Goodwin. It recently finished an engagement of eleven weeks in New York during which time it played to very nearly one hundred thousand dollars.

With this exception, "The Mysterious Mr. Bugle" is undoubtedly her most popular play. It is unlike anything else she has written in that it does not attempt a serious story but is only designed to amuse, for which reason it is called a farce, although the average playgoer would call it a comedy. It is a farce nevertheless for it depends solely upon its humor for its interests. It has been remarked by many of the critics that until Mrs. Ryley created "Mr. Bugle," the meaning of modern farce seemed to be another word for coarseness and vulgarity, but this popular playwright has proved the possibility of making a farce excruciatingly funny without giving offense to one's intelligence or self respect.

Indianapolis play-goers have already put their stamp of approval on this merry play, for it was presented here during the very hot spell in the early part of the season and even then it drew large and enthusiastic audiences. It will be seen here with the same cast and of course with Mr. Joseph Holland at the head of the company.

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Charles Klein, in the character of the Eccentric Viceroy of Peru, in El-Capitan disguised as a swash—buckling soldier hero, and Sousa in his melodious score, certainly achieved a work which well bears repetition—coaxes a rehearsing in fact. New musical beauties come to light, while as for Mr. Hopper's "El-Capitan" it is an unfading delight. It is a decided pleasure to be able to listen again to the beautiful soprano of Miss Nella Bergen, in whom Mr. Hopper made a happy discovery. The chorus is excellent, and the mounting of the piece very picturesque. Since the recent production of Victor Herbert's opera of "The Serenade" it is interesting to compare with his chorale of monks and convent girls the mingled laughing and wailing chorus in the second act of "El Capitan."

—

Few men on the stage today have De Wolf Hopper's happy way of entertaining an audience by an "impromptu speech." He always has "something different" to say, and he invaribly puts his hearers in the best of humor. Perhaps no better fun can be imagined than "a few moments with DeWolf Hopper," in which space of time Mr. Hopper is quite capable of making a speech, singing a song, reciting seven nonsense verses and two jingles.

The tax books of Boston show that Lotta's (Miss Crabtree) real estate in that city is valued at $420,000. It is not to be wondered at, for she was on the stage long enough to have saved many times that amount.

—

The Mrs. Katherine Forsythe, late of Philadelphia, whose death was announced last week, was the mother of the well-known American actress, Kate Forsythe. Mrs. Forsythe died at her daughter's house in London on Wednesday, of paralysis.

MISS NELLA BERGEN.

DE WOLF HOPPER.

FLORAL PHOTOGRAPHY.

While the photography of flowers has been pronounced by at least one writer on photographic subjects to be one of the lowest forms of photographic work, I think all who have seriously attempted it will agree that it is not only one of the most difficult, but one of the most fascinating branches of art.

It differs from most other kinds of work, inasmuch as in portrait and figure, as well as landscape and marine, detail and definition may often with advantage be obscured, and many photographers deliberately work to effect this result either in the making of the negative or in the printing.

In floral work, however, unless the definition is perfect, reproducing the delicate veins and texture as well as the fairy-like form of the blossoms, the result may be considered a failure, and the negative had better be destroyed.

The first obstacle one finds when working with the larger size, say 8x10 is, that the lens being so near the subject the depth of focus is exceedingly narrow, even when using very small stops. This calls for much patience in arranging the bloom and I have often spent hours in arranging six or seven blossoms, while the photographic part of the work takes but little time. Yellow, white and pink flowers are my favorite colors for this work, and with these I prefer to use a black felt background which gives good contrast. After the group is roughly arranged, bring each individual flower into focus and best position for showing its beauty by means of black thread attached to it, and drawing it back or front, up or down, as the case requires. The lighting should be carefully considered. If one has a studio at his disposal with top and side light, the work is very much simplified, as by a little experiment with curtains and reflectors, the best lighting can readily be obtained.

Working by a window, however, as most of us amateurs are obliged to do, the proper lighting is not so easy to find. Several white card board reflectors, say 10x12, or even larger, here come in very useful. Select a window if possible with a working space on each side in preference to one in the corner of a room; and cover it with tissue paper or cheese cloth to diffuse the light. Arrange the flowers to be photographed about five or six feet from the window and about on a line with the side farthest from the camera. The background should be hung so far back that no shadow falls upon it. Of course, using black felt the shadow would not matter so much, but it is well to get in the habit of working properly.

Near the flowers and at the side opposite to the window, place one of the card board reflectors, at the angle which best lights up the deep shadows cast by the bright light. This angle can readily be found by moving the reflector with the hand, watching the flowers carefully at the same time and securing the card in position when the best result is found. Other reflectors can then be placed as appear desirable. The danger to be avoided is strong contrast.

My effort is towards flattening the lighting, as results always show a greater contrast than appear to the eye.

Of course, orthochromatic plates with a yellow screen are to be preferred, in fact must be used if best results are desired.

Now comes the exposure, which I consider a point of greatest importance. Don't be afraid of giving very full exposure. An editorial article in The Photographic Times published many years ago, first induced me to try floral photography. It stated that very little flower work had been done in this country, and suggested that amateurs should take it up, and make this a floral year, and that the results should be sent to the editor for reproduction.

I thought the idea a good one, and started in at once. After a few trials I produced negatives beautiful to look at, but, alas, absolutely useless for prints.

I had sufficient Scotch in my composition to persevere, and for many months experimented at every opportunity, always producing beautiful but useless negatives. One summer afternoon while at work I was called out of the room about some matter, and on my return more than an hour later, found my lens uncapped and slide drawn, and remembered that before leaving I had begun an exposure. As I had intended to expose about ten minutes, I of course concluded the plate was ruined, but nevertheless capped the lens, put it in the slide, and thought I might as well see what the result would be. I proceeded to develop, using a very weak developer, very strongly restrained with bromide; result, a very mean-looking negative, thin, of bad color, but full of detail, and the resulting print was just what I had been seeking. At this time, I was using the slow plates; now, working in my studio with plenty of light and fast plates, stop f-45, an exposure of from five to ten minutes is sufficient. Any one having a Watkin's exposure meter will find it very useful in this work. Get a full tint, calculate the exposure, and multiply the result by six to cover yellow screen and extra extension of bellows. Be careful about exposure to light of dark room when useing isochromatic plates. I cover my developing light with a curtain of ruby fabric attached at the upper corner by thumb tacks, and even then keep developing tray covered except when examining progress. And now if you have never tried to photograph flowers, I strongly advise you to do so at the first opportunity. Don't be discouraged if your first attempts are failures, keep on until success crowns your efforts, and you will have gained a new source of delight.—W. A. Fraser, in American Annual of Photography and Photographic Times Almanac.

NOTES.

Two very common errors made by beginners are over-exposure and under-development.

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When a plate has been much over-exposed the image will appear at once on applying the developer, though without any very distinct outlines, and it will disappear again almost immediately; such a negative will be lacking in contrast and the prints from it will be without distinct lights and shades.

—

When the image flashes into view at once, showing over-exposure, a small pinch of Bromide ammonia added to the developer will restrain its action and may save the negative; adding water to the developer will also retard its action.

—

If you anticipate that a plate has been over-exposed, commence development with a very weak developer and with less than the normal quantity of the alkali, by which is meant potash, soda or ammonia, whichever is used with pyro, hydrochinon, or eikonogen, as a developing agent.

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Miss Nettie Shover is one of the younger set of girls who has met with success in photography.

Mr. Francis J. Reinhard has met with success in outdoor floral photography. Some pictures he took last summer of flower beds and of a moonvine in blossom, were very beautiful.

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When a plate has not had sufficient exposure, the image will appear very slowly, the bright portions of the view appearing much before the darker portions and with strong contrasts; such a negative will be very vigorous, but will be lacking in detail.

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For an under exposed plate you will increase the quantity of the alkali solution to gain detail in the shadows.

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Architect John G. Thurtle is one of the most accomplishd amateurs in the city. He has traveled extensively and has photographed many scenes in many lands.

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When a plate has not had full exposure, and detail in the shadows comes very slowly, a very acceptable negative may sometimes be obtained by diluting the developer with three or four times its bulk of water and allowing the plate to remain in this for sometime; even as long as one or two hours in a very weak developer has been known to make a very good negative from a plate which, developed in the ordinary way would have been worthless.

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Horses seem to lend themselves readily to photography. Some of the best pictures submitted for the contest are pictures of horses. This animal is considered very intelligent; it is barely possible that he is bitten by vanity, as are his masters sometimes, and enjoys having his beauty preserved.

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When a negative is weak, flat, or lacking in vigor, it is frequently much benefited by intensifying, in which case proceed as follows:

Take sufficient amount of intensifier to cover the plate in a dish used only for that purpose. Then place the plate in the solution, taking care that the surface is entirely covered as quickly as possible. As soon as the film has attained an olive color, take the plate out for examination, and if the film appears to be changed from the smoky black to a yellowish olive color, wash the plate thoroughly, and place it on the rack to dry. When thoroughly dry make a proof by printing from it, and compare with previous proof; if sufficient intensity is not obtained, repeat the operation.

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Miss Leona Rudy and Mr. Sam Gold are among the recent acquisitions to our Photographic Club.

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Intensification may take place at once after fixing and washing, or at any subsequent time, at the pleasure of the operator.

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Not long ago THE INDIANA WOMAN gave a description of a "Camera Tea" given in another city. Why do not some photographic enthusiast, accept the suggestion, and give Indianapolis a similar one, at which their work may be seen?

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The intensifier must be thoroughly washed from the film, otherwise the image will entirely disappear in time.

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To make magic photographs, fix an albumen point in perfectly fresh hypo-solution and wash well, and soak it in a solution of 1 part bichloride of mercury, ¼ of a part of chloride of ammonia in 60 parts of water, till the photograph is bleached out. The picture will appear again when brought in contact with hypo-solution, or moistened blotting paper previously prepared with the fixing soda. To find the focal length of a lens, make two images of any object of convenient length, so that the difference between the images will be equal to some part of the object, making the position of the ground-glass on the base of the camera where each image is in focus. The distance between the two positions of the ground-glass thus found will be the same part of the focal length that the difference of the two images is of the object.

—

Varnishing a negative is generally unnecessary and is only done for the sake of protecting the face of the negative from scratching, which may occur from careless handling, but when you are satisfied that a negative possesses sufficient merit to warrant its preservation, dust carefully when thoroughly dry, and hold before a fire until quite warm; balance the negative on the end of the fingers of the left hand, face up, and put a small amount of the varnish on the face of the negative and flow it to each corner; avoid haste and do not go over the same portions of the plate twice; afterwards make the plate quite hot and keep at that temperature for some time to harden the film, holding it horizontally, and gently rocking to and fro to prevent the varnish from drying in lines or ridges.

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A transparency is a photograph on glass, and is, indeed, a most beautiful production, preserving more clearly the delicate lines of the negative than any other method of printing.

A transparency is made on a dry plate by printing in a similar manner to bromide paper.

Especial dry plates for transparencies are made by several plate makers; these plates being much slower working than those designed for use in the camera, as a slow plate makes a more brilliant transparency than a rapid one.

Lay a negative in the printing frame, same as for paper printing, and on this lay an unexposed dry plate, the film of each being in contact.

The exposure must be by artificial light, for should you use daylight there is danger of over-exposure.

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The length of exposure varies according to the negative, but with a medium negative the exposure will be approximately from five to ten seconds at two feet distant from a gas jet, or one foot from an oil lamp. Lighted matches are excellent for giving exposure; two or three lighted at once and held about a foot from the negative until they are consumed, will usually give plenty of exposure.

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After exposure the plate is developed in the same manner as though exposed in the camera, the hydrochinon or ferrous-oxalated developer being preferred to pyro; if pyro developer is used, the plate should be immersed in alum bath to clear it of the pyro stain.

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Transparencies are beautiful for window decorations and as lantern slides; if to be used for a window transparency it should be placed in a frame with ground-glass at the back for a mat. If used for a lantern, a piece of clear glass should be placed at the back and sealed together by means of a border of black needle paper.

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See that all solutions are properly labelled.

Keep all solutions in bottles, well stoppered.

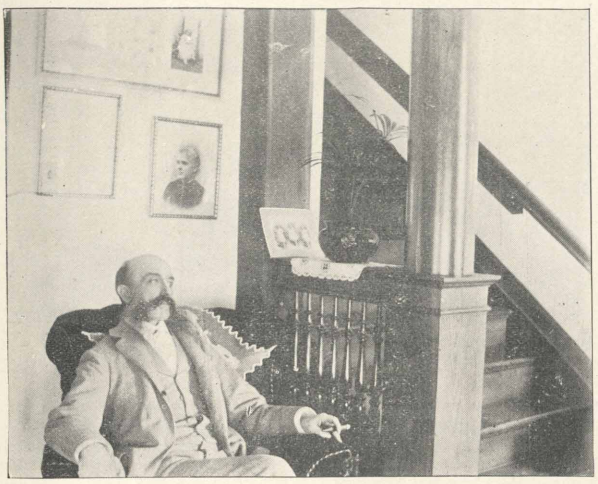
Lenses should always be kept carefully protected.

Keep plates in a cool, dry place, to prevent them from spoiling.

A quill pen makes a capital lifter for the plate during development.

TIME EXTENDED FOR ENTERING PICTURES

SEE NOTICE ON PAGE 15.



AN AFTER DINNER SMOKE.
Photo by F. W. Hanson. Entered for contest.

SEE-SAW—SEE-SAW.
Photo by Miss Belle Ramey. Entered for contest.

A FAMILY PET.
Photo by Charles A. Heron. Entered for contest.

PICKING ORANGE BLOSSOMS.
Photo by Mrs. Worth Merritt. Entered for contest.

A DUTCH LUNCH.
Flash Light by W. G. Chandler. Entered for contest.

JUNE ROSES.
Photo by Miss Gussie Brown. Entered for contest.

Mr. and Mrs. Wasson's Party.

On Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Wasson gave a large and brilliant party at the Propylaeum. The entire building was thrown open for the occasion and the decorations were elaborate. In the assembly room southern smilax was used in profusion, the walls being almost entirely covered, while intermingled among the greens were myriads of incandescent-lamps with red globes. The mantle was banked with palms and vines, behind which red lights were concealed. Across the platform was a lattice-work of fish net elaborately decorated with smilax, which partially concealed the orchestra. Punch was served in one corner of the assembly hall. There was dancing throughout the evening. The balcony was decorated to resemble a Turkish room, and there the men were given an opportunity to smoke. The small room adjoining was decorated with holly and made attractive for those who did not care to dance. Both parlors were used for supper rooms. Palms and smilax decorated the rooms and in the centre of each table was a basket of pink roses. Pink and green were the colors used in the decorations and refreshments. Both mantels were banked with palms and foliage plants. Palms were used to decorate the hall and stairs leading to the assembly hall.

Receiving with Mr. and Mrs. Wasson were their daughter, Miss Grace Wasson and their son, Mr. Frederick Wasson, and they were assisted in entertaining by Mrs. G. W. Black, Mrs. Millard, Mrs. John Carey, Mrs. Charles Sayles, Mrs. W. I. Richards, Mrs. Samuel Reid, Mrs. Theo. Varney, Mrs. J. K. Sharpe, jr. Mrs. W. H. Coleman, Mrs. William Haiesen. There were many visiting guests including Miss Gilbert of Utica, Miss Swayze of Connecticut, Mrs. Eugene Baum of Brooklyn, Mrs. Shalcross of Louisville, Miss Hawthorne of Portland and Mr. Wright of Grand Rapids.

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Mrs. Tutewiler's Reception.

Mrs. Tutewiler was the hostess for a reception on Wednesday afternoon. Assisting in receiving were Miss Tutewiler, Mrs. V. W. Woodard, Mrs. J. S. Berryhill, Mrs. Dr. Bacon, Mrs. C. W. Tutewiler, Mrs. Charles Baggs, Miss Gertrude Goodhart, Miss Katherine Dunn and Miss Lora Bryner of Peoria The decorations in the parlors were palms and pink roses in the coffee room American Beauty roses and red carnations. On the dining table was a vase of Bermuda lilies; scattered over the table were yellow and white tulips. Assisting in the dining room were Miss Anna Smith, Mrs. Isaac Dunn, of Andersonville, Mrs. J. P. Dunn, Miss Julia Brown, Mrs. A. V. Brown and Mrs. H. D. Tutewiler. Assisting in the coffee room were Mrs. Fred Evans, of Noblesville, Miss Charlotte Paddock, Miss Adah Connor, Miss Clara Hawkins and Miss Edna Green. A number of young ladies from Depauw were present, among whom were Miss Francis Arnold, Miss Myrtle Ridpath, Miss Arta Smythe, Miss Edna Hamilton and Miss Mary Louise Harrison of Lebanon.

—

Mrs. Fleener's Tea

Mrs. Daniel F. Fleener was the hostess for a beautiful tea last Tuesday afternoon at her residence in North Meridian street. The house was profusely decorated in palms and cut flowers. In the large reception hall green and yellow predominated, the lights being shaded with yellow crepe paper. In the swell window was a mass of palms, tulips and jonquils. The connecting parlors were in blue. In the dining room red and green were employed in the decorations. On the dining table was a basket of ferns and red tulips. Ribbons of crepe paper were festooned from the chandelier to each corner of the room. The cakes and ices in red and green carried out the color scheme. Coffee was served in the Oriental room. Mrs. Fleener was assisted in receiving by Mrs. W. E. Forker of Chicago, Mrs. W. S. Moore,of Greensburg and Mrs. A. G. Selman. Assisting in the various rooms were Mrs. Charles Zion, of Lebanon, Mrs. Edward Hutchinson, Mrs. John E. Pounds, Mrs. E. M. Neal, Mrs. A. P. Hendrickson, Mrs. T. V. Shuler, Mrs. Charles Shepard and Miss Shepard, Mrs. William Wilcox, the Misses Bradley, Miss Lehman and Miss Kate Lehman, of Greenfield, Miss Weller, of Chicago and Miss Venn. Marone played during the afternoon. There were several guests from out of town present.

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Mrs. John M. Winters' "Afternoon."

Mrs. James M. Winters entertained informally on Thursday afternoon for her sister, Mrs. Baum, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Mrs. Claude Matthews, of Clinton, Ind. The ladies were invited to listen to an original story by Mrs. Ovid Butler Jameson entitled "In June." Mrs. Winters was assisted in entertaining by Mrs. Geo. G. Tanner and Mrs. Thomas L. Sullivan. The out-of-town guests present were Miss McMechen, of Clinton, Ind., Mrs. Stillwell, of Lafayette and Mrs. Stevens, of Reading, Pa.

INTERIOR VIEW HARRY B. SMITH'S RESIDENCE.
Photo by J. W. Van Trees.

INTERIOR VIEW HARRY B. SMITH'S RESIDENCE.
Photo by J. W. Van Trees.

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Organ Recital.

Prof. W. H. Donley gave the first of a series of five organ recitals at Memorial Presbyterian church last Tuesday evening. The program which was miscellaneous, was well received. The Memorial Oratorio Society sang with Professor Donley "My Love Dwelt in a Northern Land" (Elgar,) and "The Hungarian Dance." The program for the evening consisted of eight numbers. They were: Overture, "Euryanthe," (Weber;) "A Dream of Mozart", (Shaw;) "Caprice in B. flat, (Guilmanp;) "My Love Dwelt in a Northern Land," (Elgar;) "Hungarian Dance," (Brahms;) "Serenade," (Schubert;) "L'Argonaise" from "Le Cid," (Massenet;) "Marche Pontificale," (Hogg.) During the recitals exclusive Wagnerian and French programs will be rendered.

—

Mr. and Mrs. Cockrum's Reception to the Bar Association.

A beautiful reception to the Indianapolis Bar Association and other friends was given at the Denison House on Thursday evening of this week by Mr. and Mrs. John S. Cockrum. Mr. Cockrum is the General Attorney of the L. E. & W. R. R. Co., and a member of the Indianapolis Bar Association. Two hundred invitations were issued. Mr. and Mrs. Cockrum were assisted by Mr. and Mrs. William T. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Denny, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Scholz, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Dryer, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest R. Keith, Mr. and Mrs. John L. Griffiths, Mr. Nathan Morris, Miss Bertha Roney, the Misses Minnie and Frieda Scholz and Miss Freda Cockrum. The reception was one of the most elaborate and beautiful ever given the Bar Association.

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Minerva Club.

A large number of invitations were issued by the Minerva Club to listen to an address by Mr. E. P. Brown, Editor of "The Ram's Horn," entitled, "Through Borrowed Spectacles," last Wednesday evening at the Propylaeum. At the close of the lecture ice cream in various forms was served by the members of the club. Green and white, the club colors, predominated in the decorations and programs. Ribbon rosettes of green and white were worn by the ladies in their hair. The guests were received by the officers of the club. Mrs. W. B. Judah rendered several instrumental numbers and Miss Ida Sweenie sang.

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Kappa Meeting.

A meeting was held this afternoon at the residence of Miss May Brayton, 2113 Broadway, of associate and alumnae members of The Kappa Kappa Gamma Fraternity. A constitution committee was appointed and officers elected. Representatives from Butler, Franklin, Depauw and Bloomington were present. There will be other meetings which all Kappas are urged to attend.

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People and Events.

Mrs. John R. Pearson and Mrs. Horace Smith entertained thirty ladies at a coffee on Wednesday afternoon. The parlor was beautifully decorated with American Beauty roses, the drawing room with carnations and ferns. The dining room was decorated in lavender and yellow, violets and yellow ribbon being used in the table decorations. The name cards consisted of lavender ribbons with names printed in yellow. Mrs. Pearson and Mrs. Smith were assisted by Mrs. J. T. Dickson, Mrs. W. C. Dickson and Miss Nelda Dickson, of Terre Haute. Among the out-of-town guests were Mrs. Harrison, of Chicago, Miss Parks, of Martinsville and Mrs. Olive Hapgood, of Cleveland. On Friday afternoon the same ladies entertained at euchre, there being twenty-four tables. In the drawing room the mantel was banked with maiden-hair ferns and palms, asparagus vine was twined about the stair-case. Guests from a distance were Miss Stone, who is visiting Mrs. Dr. Hammond, Mrs. Will Kettenbach and Miss Matthews.

A meeting of the Clio Club was held last week at the home of Judge Harper in N. Delaware street. Mrs. Rowland Evans read a paper on the "Music of Shakespeare" illustrated by selections from his songs: the first number from "Midsummer Night's Dream," by Miss Carrie Herbst, of Madison, Indiana. The second "Orpheus and His Lute," by Mrs. Philip Goetz. Mrs. John Riley gave Ophelia's songs, on the flute,responding to an encore with a song from Othello. Miss Herbst played an original composition on the piano, entitled "Far Away." The serving of refreshments closed a pleasant afternoon.

Mrs. Harriet A. Bingham has issued invitations to the marriage of her daughter Edith Louise and Mr. John Valentine Dittemore on Wednesday, February 16, at eight o'clock, at Christ Church. The "at home" cards read, "Thursdays, the seventeenth and twenty-fourth days of March, 1709 N. Pennsylvania street."

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Herod, and child, who have been living in Japan, where Mr. Herod has been secretary of the legislation for several years, will sail for home May 6, on a leave of absence. They will spend a few weeks in California before coming to this city.

Mr Harry Rolling of Capitol ave., N. was surprised Tuesday evening by his friends who came in to celebrate his twentieth birthday. Mr Ben G Scoville, the elocutionist, gave some very interesting recitations.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Taggart will give a card party Monday evening for ex-Governor and Mrs. Matthews. Mrs. Matthews will receive with Mrs Taggart at her regular at home on Tuesday afternoon.

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER

Drives off old age; restores lost color to the hair; gives it the richness and gloss of youth; prevents baldness. No dandruff.

We take pleasure in presenting to our readers today, the pictures of the three Indianapolis boys who took part in the Student Play at Bloomington, with such credit to themselves. Next week we will give pictures of the the groups taken in costume, which was crowded out this week.

Miss Mary Shipp was in Lafayette last week, where she attended the Ankeny-Levering reception, one of the most brilliant social events of the season in that city. Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Griffiths and Messrs. J. D. Thompson and D. C. Braden of this city also attended the reception.

Miss Esther Day Jordan, whose picture appears on page 3, is the clever young translator of our story, "The Last Class." Miss Jordan is a charming and accomplished young woman and very popular with her many friends.

Mrs. Oran Perry gave a small tea this afternoon for Mrs. John Saunders Duncan. Mrs. Perry was assisted by Mrs. W. P. Fishback and Mrs. C. C. Foster. Mrs. T. W. Bennett, of Richmond was present. Mrs. Bennett will be Mrs. Perry's guest for one week.

Prof. Glenn L. Swiggett of Purdue University, well-known in this city, lectured on Monday evening, in Louisville, Kentucky, on "German and English; a Study in the Language."

At the next meeting of the Portfolio Club on Thursday, February 10, instead of following the program, the entertainment will consist of "picture poses" from the old masters.

Miss Edith Castle, contralto, who is to give a song recital in Lafayette next week, will sing the Offertory at the First Baptist church next Sunday morning.

Mrs E B McOuat will give a reception and dancing party at the Propylaeum February Fourteenth, in honor of Mr and Mrs Robert L McOuat.

The engagement of Miss Mary Ffoulke of Richmond, Indiana, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Dudley Ffoulke, and Mr. James W. Morrison of that city, has been announced.

WEDDING PRESENTS

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11-3m J. D. BRUNNER, Prop.

Miss Clad Graham, of Evansville is in the city the guest of Mrs. Charles Hurst and Mr. and Mrs. Tucker. She will remain until the first of March.

On our cover page this week is the picture of eighteen-month-old Orin Roger Lake, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ansil Lake, of Bellefontaine street.

Mr. Charles F. Coffin addressed the Sunday School workers of West Lafayette last week. His subject was "The Sunday School Idea."

Mrs. Stevens, of Reading, Pa., who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. John W. Holtzman, ls the guest of Mrs. Coleman for a week.

Miss Rose Burner has returned to her home in Worthington after a few weeks' visit in the city with relatives and friends.

Mrs. May Wright Sewall will not observe her Wednesdays at home during the month of February.

Mrs. A. A. Wilkinson is spending a fortnight in Lafayette, the guest of Mrs. Curtis and Mrs. Johnson.

Dr. Edwin Walker, of Evansville, who attended a medical association here, has returned home.

Mrs Shallcross, of Louisville is visiting Mrs Frank Janes in North Delaware street.

Mrs Phil Mitchell, of Rock Island, will come this month to visit Mrs Henry S Fraser.

Mr. John L. Griffiths, Mr. Frank Hord and Mr. H. Spaan were in West Baden last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixon Edgerton are in Fort Wayne, the guests of Mr. and Mrs A. H. Bittenger.

Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Crissey, of Chicago is the guest of Mrs. Harriet Augusta Prunk.

The Neptune Club will give its second dance at Brenneke's Academy, February 11.

Mrs. Wiseman is in Richmond, Ind., the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Tiffany.

Miss Emily Elliott, of Cincinnati, came Thursday to visit Miss Hannah Erwin.

Miss Mary Louise Harrison, of Lebanon is the guest of Miss Hattie Tutewiler.

Mrs. Benjamin Minor has issued invitations for a reception February 15.

Dr. M. L. Haines lectured at the State University on Tuesday of this week.

Mrs. Jane Berkey is in Lafayette, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George Rogers.

Rev. H. G. Griffin is visiting his father, William Griffin in Bloomington.

Mr. O. H. Cravens, of Bloomington spent Tuesday in Indianapolis.

Mr Jesse Blair and family will leave tomorrow for Phoenix, Ariz.

Miss Edith Daniels will come this week to visit Miss Edith Bingham.

Mrs. J. S. McCurdy and children of Ft. Wayne are visiting in the city.

Miss Mary Hicks is in Terre Haute, the guest of Mrs. Harry Carey.

Mrs. Stillwell, of Lafayette is the guest of Mrs. Bement Lyman.

Miss Violet Coen of Chicago is the gues of Miss Helen Armstrong.

Mr. John D. Thompson returned from Lafayette on Monday.

Mr. R. P. Van Camp is spending the week at West Baden.

Miss Wilson, of Evansville is visiting friends in this city.

Mr. Laurie Brown spent Sunday in Hartford City.

Mr. John E. Scott has gone to Texas on a business trip.

Miss Myla Coburn is visiting friends in St Louis.

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Established 1853.

Sole Agents for BUTTERICK PATTERNS.

Wool Gowns $8

Silk Gowns $9 and $10

Separate Skirts $4.50

Separate Waists $4.50

This is the range of prices that has enabled our new Dressmaking Department to attain almost instant popularity. This department is scarcely more than a month old, yet it is abnormally busy for this season of the year. As several ladies have said—"It is the very thing that Indianapolis has needed for a long time." You are welcome at any time to come down and talk over the matter for a new gown.

NOTE—This department has no connection with our regular dressmaking department, which will continue as before, under the direction of MISS MARY TRIMBLE, who is the leading modiste in this city.

—Fifth Floor.

WHITING'S STATIONERY PETTIS DRY GOODS CO. EASTMAN'S CAMERAS

Amateur Photographers
See Page 9

Aladdin

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INDIANA CLUBS AND THEIR WORK.

EDITED BY MRS. HARRIET W. KITTS.

ON WOMEN'S NAMES—ANOTHER CHAPTER.

To know how to write ones name properly, is for a woman a liberal education. She may write it a dozen different ways under a dozen different conditions; but each condition has its own particular way, and according to her ability to fit the way to the condition, is her social standing gauged.

When Mary Smith marries John Brown, she will, if she is one of the elect, have her cards engraved Mrs. John Henry Brown. Mrs. John H. Brown is commonplace, and Mrs. J. H. Brown, plebeian. But if she writes a note to an acquaintance and signs it Mrs. John Henry Brown or Mrs. John H. Brown, or Mrs. J. H. Brown, she is confessedly and unpardonably vulgar. A social law as immutable as that of the Medes and Persians, forbids her ever to place "Mrs." before her name, although she must insist that others shall place it there. She herself must remain "Yours Sincerely, Mary Brown;" or if she be a modern woman with a leaning towards individuality,she may like to retain something of her identity by remaining "Mary Smith Brown." If as Mary Smith she had reason to be proud of colonial or ante-colonial lineage, or if her family is one that has achieved great distinction, she may even like to hyphen the Smith-Brown, though truth to say, few as yet have had the temerity to thus embroider their names. If Mary Brown unhappily becomes a widow, she must never cease to publicly proclaim the sad fact in her cards, which are no longer engraved Mrs. John Henry Brown, but Mrs. Mary Smith Brown, and finally when Mary Brown becomes a club woman, all these immutable laws are pitched headlong into a cauldron, and the one that happens to boil up first is the one adopted.

Women who understand the intricacies of the name problem, resort to all manner of devices in compromising between their unwillingness to commit a social blunder and their desire to give correspondents a correct address. They will sign their names "(Mrs.) Mary Smith Brown," or perhaps "(Mrs. J. H.) Mary S. Brown," or possibly "Mary Brown" with "Mrs. James Henry Brown" at the lower corner of the page.

Now why should club women, particularly club women, who are nothing if not sensible, put up with such a cumbersome vehicle of womenclature? Why do they lend countenance to such an intricate method which only traps the unwary and puzzles the unfamiliar? Why should they be called upon, anyway, to publish family affairs every time they use their names?—but that's still another chapter.

PEN PORTRAITS.

Mrs. Viola Scott Heaton, president of the "Shakespeare" of Knightstown, was one of the charter members of the club, was, indeed, the instigator of the movement which resulted in its organization. Mrs. Heaton's life has been spent in and near Knightstown. She has always taken a practical interest in everything that tended to educate and uplift, in her native town, whether in church, school, or municipal affairs. She is a stanch club woman, having great confidence in the present movement, as a potent means by which women may be developed, strengthened and better equipped to meet life's duties, and at the same time be given a much needed opportunity for enjoyment and recreation.

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Mr. W. W Stevens, founder and first president of the Salem Farmer's Club, was born in Hardin Co., Ky., but as his parents moved to Harrison Co., Ind., while he was a mere infant, he is as enthusiastic a Hoosier as though to the manner born. His early life was spent upon a farm. In 1864 he entered Indiana University, and was graduated from the law department in 1867. Two years later he was appointed to fill an unexpired term of three years in the County Auditor's office. He then bought a weekly newspaper. Journalism was his forte; he succeeded in building up from a struggling hand-printed publication, one of the leading county papers of the state, and his party's organ. Upon his marriage in 1879 to Miss Alice Caspar, he removed to a large and fine farm just one mile from the center of Salem, where he has since resided. In 1881 he sold the paper, and devoted himself entirely to farm interests. He is an enthusiastic farmer, believing that business tact and money invested in farming will return as large dividends as that used in any other legitimate venture. He was the originator of the Washington County Fire Association, which now carries over $600,000 in risks; was the prime mover in organizing the County Fair; is vice-president of the Indiana State Board of Agriculture, and lecturer of the State Grange. He owns one of the finest farms in Southern Indiana, within five minute's drive from the Salem post-office, and improved with the city advantages of electric lights and water-works. His faith in the horticultural possibilities of the State is great, and as an evidence thereof, he has the largest Keifer pear orchard in the United States. That he is an enthusiastic club man is shown by the fact that in the six years' existence of the "Salem Farmers' " he has missed but three meetings.

MRS. VIOLA SCOTT HEATON,
President of the Shakespeare Club of Knightstown.

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Mr. E. M. C. Hobbs, president of the Salem Farmers' Club was born on a farm near Salem in 1858. At the early age of sixteen, he had finished the course provided in the Salem school and had entered the State Normal. After his graduation he became a highly successful teacher, being identified for several years with the Logansport Normal. In 1888, he was married to Miss Anna Caspar. A few years later, he left the school-room for his first love—the farm; and while he now lives in town, he is one of the most enthusiastic of farmers. He is president of the Indiana Swine Breeders' Association, and is actively interested in all that pertains to agricultural pursuits.

THE SHAKESPEARE CLUB OF KNIGHTSTOWN.

Although not now devoting itself exclusively to the study of the immortal bard, the Shakespeare Club of Knightstown sprang into existence because of the earnest desire of a few women to know more about Shakespeare. Upon the evening of March 30, 1889, Mrs. W. B. McGavran, Mrs. W. M. Edwards, and Mrs. N. W. Wagoner met at the home of Mrs. W. M. Heaton, and formulated plans for the organization of the club, which has now entered upon its ninth year of prosperous existence. "For three years," writes a member, "the club industriously pursued the reading of Shakespeare's plays, never harassed with doubts of the genuineness of the author." During this time but one officer was found necessary, and this was a secretary. Mrs. W. M. Heaton was the honored "one officer," from the date of founding till 1892, when the club, desiring to enter the Indiana Union of Literary Clubs felt the need of a more formal organization. With this change, came the desire for a more extended course of study; accordingly, a year of Italian history was arranged, and this was followed by a season in Russia with jaunts into England, Scotland and France. At present this club is studying the history, literature and art of Germany. We are pleased to note, however, a devotion to first principles, in the setting apart of one meeting to the "Merchant of Venice."

Very recently, the "Shakespeare" tendered a reception to another Knightstown club, and provided a treat in the way of a Parlor Talk by Mrs. R. A. Black of Greenfield, whose subject was "The Land Beyond the Forest." We present our compliments to the "Shakespeare," both because of its courtesy to a sister organization, and because of its recognition of a club woman from a neighboring city—two evidences of club development that we would like to see oftener shown. We are told by one who was present, that Mrs. Black is a fluent and pleasing speaker, and that she held her audience spellbound for two hours. Mrs. Black is a member of the Woman's Club of Greenfield, which we had the pleasure of presenting in these columns Oct. 30.

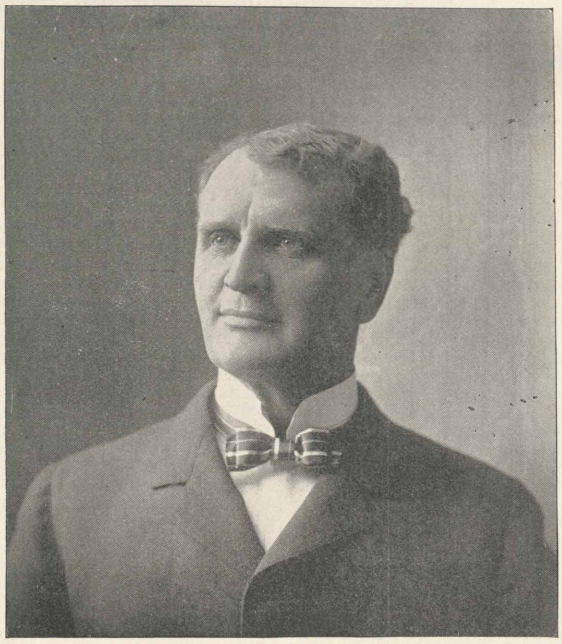
The Shakespeare is a member of both the county and the state federations. Its chosen flower is the pansy, and its color, yellow. Its several presidents have been Mrs. W. B. McGavran, Mrs. A. O. Morris, Mrs. J. W. Corwin, Mrs. W. M. Edwards, Mrs. N. W. Wagoner and Mrs. W. M. Heaton. Its present officers are:

Mrs. M. W. Heaton, president.
Mrs. J. Lee Fergason, vice-president.
Mrs. W. M. Watson,recording secretary.
Mrs. J. W. Corwin, corresponding secretary.
Mrs. Charles Hewitt, treasurer.

PROGRAM OF THE SHAKESPEARE CLUB OF KNIGHTSTOWN.

OCT. 11.—President's Day.
OCT. 18.—Guests' Day.
OCT. 25.—Map Study. The Early Germans.
NOV. 1.—Charlemagne. Hildebrand. Question Box.
NOV. 8.—Frederick II. House of Hapsburg. Frederick Barbarossa and the German Crusade.
NOV. 15—Martin Luther. His Life.
NOV. 22.—Erasmus and Melanchthon. The Invention of Printing. Selection from German Author.
NOV. 29.—Charles V and Maurice of Saxony. The Fugger Family. The Thirty Years' War.
DEC. 6.—Gustavus Adolphus. Wallenstein.
DEC. 13.—Children's Day.
JAN. 3.—Prince Eugene and the War of Spanish Succession. Legends of the Black Forest.

MRS. N. W WAGONER,
Retiring President of the Shakespeare Club of Knightstown.



MR. W. W. STEVENS,
Founder and first President of the Salem Farmers' Club.

JAN. 10.—Election of Officers. Miscellaneous Program.

JAN. 17.—Parlor Talk by Mrs. R. A. Black of Greenfield.

JAN. 24.—Frederick the Great. Maria Theresa and the Pragmatic Sanction. Oberammergau. Question Box.

JAN. 31.—Frederick William III and Queen Louise. Recitation—"Waterloo." Round Table—"The Age of Chivalry."

FEB. 7.—Effect of Waterloo on Germany. The Revolution of 1848. Question Box.

FEB. 14.—Famous Universities and Student Life. Leibnitz and the Berlin Academy.

FEB. 21.—The German as an American Citizen. Reading—"Legends of the Rhine." Recitation, "Bingen on the Rhine."

FEB. 28 —Franco—Prussian War. Paris under the Commune. United Germany.

MAR. 7.—Life and Works of Bismarck. The Reichstag. Question Box.

MAR. 14.—German Politics. People of the Spreewald. The German Army and Von Moltke.

MAR. 21.—Housekeeping in Germany, Dresden. Delft and its Wares.

MAR. 28.—Lessing. Goethe. Schiller. Kant.

APR. 4.—The Merchant of Venice.

APR. 11.—German Peasants. Kaiser Wilhelm II. Reading from Schiller.

APR. 18.—German Love for Shakespeare. Gems from Heine.

APR. 25.—German Art.

MAY 2 —Richard Wagner—His Life and Time. Musical Program.

THF SALEM FARMERS' CLUB.

Today we present our first "Farmers'" Club—may their tribe increase! Why there have not been more of them is surprising, when one takes into consideration their delightful possibilities. The accounts we have received of this one at Salem sound so enticing, that we are glad of the ineligibility that saves our self-respect from vulgarly hinting our eagerness for membership.

Six years ago, Mr. W. W. Stevens, realizing that farmers were not as social nor as fully alive to the good results of organization as their city cousins, determined to try the club idea among a few of them. The present flourishing condition of the Salem club proves that the idea "took." Twelve families comprise its membership, and as meetings occur but once during each month of the year, this number was found to be so satisfactory, that it was made the limit. But do not imagine that members drive several miles to meet for an hour or two in the afternoon. No, indeed! All-day meetings are the rule in this club, with a great, big country dinner thrown in. "While there is no aim to try to 'beat,' yet I do assure you we have some fine 'spreads,'" writes a member, "and there is no reason why we should not, as we produce on our farms the very finest beef, pork, poultry, fruit and vegetables that the soil and climate allow." My! It makes one's mouth water. Each hostess entertains the club once a year, preferring to do all the catering once rather than to help do it twelve times—an evidence of good common sense which we appreciate, for if there is anything on earth that hinders us, it is help. The hostess, and she alone, is privileged to invite guests.

You shall hear what one member thinks of what she calls "one of the most satisfactory clubs in the state:" "While we are all after the 'dollar' I guess as hard as any one, yet our worst money-grabbers think club day the most profitably spent day in the month; and we have members who have not missed a meeting in the six years of our existence. Strange to say, there has not been a death in the club, and but one resignation—and that on account of poor health. Surely we brethren dwell together in unity and seem to bear charmed lives We have been accused of being selfish and narrow, but each year only convinces us more and more that the ideal farmers' club must meet at the homes of its members, and this, of course precludes the idea of the large clubs. While we have been selfish, perhaps, in our enjoyment of the club, we are this year going to encourage other and many farmers to form clubs, and join in a Farmers' Club Federation There is not so large a number of Indiana citizens engaged in any one calling as in agriculture, and no people who could have so grand a federation. Our members are all in love with farm life, believing it holds more of life's joys and blessings and fewer of its woes than any other place our lot might have been cast."

The club meets the third Wednesday of each month at 9:30, a.m. At 10:00 it is called to order with music. After the reading of the minutes, members respond to roll-call with current events. Papers and book-reviews close the morning session. And then—to dinner with what appetite you have! which we will warrant is a good one—both the appetite and the dinner. After dinner one hour is devoted to inspection of Farm and Stock (we suspect the Mrs. Farmers are inspecting the housekeeping arrangements in the mean time.) The program discussions are next in order; and the afternoon session closes with a "question drawer," report of corresponding secretary, and club miscellaneous business.

The several presidents have been: W. W. Stevens, W. B. Lindley, L. N. Smith, E. Parr, L. G. Davis and E. M. C. Hobbs.

The present officers are:
E. M. C. Hobbs, president.
C. N. Lindley, vice-president.
Mrs. W. B. Lindley, secretary.
W. W. Stevens, corresponding secretary.
Mrs. Enoch Parr, treasurer.
Otto Zink, musical director.
The executive committee is:
Otto Zink.
J. C. Newby.
Mrs. Elliott.
The program committee is:
T. M. Loudon.
Mrs. Otto Zink.
C. N Lindley.
The Honorary members are:
Gov. and Mrs. James A. Mount.
Ex-Gov. and Mrs. Claude Matthews.
Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Smith.

PROGRAM OF THE SALEM FARMERS' CLUB

JAN. 19.—President's Address. Our Country's Progress. Book review—"Principals of Agriculture" (Vorhees.) Discussion—The future outlook of Wheat, Corn, Cattle, Horses, Hogs, Sheep.

FEB. 16.—Conflict between Nature and Civilization. My Neighbor and I. Discussion—Stock feeding: Animal Chemistry, Feeding Stuffs, Feeding for Special Purposes, (a) Working Animals, (b) Meat Production, (c) For Milk.

MAR. 16.—What the Farmer should Know and Do to Succeed. Book review—"Wake Robin" (Burroughs.) Discussion–Taxation: (1) Origin and Objects. (2) What Proportion do Farmers Bear? (3) Objections to Present Methods and Remedies.

APR. 20.—The Problem of the Unemployed. What Fashion Does for Us. Debate—Is the Present System of Working Roads Under the Direction of the District Supervisor a Failure? (Argued with six men on the affirmative and six on the negative side.)

MAY 18.—Can We do without the Middleman? Book-review—"The Soil" (King). Discussion—The Farmers' Barn: (1) Relative Size to Farm (2) Location and Ground Plan. (3) Arrangement of Stabling, Feeding and Water Conveniences. (4) Plan for Saving Manure.

JUNE 15.—What Others Say of Us. Practical Entomology. Discussion—The Present Standing of Agriculture: (1) Is it a Trade, a Business or a Profession? (2) Has Its Standing Declined or Advanced? (3) Have Farmers Just Pride in their Vocation? (4) How can We Aid its Advancement?

JULY 20.—Our Financial Needs. Weeds—How to Know and Kill Them. Book-review. "Walden" (Thoreau). Discussion. What are the Causes that Farmers are not Leaders of National Affairs as Formerly?

AUG. 17.—Defects in our Present Naturalization Laws. Horticulture: (a) As an Educator. (b) As a Business Discussion. Rural Economy: (1) Farm Management and Plans. (2) Kinds of Farming and Essential Elements in Each. (3) Marketing. (4) Relation of Farming to Other Industries.

SEPT. 21.—The Model Living Room. Book-review. "The Story of Plants" (Allen) Discussion. Our Country Schools: (1) Appointment of Teachers. (2) Length of Term and Branches Taught. (3) Country Schools vs. City Schools. (4) Agricultural Extension.

OCT. 19.—Recent Patents of Importance to Farmers. Is the Farmer as Independent as he Imagines? Debate—Does the Mind gain more Knowledge from Reading than from Observation? (With six women on the affirmative and six on the negative side.)

NOV. 16.—How Shall the Children Spend the Winter Evenings? Book review—"Stock Farming" (Stewart). Discussion—What can be done in Winter? : (1) Surplus Productions. (2) Care of Stock. (3) Suggestions for Active Work. (4) Leisure Hours. Report of Program Committee. Election of Officers. Appointment of Standing Committees.

DEC. 21.—The Giving of Christmas Gifts. Book review—"Bird Ways" (Olive T. Miller.) In what Line have you made Experiment During the Past Year, and with what Success? Anniversary Address. Report of Officers. After-Dinner Toasts.

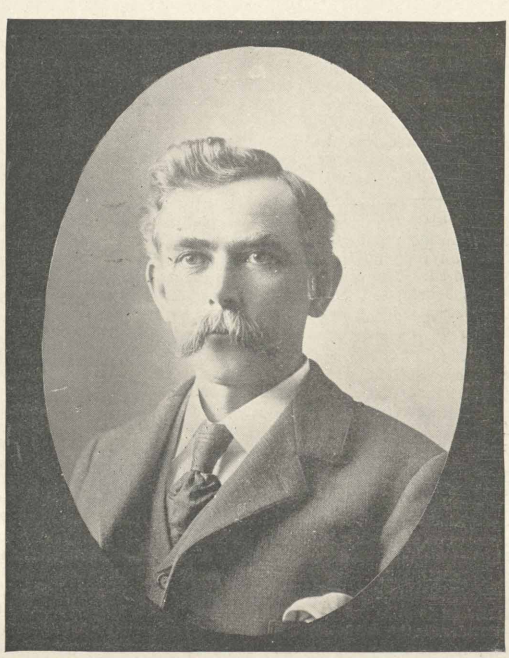
WITH THE CLUB EDITOR.

Mrs. J. W. Cowin of the Shakespeare Club of Knightstown, enjoys the rare distinction of being a member of the School Board.

The Salem Farmers' Club is one of the most recent and welcome acquisitions of the Indiana Union of Literary Clubs.

We wonder why farmers have not often given an appropriate and individual name to their country places. Surely they have even a better right to claim a definite location than the city cousins who must must divide the street with hundreds of other residents. Evidently the members of the Salem Farmers' Club agree with us, for we notice that each family has rightly appropriated a local habitation and a name. Very suggestive and pleasing they are, too—"Brookside," "Sweetbriar," "Maple Shade," "Walnut Valley," "Fruit Hill," "Glen Elsie," "Sunny Side," "Orchard Knob," "Locust Front," "Beech Spring" and "Glenview."

Continued on page 14.



MR. E. M. C. HOBBS,
President of the Salem Farmers' Club.

There is as Much.....
.....difference in wheat as in potatoes.
The wheat used in the manufacture of
WHEATLET
is not selected from its looks—it's analyzed.
We don't guess at its health-giving qualities, we test it.
Everybody likes it because it is palatable and satisfying.
If your grocer does not keep it, send us his name and your order —we will see that you are supplied.
Made only by the
FRANKLIN MILLS CO.,
Lockport, N. Y.

The Crawfordsville clubs have been enjoying some particularly fine sessions recently. The Musical Amateurs were favored with a recital by the eminent pianist Miss Neally Stevens, who after establishing a reputation as the musical genius of the School of Music at "Vassar," studied abroad under the best masters for several years. The "Athenian" invited all the other Crawfordsville clubs to enjoy a lecture by Mrs. Ford of Chicago, whose subject was the Holy Grail. It is good to see this interchanging of club courtesy on the increase.

The Shakespeare Club of Knightstown has this year arranged a meeting that is something of an innovation. It is designated in the club calendar as "Children's Day" and it was held recently in the home of Mrs. W. M. Heaton. "The children were given a feast of good things," so we are told, "and they in return highly entertained the club. Their exercises were excellent, and elicited hearty applause; they consisted of piano solos, duets, vocal quartettes, juggler's tricks, magic lantern pictures, recitations and a baby show."

Mrs. W. W. Stevens, wife of the founder of the Salem Farmers' Club, is decidedly a woman of parts. For several years she has taken an active interest in the State Horticultural Society, serving in an official capacity much of the time. She is a member of the committee which is now forming a state Audubon Society; is a member also of the Salem Woman's Club. She is a regular contributor to various agricultural papers,and an earnest worker in the cause of farm institutes. And last, but most important of all, she is a lover and owner of fine horses. At the World's Fair where she exhibited a herd of the splendid Morgan stock, she carried off moneys, medals and ribbons galore.

IN THE CLUB WORLD.

The Utah federation numbers seventeen clubs, with an individual membership of six hundred. The president is Martha Burgess Jennings of Salt Lake City. The federation holds semi-annual meetings, in May and October.

The Georgia federation is but one year old, yet at its first convention held recently in Rome, the amount and importance of the work it undertook, would appall most older organizations. The keynote of the convention was co-education at the State University, and increased educational advantages for Georgia girls in schools of every grade. The matter was not ended with discussion, for a bill has been presented to the general assembly providing for the admission of women to the State University. Another bill is pending in the Legislature, for which the Georgia federation is also responsible, and which provides for the establishment of circulating libraries throughout the state. Club energy is not confined to the North, very strictly.

The music clubs of the land have joined forces in a central body which will henceforth be known as the National Federation of Musical Clubs. A meeting was held recently in Steinway Hall, Chicago, which resulted in a permanent organization. Indiana was honored in the selection of Mrs. Thomas Ellison, of the Morning Musicale of Ft. Wayne, for Recording Secretary. The other officers are: President. Mrs. Edwin F. Uhl, of Grand Rapids, Mich.; First Vice-President, Mrs. Chandler Starr, Rockford, Ill.; Second Vice-President, Mrs. Philip M. Moore, of St. Louis; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. James F. Peterson, of New York; Treasurer, Miss Ada Douglass, of Newark, N. J.; Auditor, Mrs. Russell Door, of St. Paul. Mrs. Theodore Sutro, of New York, the well-known musical enthusiast, was a candidate for the presidency but she was defeated by Mrs. Uhl.

NOTE—We should be glad to hear from any literary, art or music club in the state, whether or not it is a member of the Indiana Union of Literary Clubs. Address all communications upon club matters to Mrs. Harriet W. Kitts, Muncie. Indiana.

HAS NOT BEEN ABANDONED.

EDITOR INDIANA WOMAN:

Inasmuch as an incorrect and misleading statement has appeared in your paper in regard to the organization of a State Federation of Women's Clubs in Indiana, I beg that you will grant space for a setting forth of the facts in the case somewhat in detail. The organization of a State Federation has not been abandoned by the Indianapolis Woman's Club. That any one should suppose so simply indicates that such person read very hastily and carelessly the letter recently issued by the Corresponding Secretary of the club to the women's Clubs of the State. That letter distinctly stated that the action of the Indianapolis Woman's Club in directing the committee to cease its labor for the present was not to be construed as an abandonment of the work, but simply as a postponement. It was not even implied that the club would go no further in the matter, but if anything was implied it was, that in the event of the refusal of the Indiana Union of Literary Clubs to enter the General Federation, or of the refusal of the General Federation to receive the I. U. L. C., the Indianapolis Woman's Club would proceed with the mission of organizing a State Federation of Women's Clubs. Of course, unless some other club in Indiana should take the matter in hand, this could not be done in time for the coming Biennial in Denver, next June. This is greatly to be regretted, inasmuch as our State Federation, newly organized and sending delegates to Denver, would receive an impetus from that meeting which must prove exceedingly helpful. And inasmuch as all the General Officers, who have done such splendid work, and from whose few years, experience so much is to be gained, retire from office at that time.

There seems to be a dim, but very alluring notion in the minds of some women that the Indiana Union may unite itself with the General Federation of Women's Clubs. This was the sole reason on which the late action of the Indianapolis Woman's Club was based. It was stated that there were two State Federations now affiliated with the G. F. W. C., (Georgia and Illinois) in which there were mixed clubs. Mrs. Henrotin, in reply to a letter addressed to her on this point says:

"Georgia has no mixed clubs. Illinois has one or two musical clubs where men and women are members, but officered by women."

This is certainly very different from a federation having in its fold clubs composed solely of men and the President of which is a man. Mrs. Moore, the Corresponding Secretary of the General Federation, informs me that Kansas has a few clubs with gentlemen members but that the latter "are not in any way connected with the working force of such clubs."

It is my very decided opinion, first, that the I. U. L. C. does not wish to unite with the G. F. W. C., and second, that the General Federation would not dream of accepting it if it did. Mrs. Osgood has lately answered this question very emphatically in The Club Woman. I have letters from other members of the Board of Directors to the same effect. So, in my view, the Indianapolis Woman's Club has placed itself in a very embarassing position. In June it decided to "take the initiative in forming a State Federation of Women's Clubs, in harmony with the General Federation, etc." and appointed a committee to carry on the work, agreeing to "advance money from its treasury to meet all absolutely necessary expenses of the undertaking." During the summer this committee secured data from all the State Federations in existence, and formed plans for a convention in October. When October came, it was deemed best, owing to the fact that so many ladies were absorbed in work for the Flower Mission Fair, and inasmuch as a great many clubs do not convene until October, and so could not select delegates without a special meeting, to defer the proposed convention. There was no thought, and no occasion for any thought, of abandoning the work, or of postponing it indefinitely. The plans for the convention went forward, and January 5 and 6 were decided upon by the committee as suitable dates. In order to relieve the committe of some responsibility as to the details of entertainment, it was thought best to ask for a special meeting at which the report might be laid before the club. An informal report had been presented some weeks before, in which the chairman of the committee advised the club of what was being done. What was this surprise and dismay, then, after six months' faithful work, to be met with the assertion that the I. U. L. C. was eligible and would probably join the G. F. W. C.! And pending the settlement of their vexed (?) question the committee is resting from its labors, and Indiana still occupies a back seat in national club councils.

These are the facts, and I am glad to set them forth, as a correct impression of the whole matter has not been conveyed in what has heretofore appeared.

GRACE JULIAN CLARKE,
Chairman of Correspondence for Indiana in the G. F W. C.
Irvington, Jan. 20, 1898.

SMART STATIONERY.

Regimental gray is, with pigskin yellow, the modish color for delicate stationery this winter, in spite of the claims of dove gray, and the interest shown in other paper of divers tints, all with narrow white borders. Regimental gray and pigskin yellow sheets and envelopes do not display the white border, neither do their envelopes lean to the eccentric in shape. What the dealers call a miniature commercial envelope is the choice thing, and this little casing is just a mite longer than it is broad, sheets to fit it fold once and there is nothing unusual in form or size about the gummed flap.

Indeed, it is high time the envelopes not more than two fingers wide, opening at the top and showing crests. monograms, etc., on their flaps, should be laid aside. Only the deplorably frivolous and ignorant note scribblers use these or cast an eye of approval on the effort to revive the use of that abomination known as ragged-edged paper. One little diversity from the fast crystallizing rule in favor of great simplicity is not allowed. That is the complete sets of stationery, done in white moire paper. This is an almost perfect reproduction in paper of richly watered silk. It comes in stately sheets, folding into a large square envelope, and is used for returning thanks for wedding gifts and notes of congratulation—in fact for all social correspondence in the weeks just preceeding and following the trip to the altar. It is inscribed at the sheet tops with nothing but a white embossed true lovers' knot, and if wax is used, white is appropriate, of course.

Instead of the very small sheets and envelopes, it is only fair to say that the stationers are selling boxes of sheets that seem unusually large. in white and the tints of gray and yellow mentioned. These sheets have no accompanying envelopes, for they have one corner gummed and when the correspondent has completed her message, she takes up her ruler, and by following her diagram, folds the sheets into a perfect cocked hat shape, and moistening the corner, seals it. These little, old-fashioned three-cornered note sheets are not meant to be sent by post, but by messenger, since on the triangle of paper there is no appropriate spot for fixing the stamp. In place of the monogram, stamped in a circle, or on an oval of gilt or silver, the most elaborately pretty shields, in various forms and colors, are now coming into use. On the shields coats of arms or monograms appear in metallic blues and greens, the ground work of the shield being gray or gold, or silvery lavender. A shield with fanciful quarterings is picked out in black and white, or black and silver, the silver now implying second or half mourning. When addresses are stamped on paper they are no longer done in colored lettering, but the delicate engraved script suitable for visiting cards, and stationers now sell, set in silver holders, the neatest of rubber stamps for making at the end of a note or letter not only the date, but even the hour on which the communication was written.

It is considered an affectation not to use wax in sealing a letter, but those women who are refurnishing their escritoires against the demands of the winter correspondence choose their paper, penwipers, blotting paper, note books and bank books all in one color. They, even in the adoption of one color have all their invitations engraved on cards and note sheets of the regimental gray or pigskin yellow, and one daring creature has gone so far as to have her name engraved on visiting cards of bristol board, that are flushed with a very pale shade of blue.

SOME FASHION NOTES.

At a children's party in New York recently the ice cream was served in a way to draw forth the most extravagant exclamations of delight from the young company. It was packed in little candlesticks cleverly made of pink paper, and to add to the illusion, in the hollow of the tube which formed the candle a short taper was inserted and lighted. Most children had seen burning plum pudding at Christmas time, but ice cream on fire was a paradox to which they were not accustomed.

Some of the new French coats, and quite the smartest, are tight-fitting, double-breasted, and quite plain on the outside, says the Boston Courier. A stylish new black cloth, rounding up on each side and a little in the middle of the back, and quite severe in front except for its beautiful lines, two rows of buttons and a row of little pattes down the left side. It is double-breasted.

Opened, the two sides form reveres, with pattes down each. The revers are faced with white panne trimmed with many rows of very narrow black braid, like a hair line. The collar for winter shows fur when turned up, and the panne, etc., when it lies down. With this goes a large black velvet hat covered with bright roses in shades of reds and whites of a kind that never grew on sea or land, but only in the French modiste's fingers.

White cashmeres are all the rage and extremely lovely things they are. They are invariably becoming and are trimmed in all manner of ways, a very much favored style being that of trimming them with white braid in elaborate designs, with a vest and stock of some delicate colored taffeta silk, rose, lavender, yellow or green.

I have noticed at all the French resorts how much attention women pay to accessories and fripperies for the neck and corsage. These things always add to a woman's good appearance and take years off her age. Of course they must be well chosen and in good taste, but these French women always do have good taste and they rarely make mistakes in the judgment of matters of dress.

Among these charming fripperies are ruches of snowy tulle for the throat, which are lighter and softer and fluffier than the boas of white ostrich feathers that were favored last spring. There are tulle ruches in color also, and in black, and some are powdered with hailstones, but the white and pale gray are the most becoming.

Pretty little narrow chain bracelets are set at intervals with jewels, turquoise or cat's eyes, surrounded with diamonds or with garnets and other stones.

FRENCH HAIR PARLORS,
2½ W. Washington St.

Largest Stock and Finest Parlors in city. Always cool, clean, comfortable, refreshing. **Artistic Hair Dressing**—arranged in a becoming style. Shampooing and manicuring. Switches 50c to $50. Wigs. Switches and Hair Goods made to order. Special attention given Hair Dressing for balls, parties theater, etc. See us before buying Hair Goods Open Saturday Night.

Seal Skin Garments

And ALL KINDS of FURS repaired and REMODELED to PERFECTION at very moderate prices. Latest designs shown.

J. WOHLFELD, M'n'f'g Furrier

11½ W. Washington St., Indianapolis.

Dr. Wm. B. Fletcher's Sanatorium

For Treatment of Nervous and Mental Diseases.

124 NORTH ALABAMA STREET

Special Treatment of Diseases of Women by DR. MARY A. SPINK.

THE POPULAR

MONON ROUTE

Is the best line to **Chicago** | Time reduced to **4¾ Hours**

FOUR DAILY TRAINS

Leave Indianapolis—7:00 a. m., 11:50 a. m., 3:35 p. m., 12:55 night.

Trains Arrive Indianapolis—3:30 a. m., 7:45 a. m., 2:35 p. m., 4:37 p. m.

Local sleeper in Indianapolis ready at 8:30 p. m. Leave Chicago, returning at 2:45 a. m. Can be taken any time after 9:30 p. m.

Ticket offices, 2 W. Washington st., Union station and Massachusetts-ave. depot.

GEO. W. HAYLER, D. P. A.

Do You Love Music?

If so, secure one of the latest and prettiest Two-Steps of the day, by mailing TEN CENTS (silver or stamps) to cover mailing and postage, to the undersigned for a copy of

Big Four Two-Step.

(Mark envelope "Two-Step.")

We are giving this music, which is regular Fifty-cent sheet music, at this exceedingly low rate, for the purpose of advertising, and testing the value of the different papers as advertising mediums.

E. O. McCORMICK,
PASSENGER TRAFFIC MANAGER,
"Big Four" Cincinnati.

Mention the INDIANA WOMAN when you write

INDIANA, DECATUR & WESTERN

Through Sleeping and Chair Cars to
ST. LOUIS, HANNIBAL,
KEOKUK, QUINCY.
Through Day Coach to CHICHGO.

JOHN S. AZARUS,
Gen. Pass. Agent.

With a Clear, Healthy, Spotless Complexion and Smooth, Fair Skin.

No woman can fail to possess personal charm and attractiveness. **Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers** and **Fould's Arsenic Soap** are universally recognized as the "very best" and "only" preparations in the world to obtain the same, for they not only remove "Pimples, Freckles, Blackheads, Redness, Oiliness and Tan," but they also render the blood so "Pure" that the skin and complexion become delightfully "Smooth, Clear and Transparent." They are recognized by the cream of society throughout the world, as the only real, genuine beautifiers of the complexion, skin and form. They are daily used in the practice of the most eminent physicians in this country and Europe, and pronounced by them to be the only safe preparations of Arsenic in the world. They Are Perfectly Safe and Warranted to Give Entire Satisfaction.

WAFERS, PER BOX, $1; SIX LARGE BOXES, $5.
FOULD'S ARSENIC SOAP, 50c.

Address all mail orders to H. B. FOULD, Department "H," 214 6th avenue, New York.

Sold By Druggists Everywhere.

She: "What is vivisection, love?"
He: "Society small talk, my dear."

His Mother-in-Law: "Well you're a beauty, you are!"
Jones: "Shorry I—hic—can't return the compliment."

Become a Member of the "INDIANA WOMAN'S" Amateur Photographers Club.

Amateur photography, already popular for many seasons, will be a fad during the coming summer. The camera can be carried on the bicycle, and the enthusiastic wheelman will bring back many beautiful views from his summer wanderings.

Do you want to learn how to photograph

correctly and well, and best of all

Free of Charge?

If so join our photographers' club.

ENTRANCE.

An entrance fee of $1 will give you THE INDIANA WOMAN for six months, and at the same time make you a member of the Club. The member will have the advantage of published lessons from time to time on developing, printing, and mounting. These articles will be prepared by well-known photographers specially for THE INDIANA WOMAN.

PRIVILEGES.

Arrangements have been made for all members to use the dark rooms of H. Hough & Co., 20 Pembroke Arcade, Koehler & Bishop, 62½ East Washingington Street and Stephens Photo Supply Co., 19 Massachusetts Avenue, Free of Charge, and there to receive practical demonstrations in the work of amateur photography.

PRIZES.

We also offer three cash prizes to members, of

$15, $10 and $5

These prizes will be awarded by three competent judges, experts in the art of photography.

The pictures will be published for **20** consecutive weeks, at the end of which time the contest will close. They will then be divided into three classes, first, second, and third. On the first Saturday after the contest closes, all pictures in the first class will be published; on the following Saturday the pictures in the second class, and on the third Saturday, all pictures in the third class.

In the next issue will appear the names and photographs of the prize winners together with the prize winning pictures.

OPENING THE CONTEST.

These valuable articles on photography will begin in the issue of January 8, 1898. Remember they are written by men who understand their business. The contest will begin in issue of January 15, 1898 and end in the issue of June 4, 1898. Enter now as it takes some time to make the plates and you have the privilege of entering three different pictures all at the same time or at different times during the ten weeks of the contest.

IMPORTANT.

Twenty of these notices clipped from INDIANA WOMAN will entitle one to entrance into contest.

For further particulars call at office of INDIANA WOMAN, 49 N. Illinois St.

COMICALITIES

When a schoolmaster entered the temple of learning a few mornings ago, he read on the blackboard the touching legend, "Our teacher is a donkey." The pupils expected there would be a combined cyclone and earthquake, but the philosophic pedagogue contented himself with adding the word "driver" to the legend, and opened the school as usual.

—

Little Johnny: "I wish you'd ask papa to get me a bicycle before you ask him for that bonnet you was talkin' about."

Mamma: "Why?"

Little Johnny; "Because if he buys the bonnet first he'll be too poor to buy me a bicycle; but if he buys the bicycle first, you'll get the bonnet just the same."

—

Jugg: "I have come to ask you, sir, to refuse to permit your daughter to marry me."

Alt: "To refuse? Why, you——"

"Yes, sir. If you will only be so kind, I know I can get her consent at once."

—

It is said that there are more lies told in the sentense, "I am glad to see you," than in any other six words in the English longuage.

—

Auntie: "A penny for your thoughts."

Little Nephew: "I was thinking that, if I kept quiet and pretended to be thinking, you'd wonder what I was thinking about, and say just what you did. Gimme the penny!"

—

Judkins: "I learn through your agent that you have bought the properties on either side of your residence, and got them dirt cheap. How did you manage it?"

Foxley: "Easily enough. My wife is an elocutionist, my daughter plays the piano, George plays a cornet, I play the violin, Bob plays a banjo, Charley rattles the bones, and little Johnnie has a drum."

—

Two men, one bald and the other red-headed, met in a barber's shop.

Said red-head, "You weren't there, it seems, when they were giving out hair."

"Oh, yes," the other replied, "I was; but they'd only got red hair, and I wouldn't have that!"

—

QUITS.

She (hesitatingly): "Now we are engaged, James, I—I ought to tell you that my—my grandfather was hanged."

He: "That's all right; my grandfather hanged him."

—

"There is one thing connected with your table," said a traveler to a landlord, "that is not surpassed even by the best hotels in Marchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, or even London itself."

"Yes," replied the delighted hotelkeeper, "and what is that?"

"The salt, sir!"

—

Funniman: "Now, there's your husband coming, Mrs. Candor. Let's make a little surprise for him. Mrs. Funniman and I will hide behind the curtains here, and you tell him that your expected guests haven't come. Then we'll step out and surprise him."

Enter Mr. Candor.

Mrs. Candor (obeying order): "Well, John, our expected guests have disappointed us—Mr. and Mrs. Funniman haven't come."

Mr. Candor (heartily): "Thank Heaven!"

—

Feminine Auditor (at the amateur theatricals): "I beg pardon, but do you know it seems to me the gentleman who has the leading part does his love-making in a very tame and spiritless manner?"

Wife of Leading Actor (intently watching the performance): "He won't put any more spirit in it while I've got my eyes on him, madam, let me tell you!"

"Do you know Bertha's husband is several years younger than herself?"
"Oh, Time will change that."

A MOTHER'S VALUABLE ASSISTANT

Home Occupations for Little Children

By KATHERINE BEEBE.

16mo, 144 pages; bound in linen, gilt top.

WHAT Miss Beebe's "First School Year" is to the primary teacher this little volume is intended to be to mothers. Miss Beebe believes that the ceaseless activity of children calls for employment, and "Home Occupations" is full of ways and means for mothers.

Enthusiastically endorsed by the press and leading kindergartners.

Hundreds of Hints on How to Make the Little Folks Happy

Lists of Stories, Songs and Plays Invaluable to Mothers and Nurses

In this book the Kindergarten offers to the Home suggestions for the occupation of little children with simple materials. The author does not presuppose a kindergarten training on the part of the mother, nor an ideal environment. She simply takes for granted the child's ceaseless activity and the mother's desire to furnish him with material and opportunity for development.

The occupations here considered are of three kinds. The first are those which require the active participation of an older person; the second, those for which only occasional direction or assistance is necessary; the third, those in which the child can engage by himself.

FROM THE NEW YORK WORLD.

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"Home Occupations should be read by all mothers, and all other people who have the care and training of infant minds."

"One of the remarkable features of the book is the extent to which home materials and home-made contrivances are brought into play. Cedar blocks, sand, clay, boxes, scissors, paste, paper, pencils, beads, garden tools, flowers, fruits, black boards, and nearly everything called into requisition by Miss Beebe's methods, are within easy reach of most of those into whose hands her book will fall."

FROM THE BOOKSELLER.

"Home Occupations for Little Children, by Katherine Beebe, a well-known kindergartner, of Evanston, Ill., will be welcomed by many mothers, who will find it full of valuable suggestions to aid in rearing their little ones. Many cross and disagreeable children would be speedily restored to good nature if their mother or nurse knew enough to guide the immature mind to some pleasant occupation without too great interference with its own freedom."

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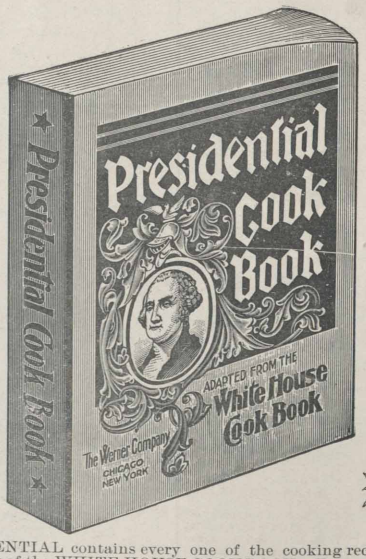

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THE INDIANA WOMAN

Vol. V. Indianapolis, Saturday Afternoon, February 12, 1898 No. 13.

WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG

At last some wise man, a Professor with an unpronouncable name, has written an article for the Atlantic Monthly, in which he asserts that while Psychology is an interesting, nay a fascinating study, it is of no aid whatever to teachers. This re-action is not a surprise. The study of Psychology has been so overdone that a re-action was sure to come sooner or later. But how happy must the teachers be: For the last ten years their Reading Circle work has been made unbearable by the introduction of books by one Sully, dry as dust, on this subject, which they have been forced to read. These were followed, or accompanied by others, even dryer, from the pen of a former Indianian, who achieved reputation in this line, Prof. R. G. Boone. When they took examinations for license, a certain number of questions on Psychology must be answered. On Saturdays and other times popularly but erroneously supposed to be holidays, they were collected in the Superintendent's office, or some other convenient gathering place, to hearken unto lectures on Child Study from Professors who had never had an introduction to a child, and who having been born old, could have no recollection of their own childhood. The teachers of Indianapolis being in the center of our public school system, and being ever kept up to the top notch of excellence and modernness in school teaching, have suffered especially in this regard. They have our congratulations on the coming re action.

—

But there is one other person who needs to be congratulated, though he is rarely considered. This is the Child whose Infant Mind is studied. For the last six years he has been analyzed, dissected, put together again, and experimented upon generally, by these enthusiasts, until it is one of the greatest wonders of the age, one of the proofs of the wonderful endurance of the human constitution, that he has survived. No doubt, if the child could express himself, it would be to the effect that he is overjoyed at the prospect of being allowed to be a child again.

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If, when the time of the reaction arrives, it is found impossible to turn the minds of some of these enthusiasts from this subject, I can suggest a cure which I warrant to be a complete one. Give the enthusiast a real child to take care of. The children handled by them are usually imaginary children, more rarely a group of children in the schoolroom. Give him or her a child from three to seven years old. Let him have the entire care of it, the dressing, undressing, the feeding, the constant companionship. He will become so engrossed in the necessary cares, that like the real mother, he will have no time to look beyond, and in the needs of the little body, the dissection of the the little mind will be forgotten. And yet, strange paradox, after the period of care is over, he will learn the wonderful lesson, that in the care of the blessed little body, in the companionship of the baby, he will have learned more unconsciously of the workings of the little mind than he had ever before dreamed of.

—

The tendency of the race to rush things is never better illustrated than by the newspapers in regard to holidays.

MISS NELDA DICKSON,
Anderson, Indiana.

Four weeks before Christmas, a full history of the day and its celebration is given, so that nothing is left to say, on the eve of the day itself. The same is true of New Year, which we are given before Christmas. Valentine Day is rushed ahead, and although it does not occur until February 14, the papers of the sixth, began to telling people all about the Saint and his cult. Worst of all, the people have caught the contagion, and several "Valentine companies" were given at least two weeks before the day itself! This is overdoing things decidedly.

—

It is a good joke on the progressive woman that in some little things she is so far behind. For many generations, ever since babies have been wearing mittens, in fact, she has been making the mittens with thumbs, and making herself and the baby miserable, trying to make its thumb go in the place intended for it. At this late day some woman has discovered that the thumb is unnecessary and has invented a mitten without it. This from the sex which is claiming to be able to guide the ship of state!

—

A story,—it is a newspaper story, and may not therefore be true,—tells of a London House party which, when it was too rainy to play golf out on the links, played it in the house. They began in the cellar, and progressed through all the rooms to the attic, "only smashing a few things." It is to be hoped that this fashion will not obtain in this country. It would certainly do much towards making house parties unpopular.

—

Poor President Andrews of Brown University! When it isn't free silver it is something else. He is determined in some way or other to make the world aware that he is suffering from a mild form of insanity. His latest notion is to give up the study of mythology, since it is of "no use." Another declaration perhaps not new, but recently re-iterated is—that Gen. R. E. Lee was the greatest military genius of the country. He does not explain how the military genius came to be whipped. Fortunately, it is not always necessary for a lecturer to explain himself.

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Our papers have made much sport of the "Quo Vadis" Euchre Club of this city. They have apparently overlooked the "St. Cecilia Bowling Club," which has certainly as inappropriate a name as could have been selected.

—

Kentucky is very stringent in its marriage laws. For many years it has had a property qualification, which, needless to say, has had no effect on the fiery Kentuckian. Setting spurs to his horse, he has evaded the officers of the law, carried his bride across the river, and married her on the Indiana shores. Now the legislature has been considering the passage of a law forbidding first cousins to marry. It may forbid them, but as long as hospitable Indiana remains just across the river, it may be safely predicted that these first cousins will continue to marry in spite of laws and legislatures.

—

The New Orleans' Picayune has printed in a recent issue, a poem of Letitia Elizabeth Landon's who died long ago, entitled "Can You Forget?" The contributor who sent it in, signed it "L. E. L.," but she put the date, New Orleans, January 1898. The Picayune gives no explanation, so we are left to wonder whether some fair re-incarnation of L. E. L. rewrote the poem at this date, or whether the Picayune has been imposed on by an ambitious would-be poet.

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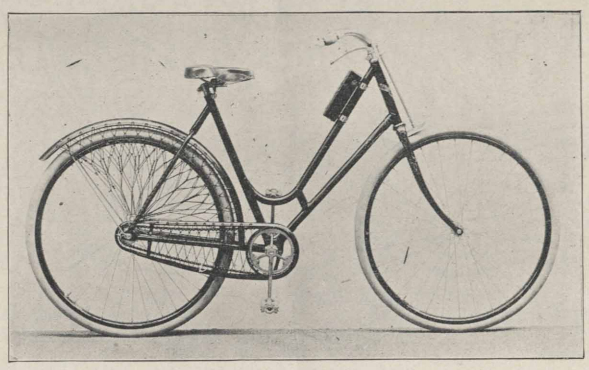
Considering that red has been a most fashionable color this season, very few gowns and coats of this color have been in evidence in Indianapolis. In Louisville they say, "society has been painted red this season." Every woman who could wear this beautiful color has gone gowned in it, sometimes toned down with black trimmings, sometimes unrelieved. It has been popular in household decorations, and in some centers of fashion even the men have succumbed and have appeared at social functions in red waistcoats.

—

Red has been used in decorations here once in a while this winter, but pink seems the popular color in Indianapolis. Pink teas have not been quite so common, as they were a few seasons ago, at least not by that name, but there are some people who can not have a dinner or a tea without the same tiresome pink candles and pink lamp shades and pink roses and pink gowns. And there are those who are odious enough to hint that it is because they have these "pink things" and want to get the good of them.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

WHEELS AND WHEELING IN '98.

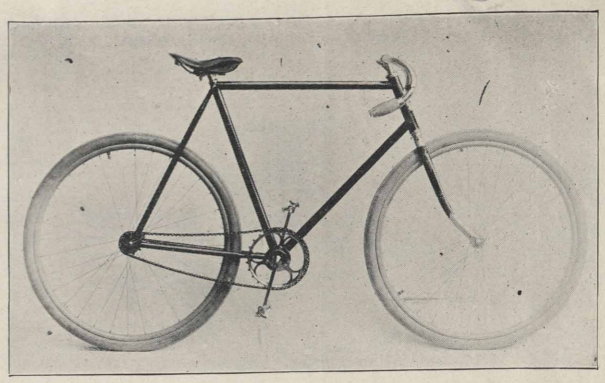


THE RAMBLER—B. Koehring & Son.

The selection of Indianapolis over other cities as the place for the National L. A. W. Meet, has already given an impetus to the bicycle business in this city, has given added enthusiasm to the already enthusiastic riders of our city, and has aroused to still greater watchfulness the caretakers of our streets.

Indianapolis citizens have no fear that fault will be found with their city when the great occasion arrives. They are firm in their belief that no other city in the union can offer greater attractions to wheelmen than this. Within the city are miles and miles of asphalt pavement. Other cities have asphalt pavements, 'tis true, but few have asphalt pavements overhung with symmetrical trees, whose heavy branches afford a most grateful shade to the wheel rider, and bordered with handsome residences. Without the city, what other town can afford anything which compares in beauty with our cycle path, a description of whose beauties has already appeared in these pages from the pen of Miss Browning?

It is of interest to the cycler to know that Indianapolis is the home of the largest bicycle factory of the United States, and of many other bicycle factories which turn out excellent wheels although they are not so large. Besides the great number of wheels manufactured here, almost every wheel of note that is built has representation in this city, so that a stroll through our business streets and an examination of the show windows will give the observer some idea of how completely the bicycle idea has taken possession of Indianapolis. Knowing that the eyes of all those interested in wheeling are turned towards our city this year, our manufacturers and salesmen have been redoubling their efforts to turn out the most complete, most improved, and handsomest wheels possible for the coming season. Strength and lightness, handsome enamel, comfortable saddles, are all to be found in the '98 patterns and many a new "wrinkle" has been added which will assist materially in giving comfort and pleasure to the rider. The chain and the chainless wheel are both provided by many manufacturers.



RED CROSS—Indianapolis Cycle Co.

Special attention has been given to ladies' wheels, a fact which will be keenly appreciated by the sex which furnishes new recruits to the wheeling ranks every week. The children, too, have not been forgotten and the dainty and complete juvenile wheels are a delight to the eye of the elder, as they will be a joy to the hearts of the little ones.

Although nothing definite can be said as to the price of wheels this year, it may be said in a general way that the prices will range from $40 to $125.

Below are given opinions of several Indianapolis manufacturers and manufacturers' agents as to the business outlook for the coming year, and short descriptions of some of the '98 patterns. Owing to the fact that not all the catalogues are yet out, this description is not complete.

B. Koehring & Son.—This firm handles the "Rambler" and "The Ideal" wheels. They have already sold more new wheels than they had expected, and find the prospects for the season excellent. They have opened a new down-town store at No. 25 S. Pennsylvania street.

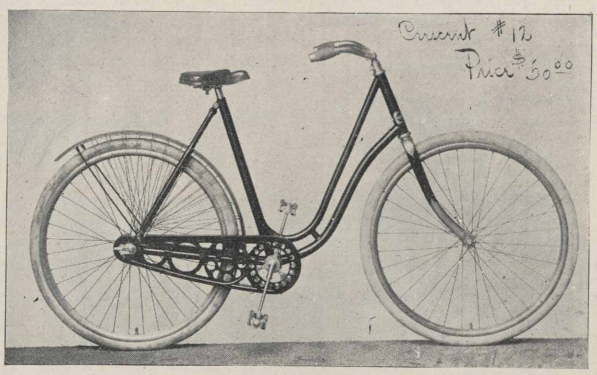
Rambler Bicycles are made in four styles of men's wheels, two styles of lady's wheels and three styles of tandems. Prices on single wheels $60,00, Tandems $100.00. One of the prominent features of Ramblers is the popular G. & J. Double Tube Detachable Tires made in Indianapolis.

The Indiana Bicycle Company.—This company manufactures and handles the "Waverley." The 1898 "Waverley" has many improvements over those of the past years, among them its invisible automatic Hub Brake. It is impossible just now to secure a picture of the new '98 Waverley. Later a complete description of it will appear in these columns.

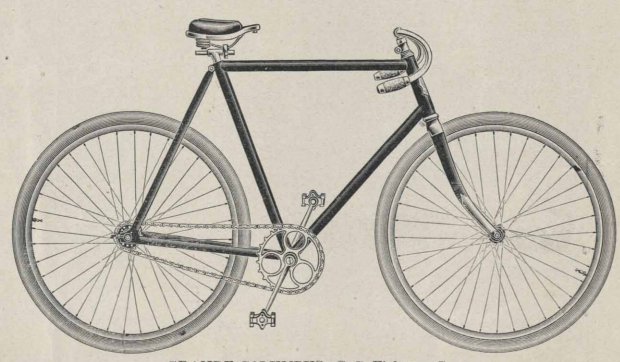
The New York Store.—This store handles three models of the "Victor" bicycle. The prospects were never better. The public is said to have already displayed much interest in the new patterns.

H. T. Hearsey & Co.—This firm handles "The Crescent" exclusively. Twenty-two models of this attractive wheel are offered to the public this year, with chain and chainless. These are, the Crescent No. 1, Gentlemen's Chainless; Crescent No. 4, Ladies' Chainless; Crescent No. 12, the Ladies' new model; Crescent Tandems, No. 20 and No. 25; Crescents No. 2 and No. 5 for Youths and Misses; Crescents No. 3 and No. 6, Juveniles, and Crescents No. 7 and No. 8, still smaller models. The prospects of this firm are very good.

C. G. Fisher & Co.—This company sells the Grande Columbus, Stearns and Aluminum bicycles. The public is said to be much interested in the new five ball

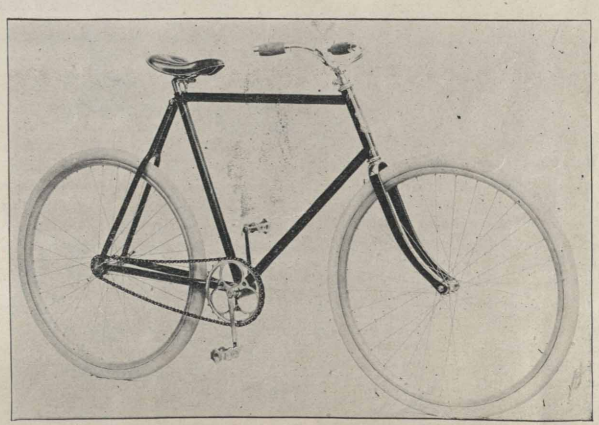


THE CRESCENT—H. T. Hearsey Cycle Co.



GRANDE-COLUMBUS—C. G. Fisher & Co.

THE VICTOR—New York Store.



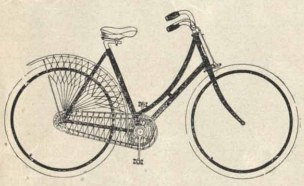
THE VANGUARD—Sensitive Governor Co.

THE BEN-HUR—Ben-Hur Cycle Manufacturing Co.

bearing as used this year on the Grande Columbus which is unusually attractive. The Stearns bicycles, among which is a chainless model, have adopted a new and unique bearing for 1898 which they claim absolutely dust proof and water proof, and are built with oil retainers, so that one oiling lasts through a season. The Aluminum bicycle, made by the St. Louis Aluminum Casting Company has a dust and waterproof gear case made of aluminum,and many other points of merit. Mr. Fisher is preparing to remodel his store room in time for the meet. He finds the prospect excellent for a large sale of the season's wheels.

Indianapolis Cycle Company.—This company handles the Patee and the Red Cross Bicycles. The Patee is handled exclusively by this firm, at its room 110 North Pennsylvania street. The '98 Patee embodies all the new features of the standard '98 wheels; flush joints, 1¼ tubing, 2⅛ drop in the hanger, expansion seat post and expansion handle bar reversible and adjustable. The lines of the frames are exceedingly pretty, having curved rear forks which are in keeping with the oval fork. Front gear cases will be used on this machine. The Indianapolis Cycle Company are still a branch of the Peoria Rubber and Manufacturing Company of Peoria, and have set the mark for selling good wheels at a low price.

Mueller and Watson, Massachusetts ave.,—This firm handles the Cleveland wheel. They have both the chain and



chainless wheels, and have a large stock of tandems and juvenile wheels which are handsome specimens of the wheelmaker's art. Their prospects for the season were never brighter.

Hay & Willits Manufacturing Company.—This firm manufactures and sells the Outing Bicycle with retail store at 126 North Pennsylvania street. The Outing for 1898 will consist of four models to be designated as K, L, M, and N. Model K is the gentleman's wheel, model L is the ladies' wheel, companion to model K, model M is the gentleman's wheel at a lower price and N is the ladies' machine of the same list. One of the prominent features of the '98 Outing is the Willits' automatic rear brake. This is a brake contained entirely in the rear hub. On this model is also used the Fauber crank and hanger. Various other improvements have been added. The prospect for the season is excellent.

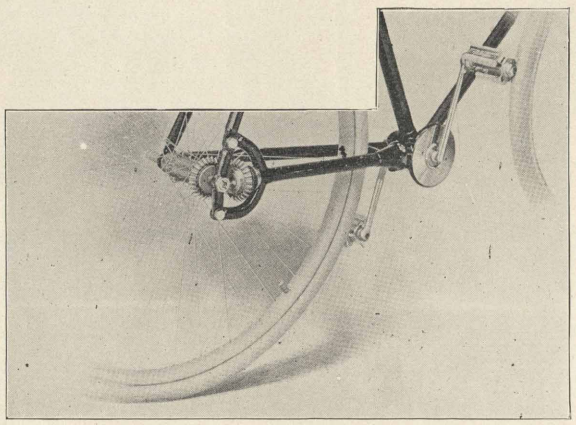
H. T. Conde Implement Co., handles the Tribune and the Crawford, all chain wheels, which have a number of improvements over the '97 models. They are already selling a good many of these wheels. Much interest is manifested by the public in the Blue Streak Track Racer for 1898, a Tribune wheel. This is a handsome wheel with saddle, Tribune special single tube track racing tires, and weighs about 19½ pounds. It's finish is robin's egg blue, gold striped.

The Vanguard Cycle Company and the Sensitive Company.—These two companies are associated in the manufacture of the Vanguard and Allen wheels. Both these wheels are well and favorably known. Two models are manufactured, "A" and "B." Both these models embody all the new features which are decided

THE HENLEY—Gus Habich.

advantages. The prospects are good, and agents are ordering samples before seeing the '98 catalogue. Their ladies' wheels, always handsome, will receive special attention this year. Office, 140 Capitol avenue.

Ben Hur Cycle Company.—This firm has recently moved their factory to Marion, Indiana, but continue their branch store on North Pennsylvania street, and their general offices at 126 S. Illinois street. Their new machine has a number of novel features, and all seem to be desirable in



COLUMBIA—Lilly & Stalnaker.

points of appearance and utility. This firm has always used the large tubing in the construction of its bicycles, and the same idea is carried out in their new goods. The frame has flush joints throughout. Their machines are all handsomely finished. Their prospects for '98 seem to be of the very best.

Lilly & Stalnaker.—This firm handles the Columbia bicycle, chain and chainless. They report that they have already sold several orders, booked for future delivery. The prospects are flattering. So far they have sold more chainless than with chains. The gears of this fine machine are connected with a rod, ball bearing at each end.

Gus Habich.—Handles four wheels, among them the Henley, Apollo and Patee. He is already selling new wheels. The Henley Racer which won many laurels on the track in '97 will continue to be built of the best material. The bearings and vital construction will not be changed much. The '98 wheel will have better sprockets, 3¼ inch drop in hanger, option on oval crown, and will be up to date in general appearance.

Joseph C. Pfleger handles the White bicycle, chain and chainless. This bicycle is manufactured by the White Sewing Machine Company of Cleveland, Ohio. The prospects for its sale during the coming season are very good. The '98 model has many improvements over the '97 model. The "White" wheel is made in all colors. The White 1898 Racer Model "AA" is a handsome wheel with high diamond pattern frame, 1¼ inch cold drawn seamless steel tubing, 1½ inch top bar, oval tubing in rear and upright forks. Height, 23 inches. It is finished in all colors, has an entirely new pattern of saddle post, and many other improvements.

Mohawk Cycle Company, North Indianapolis.—This firm manufactures the Rumsey wheel, and are placing on the market this season five different models, model 4, model 5 and 6, and model 7 and 8. These models comprise two distinctly different styles, not grades of wheels. The cheaper wheels are not cheap in material but differ in being of few parts and simple in construction, thus enabling the makers to put a cheap, good wheel on the market.

TRICYCLE CABS.

Berlin has started the tricycle cab, or Heydt cycle, so named after its invenror. The machine is a rear steerer, and between the two front wheels is a comfortably cushioned seat for the passenger, while the driver works the machine from the rear. The new system of locomotion has met with much favor, and 500 of these tricycle cabs are now in use in the German capital.

Japanese mail carriers whose routes carry them into the country use bicycles. Their machines are made by native manufacturers, who have appropriated improvements from both British and American patents.

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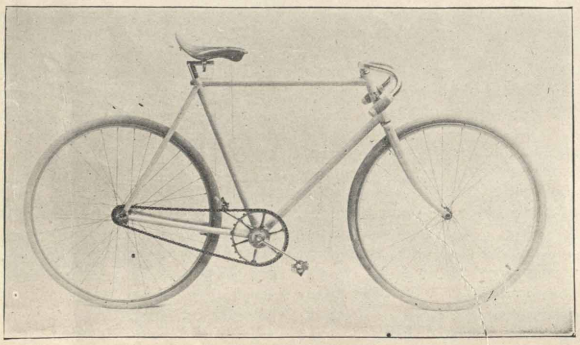
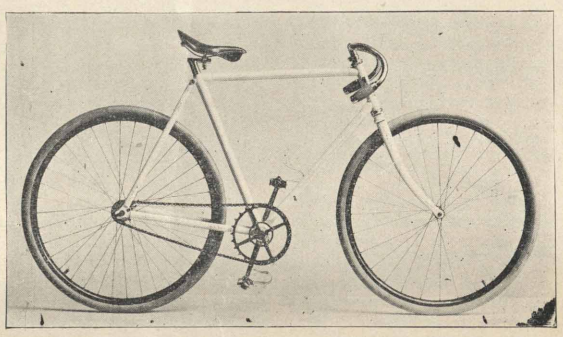
"Have you heard Stumps has been advised to go away for a change?"

"H'm! Is that medical or legal advise?"



BLUE STREAK TRACK RACER—H. T. Conde Implement Co.



THE WHITE—Joseph C. Pfleger.

POINTS BY PYKE.

It is easy to note that St. Valentine's day is at hand. All know St. Valentine is the patron saint of lovers, when they place themselves under his watchful guidance and let love take its own course. Various stories have been told as to the origin of the day, but the most probable one is that it is of heathen origin, having come from pagan Rome.

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This was the ancient custom. The maidens were marched before the altar, and the young men selected their life partners. The idea was copied from the Christian church, and thus it is that through the various changes of time the present custom of sending valentines has come about.

Some of the valentines this year are very dainty. Instead of opening and folding, they form a string and are held by long ribbons. There will be a series of hearts, cupids, roses etc. Another pretty design is a fan that opens and shuts. Then there is one that is decidedly materialistic. It is a heart-shaped cardboard, to which is attached a lump of sugar, a peppermint heart, and a date with the inscription: "You are my sugarlump, be my sweetheart, and all you have to do is to name the date."

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It is needless to inform the observer that the odious "yellow kid" figures on the comic valentines.

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It is to be hoped that the Indianapolis young man will pick up sufficient courage to propose by valentine, if it is timidity that has kept him from proposing before this time. What with our scarcity of debutantes, and our scarcity of weddings, after the first fall month, Indianapolis society is very dull. And it will soon be Lent. By all means, young man, buy her a valentine.

—

Some of our Indianapolis women are taking an interest in Klondike. One society woman remarked to another the other day that she had a fifteenth interest in a man who had gone there, and she was perfectly wild about it. If she has built great hopes on his success and read in the last Review of Reviews of the dangers of Chilkoot Pass, she will not rest until she learns of his safe arrival.

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Prof. Robert Newland of the High School has joined the Philharmonic Club as second tenor.

—

Ethel: And it is true that you are engaged already?

Kate: Oh, no! But I don't mind confessing that I'm all ready to be engaged.

—

The golf mania has extended from Indianapolis to Fort Wayne and a golf club has been formed there. Miss Hazel Pierce is president, Miss Lura Fee, secretary, and Guy Smith, treasurer.

—

Invitations are already out for a number of small valentine parties next week. No festival offers better opportunities for pretty decorations than this. Red and white are the accepted colors, and it is easy to find many good things to eat in these colors. Nothing is prettier in the way of ices than hearts and cupids, and the range for favors is practically unlimited. It is no wonder that this day is a favorite one for entertaining.

—

At the meeting of the Indiana Music Teachers' Association, in Lafayette, next June, Indianapolis will be represented by Karl Schneider, with the Indianapolis Symphony orchestra, the Indianapolis Amphion Club, Oliver Willard Pierce, Hugh McGibeny and Max Leckner.

—

I wonder if the Indianapolis golf club will follow the example of the English Golf Club, and order scarlet dress coats for evening wear? I should not be much astonished if they did for Indianapolis men of fashion make great efforts to keep up to date. If they do, all the other men will be trying to join the golf club, that they too may don the gay evening clothes, for if scarlet obtains, the black-garbed men may expect to be completely ignored.

—

"Everybody wears her hair pompadour" says a fashion paper. Yes, and I sometimes wish that everybody did not. To those to whom it is becoming, it is very becoming; the rest, look hideous, and it is usually the hideous ones who insist on following the fashion.

—

How dense is the eastern mind. Because we commented not long ago on the Louisville debutantes sitting at home because there were no young men to escort them to balls, an eastern paper jumps at the conclusion that there are no chaperones in Louisville, else the debutantes would go with their chaperones. Chaperones are there in abundance, but the Louisville belle does not care to go to a ball with a chaperone and sit with her, a wall flower throughout the evening. She complains that the men who are at the ball do not dance, and if they will not dance with her, she prefers to stay at home.

—

The Boston debutante, continues this authority, "goes to a ball in papa's carriage with mamma as escort, and doesn't bother if only there is a man or so to dance with after she arrives." Ah, yes, in Boston! But "a man or two" doesn't satisfy the Louisville girl. She wants a score.

—

Miss Ollie Torbett, one of the finest women violinists of the country, is a native of Newburg, Indiana, a little village in Warrick County.

—

I see that some Indianapolis men have formed a Southern Indiana Association. This is very good, and I hope they will labor to remove the undeserved stigma which attaches to this part of the state. But why should they limit the membership to men only? Have they no wives, no daughters, no sisters, no friends who likewise hail from Southern Indiana, and who would enjoy being united in this association? Southern Indiana is much like its sister state across the river in many respects, but this unchivalrous disregard of the ladies is certainly un-southern.

—

Mr. Donley's present series of organ recitals are even more interesting than those he has given in previous seasons, and the attendance goes to prove that people like organ music when it is properly rendered. In another column we publish the program for next week's recital.

PYKE.

GROUPS FROM THE STUDENTS' PLAY

Given by the Students of Indiana University, Bloomington.

NEXT WEEK AT THE THEATERS.

AT ENGLISH'S OPERA HOUSE.

At English's Opera House next week, the attraction will be Miss Francis of Yale, which will be given on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, with a Saturday matinee. This successful and mirth provoking play was given at the Grand Opera House earlier in the season.

This farce is from the pen of Michael Morton. The company presenting the piece is a large one, including Etienne Girardot, the original creator of "Charley's Aunt" in America, who is recognized as an extremely versatile comedian. In this latest up-to-date comedy Frank Staynor, Fred Anderson and Byron McStuff are close friends and students of Yale University, Fred Anderson, an embryo lawyer, is engaged to be married to Vesta Fitz Allen, in New York, where the action of the play commences. The three students are on a visit to Miss Fitz Allen. Fred is rather bored by the affectionate attentions of the ladies, and some diversion is desired. Frank Staynor is known by the sobriquet of "Miss Francis of Yale," from his impersonation of female characters there. Left by the others to himself, he dons feminine attire and is indulging in some high kicking when he is discovered by Miss Mann, the elderly maiden lady of the party, a man-hater and an eager retailer of slander. She at once supposes Fred Anderson has a strange woman in his room, and informs Vesta with mischievious spite. The sisters are highly indignant at this news, Vesta breaking her engagement.

In the second act all the party are assembled in the gardens of Miss Fitz Allen's house at Rumson. The ladies are agitated by the anticipated exposure of Fred's infamy. Mrs. Chetwynd, who is an occasional visitor to Miss Fitz Allen, is an aunt to Frank Staynor, and has been invited there to denounce the expected impersonatress of her nephew. She determines to teach Miss Fitz Allen a lesson, and upon the arrival of the three students denounces Frank, much to their joint consternation. Frank is told by everyone to retire to his room, where the ladies will see him by and by. Frank being in his bicycle dress, is the more confounded by the ladies with the new woman. The third act takes place in the spare room at Rumson, hastly improvised as a bed room. The enraged Frank is here discovered. Much uproarious fun is occasioned by the various interviews which follow on singly by the different personators, the fun being well sustained to the end, when the determined avowals of the three students are finally credited and peace is restored.

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AT THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

There will be no attraction at the Grand next week.

AT THE PARK THEATER.

On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, Rossow Midgets Star Specialty Company will provide entertainment at the Park; on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, "Darkest America," a combination of genuine colored minstrel performers.

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In the "Mysterious Mr. Bugle" the last performance of which will be given here tonight, there is no attempt at sentiment or anything in the nature of a serious story, the author's sole aim being to amuse. For this reason it is called a farce, though it is said to be written in the spirit of high comedy and to appeal to those who see more to laugh at in witty than in silly things.

The humor of the play is evolved from the white lies of one Betty Fondacre and the unreasonable jealousy of her fiance, Tom Pollinger. Tom, having a wealthy, but eccentric grandmother to propitiate, persuades Betty to keep her engagement to him a secret, and being of a jealous disposition he makes Betty pretend that she is a married woman in order that would-be-suitors may be kept at bay. They agree that she shall call herself Mrs. Bugle, a name they chose at random. This situation causes Betty to tell any number of fibs, which involve her in difficulties, one of which makes her cousin, Allan Fondacre conclude that Tom Pollinger is in love with Betty's sister Julia, which discovery he confides to Betty. Outraged at her lover's duplicity, Betty revenges herself by telling Tom there really is a Mr. Bugle, and that what he has supposed was a sham is a reality. This brings matters up to a concert pitch, and the latter part of the play concerns Tom's jealousy of the mythical Mr. Bugle, who is not entirely accounted for until the final curtain rings down.

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"THE CHIMES" QUARTETTE,
Logansport, Indiana.

Stray Tales of the Town.

A pretty Indianapolis matron has a secret dread of becoming stout as she grows older, and in some way her three year old boy has discovered her secret. The other day she offended him in some way, and he piped up "O mamma, you's getting ugly and fat; you just looks exactly like a little Christmas tree."

Herbert is a bright boy who gives much attention to the family conversation when he appears to be absorbed in other things; he is also studying grammar. The other day, the family was discussing the no-breakfast fad while at the breakfast table. Herbert ate vigorously, and was seemingly unconscious of what was being said. But presently when there was a pause in the discussion, he looked up a moment and said contemptuously, "O pshaw! breakfast is a verb denoting action," and returned to th demonstration of his proposition.

—

This tale comes from a neighboring city, but it is worth re-telling:

An amusing incident took place recently in connection with one of the debutantes. She is very piquante, and has a great many friends. She was telling one of the latter "in confidence" the following story last week. She said:

"I had such a funny proposal on Xmas!"

"Is that so. What was it?" asked her friend.

"You know Mr. S.," she answered, "well he sent me a perfectly gorgeous inkstand, with a silver top, on Xmas."

"Well?" asked the other.

"Well," she added, "he had had it marked with my initials, and "S" added on to them! Wasn't that funny?" and she laughed immoderately.

"It was very delicate," added the incredulous friend.

"I think so, too," added the debutante, "and what do you think I am going to do about it?" she giggled convulsively.

"I can't imagine," answered the other.

"Why, I am going to send him a birthday present," she said secretively, his birthday is next month, you know, so I am going--now promise you won't tell—to get something in silver, and have it engraved with the letters 'Y' and 'E' and 'S!' Won't that be good!', And she laughed until she was tired.

The friend who was told in "confidence" has not succeeded in telling everybody in town yet—this will probably be news to the young man.

The Chimes.

The Chimes quartette of Logansport is composed of Miss Frances C. Lux, first soprano; Miss Edna K. Stevens, second soprano; Miss Mae E. Howe, first alto; Miss Abby C. Howe, contralto. These young ladies are Logansport girls, all having been born and raised in this city. Their ages range from twenty-one to twenty-four years. They belong to three of our best families and are most highly esteemed in church and social circles, where, individually or collectively, their services are ever in popular demand. Vocally they have been instructed by teachers of their own city and some of the leading teachers of Indianapolis, Detroit and Chicago. Each lady possesses an unusually good voice for the part she sings, and each one is capable of singing solos acceptably to their hearers. All being naturally gifted in song they together form a quartette that is difficult to match. Although they have been in training as a quartette but a little over a year, they have acquired the excellence of artistic vocal style. During a good part of this time they have been under the careful training of Mr. Louis D. Eichhorn, the present supervisor of music in the Logansport schools, who is himself a fine basso, and a solo singer of great popularity in this state, and whose excellent taste has impressed itself upon the quartette. He usually assists the quartette in their public performances as manager, soloist and accompanist.

The first appearance of the Chimes away from home was before the State Teachers' Meeting at Connersville in June, 1897, where they gave a recital which drew from the large and cultivated audience much enthusiastic admiration. They also elicited very high enconiums from the music critics present. So well pleased were the officers and members of the association that arrangements have been made for a recital by the Chimes at the next annual meeting to be held at Lafayette June 28 to July 1, inclusive. During the present winter the quartette has filled engagements within convenient distance from Logansport. At this writing they are considering propositions for recitals at Lafayette, South Bend, Connersville and New Albany in the near future.

Logansport has been noted as the home of some of the best vocalists, instrumentalists and music composers, and is proud to make a place for the Chimes quartette in her galaxy of musicians.

W. T. GIFFE.
Logansport, Indiana.

TRIPS OF EXPERIENCE.

By JOHN G THURTLE.

Is that a snap shot?

Have you a Kodak?

These questions have almost caused me to commit murder time and again. I seldom make an instantaneous exposure, never a snap shot—and I have never used anything but a plain, every-day camera with marble front and double back,—I have no use for the camera which is not fitted with the ground-glass focus screen. Still, I have scores of pictures, full of life and action, taken without the aid of the plain drop shutter even, just the old style cap and a quick movement of the hand. The "snap shot" affairs known as cameras have ruined thousands of promising amateurs, and are ruining thousands more. Many a victim of the snap-shot-fever, after laughing at my prediction of failure, has come back to me crestfallen, for advice. My experiences have been varied, a few have been funny, one or two will no doubt interest and amuse the readers of these columns.

Several years ago, soon after I came to Indianapolis to live, my friends discovered I was an ardent photographer, and it was not long until they began to introduce photographis friends, mostly "Snap Shotters." Notes were compared, a few pictures shown and then—"Is that a snap shot? Have you a Kodak?" Zounds! how I used to struggle to hide my rage.

One friend brought his best work for criticism; thin half starved stuff, he brought his camera too, that I might try it. After looking it over and finding it fitted with ground glass, screen and cap, which by the way he had never dreamed of using, I proposed that we take the field for a few practical lessons, which we did, and I will wager, after eight or ten years have rolled away, some of those slow-time exposures produced results hard to beat today, though he is now a top notcher in photographic art.

One fine afternoon we wandered out along Fall Creek, finding a good piece here and there; close to the present Floral Ave. bridge, a very fine bit of landscape came to view with the city dotted along the horizon; both cameras were set up, I focussed my own, made the exposure and instructed my friend how to set about making his picture, then, leaving him to his own resources, I swung my box around towards the distant woods, focussed for another view, turned to see if my friend needed any help, when lo! he had vanished from the earth, camera, traps and all, as well as a big stump that overhung the bank of the creek; rushing over to see what had become of him, I found him struggling in the water, which was quite deep, in a vain endeavor to straddle the stump, but the stump would have none of him, so I turned rescuer and wound up by going in myself and a piece more of the bank with me. We were thoroughly wet, but the day was warm and we were soon dry; not so easy was the process of drying his camera. All is well that ends well; I got a very fine view, we both got a ducking and he gained quite a big chunk of experience.

With another friend, shortly after, I took a trip into "Sweet Owen." We arrived at a smart little town quite early in the morning, hired a surrey and a driver and started off for a long and pleasant day. We had an immense basket of lunch, the day was ideal and we rattled away to a rocky little stream hidden in the woods some miles distant. We unhitched and tethered the horses in a shady place, shouldered our traps, our driver carrying the lunch, and away we went down the rocky creek, we walked hard and traveled far and time sped away on wings. We found a spring and told our driver to build a fire and heat some water, while we took a trip around a bend to see what we could find. We went farther than we expected and the trip back to the lunch basket was rather tedious to two very hungry men. We arrived at last, found the water boiling and our driver chewing a toothpick. He had overhauled the lunch basket, and, left what he did not like for us. What we supposed was more than enough for three healthy men, turned out to be little more than enough for one of our driver's capacity. To say we were mad, would express it but mildly, but when he kicked because the cheese was not switzer, and at our failure to bring a small keg of beer, we gave him the game and dispatched what was left of the feast, filled in a few hours more and returned to town, fully resolved to do our own driving and carrying the next time we went far from home.

NOTES.

Sometimes, especially in portraiture, it is desirable to print only from the center of the negative, leaving out the edges, and yet blend the printing so as to give an artistic effect by softening the print into a white border; a print made in this manner is termed a vignette; the negative is made in the usual manner, the difference being made in printing.

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To vignette a photograph you will need a vignetter of some kind, either one made expressly for the purpose or an improvised one; a good vignetter is made by making a frame of thin wood about two inches deep, with a top in which is an opening nearly as large as the negative; this frame (or it might be called a shallow box), should be made so it will fit snugly over the printing frame.

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Take a piece of cardboard large enough to more than cover the opening in the vignetter, and in the cardboard cut an aperture the size and shape required, oval, pear-shaped, etc., the pear-shaped being most used for portraiture, the narrow portion being placed over the head, the wide portion over the shoulders; around the edges of the opening in the cardboard cut slots about one inch deep and one-eighth of an inch apart, and turn the points upward; one or more thicknesses of tissue paper should be pasted over the aperture on the cardboard to diffuse the light.

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Place the negative and sheet of sensitized paper in the printing frame as for ordinary printing; place the vignetter over the printing frame and the light entering through the aperture in the cardboard vignetter will print the shape of the aperture; as a certain amount of light will enter through the interstices around the edge of the aperture, caused by the cutting of the slots, the edges of the print are not abrupt.

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The lines of a vignette are softened by using more thicknesses of tissue paper or by raising the vignetter farther above the negative, while by using but one thickness of tissue paper and strong light, or by placing the vignetter close above the negative, the lines are made more abrupt.

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Take a piece of non-actinic paper, (thick paper of any very deep color will usually work well,) of the same size as the negative, in which cut any desired size and shape of aperture; place this between the negative and sheet of sensitized paper in the printing frame; the print will be the exact size and shape of the aperture, the border being quite white.

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A very pretty effect is also produced by taking a piece of non-actinic paper, and cut it to any size and shape required; place this between the sensitized paper and a thin piece of glass instead of the negative, in the printing frame: place the frame in the sun and print until the edges of the paper are a very dark brown, after which remove it and print with this paper as usual, the effect being the same as the cut-out, except with brown border instead of white.

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As landscapes are always seen with disadvantage under a noonday sun, so photographs taken under similar circumstances are most unpleasing; and as photography tends to exaggerate contrasts of light and shade, the result is all the worse. Many experienced photographers therefore, avoid taking views when the sun shines most brilliant, but choose rather the morning, or days when the sky is covered with white clouds, through which the sun's rays occasionally break.

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As the camera has not the painter's power of excluding or subduing intrusive objects, all the photographer can do is to endeavor to select his point of view, so as to avoid them. This is a matter demanding the utmost pains and care, for after the view has been taken, it will sometimes be found that a change of position of even a few rods would have made a material improvement, a discovery both mortifying and annoying, and better avoided by a careful search beforehand.

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The point of sight from which to take a picture will be regulated by circumstances, but sometimes circumstances can be made to bend to your will and give you your choice. The novice cannot tell just how a certain view will look on his screen; he will shift to the right, to the left; move higher and lower, until he knows what to expect or how he stands relative to light and shade and perspective. But all this is good, refining, and assists in future, as it is his first lesson in arranging his composition.

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The whole scene in many landscapes changes by standing a little higher or lower, or a few paces to the right or left. The man having the eye of an artist, who knows how to seek the best position, will at all times get the best pictures.

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When a particular scene has first struck the fancy, and if, upon closer investigation, it be found that the chosen position does not give harmony, then, by some slight change of the point of view, other combinations many come into operation which may satisfy the taste.

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The foreground really constitutes the the picture, and should be given due prominence on the plate; mid-distance and distance are insufficient of themselves to form a pleasing picture, but made accessory to, and combined with the foreground, the result will be an artistic whole which will be most pleasing to the eye.

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In every picture there are certain points that are more prominent than others, and to which other parts are made more or less subordinate; none of these points should occupy the exact center of the picture, especially if there be one object of more importance than all the rest, as a tree, for instance; if the important object, and it be placed in the center, it will divide the picture into exact halves; while the same object if placed either way from the center, will look much more artistic.

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Never be satisfied with "good enough." One first-class view is worth a dozen indifferent ones. Superficial observers entertain the belief that landscape photographs must be as good as others, as the object remains always the same, and all are by the same person. Nothing can be more erroneous. The object is not always the same, for a landscape appears under very different aspects in the morning and evening light, or in different states of the weather. Whoever studies these effects of light will soon discover at what hour a certain view will look most beautiful, and will chose that time for taking his view. Accordingly, his picture will surpass greatly that of a hasty or superficial person who takes the view as he finds it.

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There is great beauty in very trifling objects which many overlook. Bushes, and vines, rocks, stones, logs often have elements of attraction that reveal themselves only by observation and cultivation. An artificial arrangement of such objects in the foreground of a photograph lends to it an inexpressible charm.

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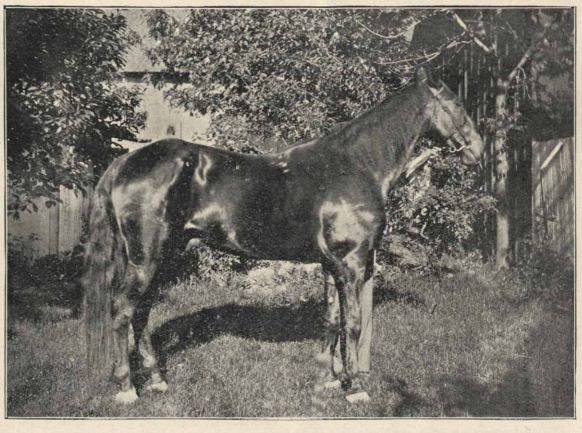
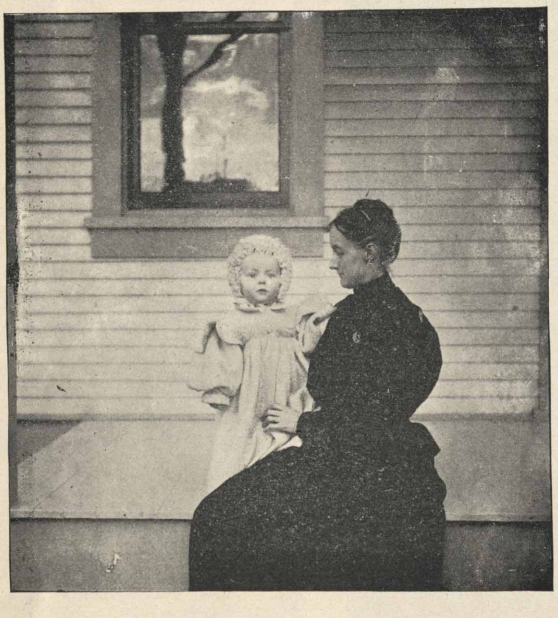
Frequently human figures are introduced with good effect, but they are not advantageous unless used to make up the story, when they must be so placed and posted that they harmonize with the balance of the picture, and become one of the parts that make up the whole.

RESIDENCE OF C. F. SMITH.
Photo by J. W. Van Trees.

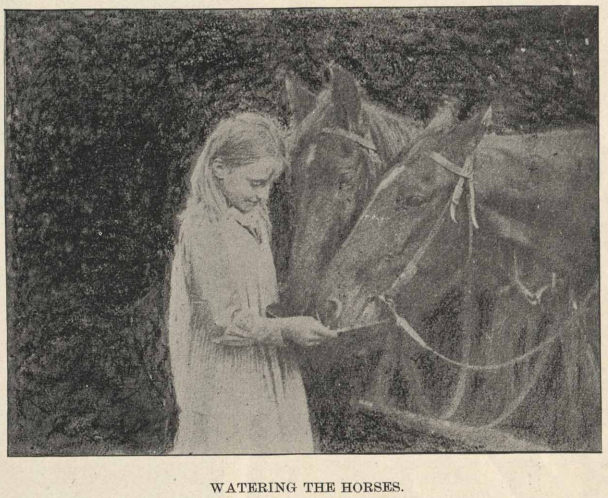
WE WILL BE HAPPY WHEN SUMMER COMES AGAIN.
Photo by Miss Lillian E. Morgan. Entered for contest.



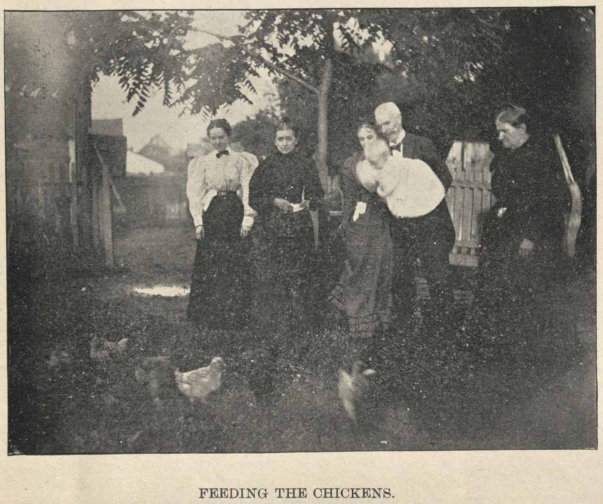
A QUIET OLD HORSE.
Photo by Samuel C. Gold. Entered for contest.



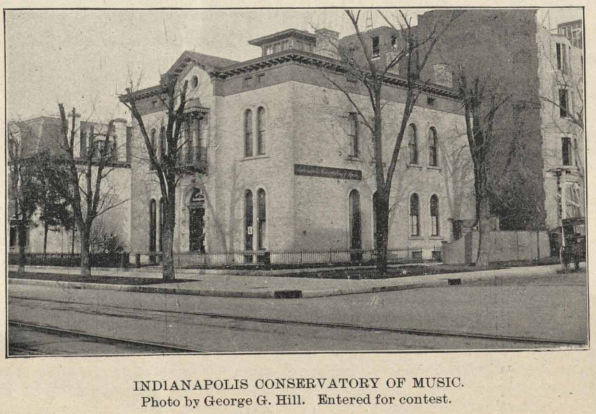
ONE YEAR OLD.
Photo by Charles A. Heron. Entered for contest.



WATERING THE HORSES.
Photo by Mrs. Worth Merritt. Entered for contest.



FEEDING THE CHICKENS.
Photo by Charles A. Heron. Entered for Contest.



INDIANAPOLIS CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.
Photo by George G. Hill. Entered for contest.

Vonnegut-Krauss.

On Tuesday evening the marriage of Mr. Franklin Vonnegut and Mrs. Emma Krauss took place at the residence of Mr. and Mr. Charles Krauss in North Pennsylvania street. Only the immediate families and relatives were present for the ceremony at eight o'clock, which was performed by Rev. Frederick E. Dewhurst of Plymouth church. There were fifty-eight relatives present. Green, white and pink were employed in the house decorations, pink roses and smilax being used in the parlors and white roses in the dining room. An aisle was formed of white satin ribbons, wound with smilax from the stairs to the parlor, through which the bridal party entered to the strains of the wedding march from Lohengrin, played by Theodore Vonnegut, son of the groom. Preceeding the bride and groom were Miss Katherine Krauss and Master Arthur Vonnegut, carrying flowers. The ribbon bearers were Master Wilfred Krauss and Miss Helen Raitz of Toledo. The bride wore a beautiful gown of pearl gray faille satin, trimmed with duchess lace and pearl passementerie and she carried a bouquet of roses. Miss Helen Raitz wore pink silk and Miss Lillian Krauss pink liberty silk. A harpist played softly during the ceremony and supper. At the bride's table, which was lighted with candles in crystal candelabra and adorned with vases of white roses and smilax were seated Mr. and Mrs. Vonnegut and the immediate families. Other guests were seated at tables. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Krauss were assisted in entertaining by Mrs. Carl Von Hake, Mrs. Clemens Vonnegut jr., Mrs. Jacob Becker, Mrs. Sohngen of Hamilton, O., Mrs. Murray of Toledo, O., Miss Alberta Von Hake and Miss Lillian Krauss. Mr. and Mrs. Vonnegut have gone West on a wedding trip and will be at home after April 1, at 1006 East Market street. Guests from out-of-town were Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Scholl, Toledo, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sohngen, Hamilton, O., Mr. and Mrs. Martin Mason and Miss Mary Sohngen, of Hamilton, O., Mrs. Murray, Mrs. Raitz and Miss Helen Raitz of Cleveland, O.

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Mrs. Nellie Coffin Brodix.

Mrs. Nellie Coffin Brodix, wife of Edwin Brodix of Bloomington, Indiana and sister of Charles E. Coffin of Indianapolis, whose picture we present to our readers today is a descendant of one of the oldest families in the United States. The most ancient seat of the name and family of Coffin is in England; it is now called Portledge, in the parish of Alwington, near Bideford, County of Devon. It has been in the family since the time of William the Conqueror when for valuable services rendered the Conqueror this grant was made to Sir Richard Coffin, Knight. This estate is still in possession of the Coffins. The first of this family to come to America was Tristram Coffin who came in 1642 and became one of the ten original owners of the island of Nantucket and was its first chief magistrate. Mrs. Brodix is of the seventh generation from Tristram Coffin and of the fifth generation from Samuel Coffin whose wife Miriam Gardiner Coffin was the granddaughter of Richard Gardiner, one of the Pilgrim Fathers who came over in the Mayflower.

Mrs. Brodix received her education from the city schools and State University being a member of the Kappa Kappa Gamma fraternity. She is now Critic in Sorosis, one of Bloomington's literary societies, Secretary of the Local Council of Women and Local Secretary of Indiana Union of Literary Clubs. She is a very handsome and charming woman.

Congress of Nations.

The Congress of Nations and Streets of Cairo after weeks of preparation were thrown open to the public last Wednesday evening at Tomlinson hall. The entertainment, which is one of the most unique ever given in this city, will continue until Tuesday of this week. The proceeds are for the benefit of the Girls' Industrial School, one of the many deserving charities. All the varied attractions which characterized the Midway Plaisance at the World's Fair have been reproduced. Old Vienna, The Irish Village, The Streets of Cairo, with a wedding every evening, The German Village, Hagenbach's Arena and The Congress of Beauties which attracted much attention. The Irish Village is under the management of Mrs. Charles W. Ensey; The Turkish Village is presided over by Mrs. Neal and Mrs. Coughlan; The New England Home is under the management of Mrs. M. C. Smith and Mrs. C. L. Ritter. Miss Gussie Schrumm and Miss Harriet Eitel have charge of the Italian Village, and Mrs. Archibald and Mrs. Hall have the management of Old Vienna. The Ferris Wheel is a special feature. Liberal donations have been made by the different business men of the city, and Miss Mary Sloan generously donated a soda fountain where the weary sight-seers may quench their thirst for a small consideration.

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Y. W. C. A.

Gymnasium classes are being formed at the Y. W. C. A. for the coming three months. Applications can be made at anytime except Wednesday afternoons. There will be classes in light and heavy work and a physical culture and theory class. The use of dumb-bells and Indian clubs is a new feature. A lunch will be served every Sunday afternoon through the month of February for the convenience of those who wish to attend evening service. Miss Clara J. Anderson, the physical director announces the following:

Morning: Tuesday and Friday 9:30-1:30. Afternoon: Tuesday and Friday, Physical Culture and Theory, 3-4; Monday and Thursday, 3-4; Monday and Thursday, 4:15-5; Tuesday and Friday, Juniors, 4-5; Tuesday and Friday, 5-6: Children, Saturday, 3-4. Evening: Monday and Friday, 6:30-7:30; Monday, 8-9; Wednesday and Saturday, 8-9; Wednesday and Saturday, 7-8.

The following is the program for Sunday afternoons for February.

February 5: Miss Clara J. Anderson, Peace, Isaiah 26:3-4; February 13: Mrs. C. J. Buchanan, The Book of Books; February 20: Miss Caroline L. Palmer, Whom say ye that I am, Mat. 15:16.

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Miss Corella Taylor's Linen Shower.

One of the most charming entertainments of the week was Miss Corella Taylor's linen shower yesterday afternoon for Miss Edith Bingham, whose marriage to Mr. John Valentine Dittemore takes place this week. The parlors were beautifully decorated with cut flowers. There were thirty-six guests present. A three-course luncheon was served in the dining room. Seated at the centre table were Miss Bingham and the members of the bridal party, including the maid of honor, Miss Lucy Hitch, of Paris Ill., and the four bridesmaids, Miss Daniels, of Dayton, Ohio, Miss Olcott, of Muncie, Miss Kate Smith and Miss Corella Taylor. A beautiful ball of white flowers was suspended from the chandelier, tied at the bottom in a loop knot, so that when pulled by the hostess the bride-elect was showered with linen. The name cards consisted of heart-shaped valentines. Miss Hitch and Miss Olcott will be Miss Taylor's guests for a week.

MRS. WILLIAM E. ENGLISH,
One of the Season's Brides.

—

Boys' Club Minstrel Show.

The Minstrel Performance last Wednesday night at the Propylaeum for the benefit of the Boys' Club given by some of its members was a decided success. Mrs. John C. Dean had charge of the performance. Mr. Peck, leader of the Boys Brigade Band opened the entertainment with a cornet solo. A well drilled chorus sang some of the latest popular songs, which were interespersed with jokes, dances and local hits which were very much enjoyed by the audience. Solos were given by several of the boys and one boy danced so well that he was twice recalled. After the performance, the guests were welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. John C. Dean and a dance followed.

—

The High School Opera Company.

The last Friday and Saturday evenings and Saturday afternoon of this month, the opera, Iolanthe will be given by the pupils of the High School and the Industrial Training School, under the direction of Mrs. Perle Wilkinson. The proceeds will be applied to the purchase of a new piano for the High School. There will be a large chorus and appropriate costumes and scenery. The cast will include Miss Georgia Galvin, as Phyllis; Mr. Sweeney as Strephon; Mrs. Rhea Hill Behymer as the Queen; Miss Tucker as Iolanthe; Claude Compton as Lord Mount Ararat; Arnold Spencer as Lord Chancellor.

—

Y. M. C. A.

Robert Nourse, of Washington, D. C., will give the next entertainment in the Y. M. C. A. lecture course, at English's Opera House, next Thursday evening. Dr. Nourse will give Robert Louis Stevenson's psychological novel, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. It has been given by him more than a thousand times during the past ten years.

—

The program for Mr. Donley's third organ recital at the Memoral Presbyterian church next Tuesday evening, Feb. 15, is as follows:

Boellmann - - Suite Gothique. (New.)
Choral, Minuet, Priere, Toccata.
Grison - - - - - - - - - Communion.
Delibes - - - - - - Theme Slave, Varie, "La Coppelia." (New.)
Hatton - - - - - The Indian Maid.
a. Deshayes - - - - - Caprice. (New.)
b. Saint Saens - - Berceuse. (New.)
c. Claussmann - - Allegro Moderato. (New.)
Guilmant - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
Marche Funebre Chant Seraphique.

—

Song service at the First Baptist church Sunday evening. Solo, quartette and chorus of fifty voices under the direction of Arthur P. Preston. Following is the program:

Organ—Grand Offertoire - - Ed. Bastiste
Processional - - - - - - - - - - - -
I heard the voice of Jesus Say - Flagler
Anthem—Sing Alleliua Forth - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - Dudley Buck
Quartette—Our Blest Redeemer - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - P. Preston
Duett—(Tenor and Bass)
No Hope Beyond.
Violin Solo by Mr. Geo. T. Bradford.
Chorus—(from D. Stainer's Crucifixion)
God so Loved the World.
Organ—Marche Pontificale - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - F. de la Toubelle

An organ recital by the eminent organist, Mr. Gustin Wright, "eleve de Guilmant" assisted by Arthur P. Preston, Baritone will be given next Wednesday evening at the first Baptist Church.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

An Unsophisticated Maid:—It is unnecessary to send an acceptance to the invitation to the church wedding as you are unacquainted with the contracting parties and are asked because of a formal acquaintance with a relative, you need feel no delicacy in attending without giving a present. To give one would be in bad taste under such circumstances. If an "at home" card was enclosed, do not neglect to call on some one of the days mentioned.

We make faces beautiful and hands, too. Artistic manicuring. Special treatment for pianists' hands. Massage to restore contour of face and remove every kind of blemish. For treatment at your own home, address, MESDAMES MANLOVE & HAMILTON, 238 E. Pratt street.

Invitations for the Marion Club's second Annual Ball, Friday evening, February 25 have been issued. There are 600 members in this organization. Each member is privileged to invite five guests, so that a large attendance is promised. The hall which will be decorated in flags and bunting will present a gala appearance.

MRS. D. F. FLEENER.

People and Events.

Among the social events of the past week were Miss Cora and Estelle King's reception for Miss Elsie Williams, of Terre Haute; Mayor and Mrs. Taggart's card party for ex-Governor Matthews; Mrs. George Tanner's luncheon; Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Louis's reception for Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Roseman; Mrs. Leed's card party for Mrs. Black and Mrs. O'Kane; Mr. and Mrs. Milton Huey and Miss Huey's evening party at Woodruff Place Club House; Mrs. C. H. Beck, Mrs. C. C. Pierson and Mrs. J. L. Gasper's card party at the Propylaeum; Mrs. T. P. Haughey, jr's dinner for Mr. John Dittemore and Miss Edith Bingham, and the members of their bridal party; and Mrs. I. N. Richie's hearts party for Miss Bingham.

An interesting library conference will be held in Evansville, Ill, February 21 and 22. Indiana, Michigan, Illinois and Wisconsin will be represented by those interested in library work. This convention will consider a program touching on topics of library interests, such as state aids to library work with children, college and reference work and other large topics. Miss Hoagland of Fort Wayne, has been appointed to represent Indiana and to present a paper on the "Relation of Clubs and Libraries." It is probable that others in the city who are interested on the subject of public libraries will also attend the convention.

At the next to the last meeting of the Ladies Whist Club, Mr. Cassino Payne, the inventor of Payne's Whist Tray presented the club with two sets of trays. The whist parlors have been handsomely decorated. Mrs. Charles E. Coffin and Mrs. George Catterson have presented the club with several pictures. Last Wednesday night the ladies were the guests of honor at the American Whist Club.

The "Murphy Temperance League" gave an interesting entertainment at the "Grand Army Hall" on Wednesday evening. The special feature of the evening were the reading by Benjamin J. Scoville, who gave his services gratiutously. Ice cream and cake were served. Mr. Scoville then went to the Son's of St. George Lodge and took part in a social given by members.

The annual Masquerade Ball of the Maennerchor will be given in the hall and club rooms of the society on Friday night, February 18. It will be for members only. The admission is limited to persons in fancy costumes or dominos, with the exception of those over fifty years of age, who will be required to wear the regulation fool's cap.

Mrs T. A. Mock gave a very pleasant surprise party for her husband in honor of his 34th birthday last week. There were games and music. The hostess was assisted by her sister, Miss Josephine Lindburg, a rising elocutionist, who gave some delightful recitations.

Mr. and Mrs. John R. Wilson gave an informal reception Wednesday evening for Mrs. Wilson's uncle and aunt, Dr. and Mrs. Gatling of Hartford, Conn. They will go this week to Cataract to visit Mrs. Zerelda Wallace, who i a sister of Mrs. Gatling.

Invitations were issued this week by Mr. and Mrs. Edward B. Porter for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Katherine Ray Porter and Mr. Gordon Varney to take place Tuesday noon, February 22, at Roberts Park M. E. church.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lilly and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. George C. Beck and Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Kinsey left today for Hot Springs, Ark. Mr. John G. Deshler, Mr. and Mrs. Lilly's guest, will accompany the party.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Elsa Wocher, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Julius Wocher and Mr. Robert Churchman, son of the late F. M. Churchman. The wedding will not occur for some time.

Henry H. Slauter, for several years past connected with the H. T. Hearsey Cycle Company, is now manager of B. Koehring & Son, agents for Rambler Bicycles. Located at No. 25 S. Pennsylvania street.

The engagement is announced of Miss Alma Celine Haerle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Haerle and Mr. Roland Henry Sherman, of Lawrence, Mass. The wedding will take place in April.

The Monday Afternoon Club will observe its third anniversary February 22, at the home of Mrs. Henry Spann in North Meridian street. A novel entertainment is being prepared for that evening.

Mr. Justin Wright, of Detroit, will arrive in the city early this week. He will give an organ recital Feb. 16, at the First Baptist church. He will be assisted by Mr. Arthur Preston.

Miss Mildred Adler, of Lawrenceburg, and Miss Eva De Uries are here to attend the Adler-Harris wedding, and are the guests of Miss Belle Adler, of North New Jersey street.

The Irvington Woman's Club will meet on Monday the 14th with Mrs. David Leslie to observe guest day. Mrs Alexander Jameson will read a paper on Maude Ballington Booth.

Mrs T. C. Day left Wednesday evening. for Amherst, Mass, having been called there by the sudden death of her mother, Mrs. L. E. Huntington.

Miss McGrath who is visiting Miss Anna Gantley was entertained informally by Mrs. H. A. Chandler Monday evening.

The Miss Donlons will give a Valentine party at Brenneke's Monday afternoon for Miss McGrath and Miss Wilkinson.

Mrs. Willard McGuire, of Louisville will come this week to visit Mrs. Martha McGuire in North New Jersey street.

Mrs, Lillian Porter Whitten will be the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H Potter in North Alabama street.

Mrs. M. Jinsmaster and Miss Nellie Murry were the hostesses last week at a card party and Musirale.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Mayer and Miss Florence Malott left today for New York. Miss Malott will go to Washington before returning home.

Mr. Charles Layman has issued invitations for a dance next Tuesday evening in honor of Mrs. O'Kane, Miss Black and Miss Kingman.

Mr. A. P. Stanton went to New Orleans this week on business.

Elegant Stock New Goods

Now opening. Lovely stock of new belts—up-to-date styles at popular prices. New silver novelties in new and nobby styles. Great Sale Sterling Silver Spoons, Knives and Forks.

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In this line we carry the stock, and make you the lowest prices and our business warrants us in being on the ground floor. No bragging but real bargains that talk for themselves. All we ask is a comparison in goods and prices.

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The John Gilbert Co.'s 65c Heavy Half-Wool Ingrain Carpets,
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The John Gilbert Co,'s 90c best 10-Wire Tapestry Brussels Carpets,
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The John Gilbert Co.'s $1.35 best 5-frame Body Brussels Carpets for
85c a yd

The John Gilbert Co.'s $1.50 and $1.75 fine Axminster Carpets,
95c a yd

MATTINGS

1,200 yards just over from the stock-room of the John Gilbert Co.'s 25c Straw Mattings at
15c a yd

The John Gilbert Co.'s 30c Straw Mattings at
20c a yd

The John Gilbert Co.'s 35c Straw Matting at
25c a yd

OIL CLOTH—The John Gilbert Co.'s 30c to 40c Floor Oil Cloth,
20c a yd

LINOLEUM—The John Gilbert Co.'s $1 Linoleum,
69c a yd

COCOA MATTING—The John Gilbert Co.'s 50c to 60c Cocoa Matting—somewhat damaged—
10c a yd

—Third Floor.

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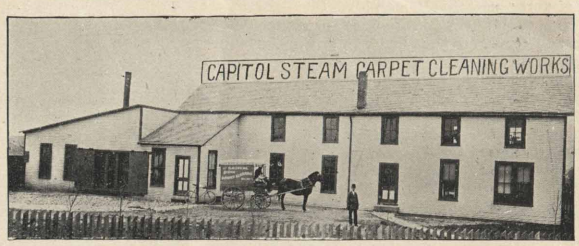

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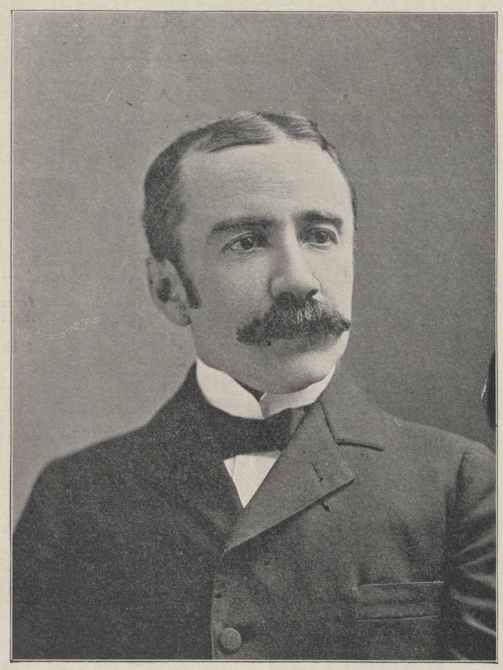
The Leading and Fashionable Vienna Tailor will offer for the next 30 days to make the Finest Ladies' Tailor-made Suits completely silk lined; cloth of the finest imported fabrics for the remarkably low price of the materials are of **$33.00 and up** the best makes, the silk of the best known mills and our reputation as the leading fashionable ladies' tailor is well known. This offer is positively for 30 days only. Parlors 57 and 58 Ingalls Block, above the Model. Take elevator.

INDIANA CLUBS AND THEIR WORK.

EDITED BY MRS. HARRIET W. KITTS.



MR. ALFRED FREMONT POTTS,
Founder of the Century Club of Indianapolis.

ON WOMEN'S NAMES.

STILL ANOTHER CHAPTER.

Women in countries less enlightened than America, are required by custom to proclaim their domestic relations in their manner of dress, of wearing the hair or of decorating the teeth. In America we are a step higher—we label them "Miss" and "Mrs." There may be times when a woman might wish to forget, and have the world forget that she is a spinster; times may there be when she might long to forget, and to have the world forget, that she is a wife,—it is all one and the same; never, nowhere, may she appear without her label.

In the days when a woman was but the chattel of her husband, it may have been entirely satisfactory for James Henry Brown to pin his name upon Mary Smith, with a "Mrs." before it, which was his way of announcing to all man-kind that she was "sold;" but in the dawning twentieth century when marriage is no longer a sale, but an exchange, it does seem as though a new system of titles should be inaugurated to fit the altered conditions. Such a system should at least be founded on fairness. If "Master" be the title that is retained for boyhood, and "Mr." for manhood, then "Miss" should be the title of girlhood, and "Mrs." of womanhood—not of matronhood exclusively, as is now the custom. If "Mrs." be retained in its present signification, then certainly "Mr." should be the title of a married man. There is no sense nor justice in eternally and publicly placing a value upon one member of the marriage partnership and not upon the other. It is really just as foolish and unfair, as it would be to speak of the law firm of Black and Jones, as "Black and Hundred-Thousand-Dollar-Jones," or "Black and Married-Jones." If one must never address the wife of James Henry Brown, without reminding her and everybody else, at the very first word, that she is a married woman, then one should never address the husband of Mary Smith without reminding him and everybody else that he is a married man; for, as the old and familiar adage vulgarly puts it, "What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander."

PEN PORTRAITS.

Mr. Ernest P. Bicknell retiring president of the Century Club of Indianapolis, was born thirty-five years ago, upon a farm in Knox County, near the village of Bicknell. In 1887, he was graduated from the State University, at Bloomington. The following six years were spent in Indianapolis where he was a member of the city staff on the "News." In the spring of 1893, he purchased the Gas City Journal, at Gas City, which he had edited but a few months, when he was elected secretary of the State Board of Charities. This important position was retained until November of last year, when he resigned, to become general superintendent of the Associated Charities of the city of Chicago,—a bureau which is recognized to be the foremost one of the United States, not even excepting one of similar character which exists in New York city.

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Mr. Alfred Fremont Potts is honored by the Century Club of Indianapolis, as its founder and first president. He is a member of the law firm of Griffiths and Potts, and it was in his office, in December 1888, that a score or more of congenial spirits met to organize a literary club. Mr. Potts has been one of the leading spirits of the "Century" since its earliest days. Among the memorable papers of a club, noted for its fine productions, is one which he read upon "General Sam Houston of Texas."

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Mr. Herbert W. Foltz, secretary of the "Century" of Indianapolis, is now entering upon his third term of office. He is an architect by profession, a graduate of the Rose Polytechnic Institute, class of '86, and of the Chicago Art Institute, in '91. For the past two years, he has served the Portfolio Club as its treasurer. He is a member of the L. A. W. Racing Board, having charge of district C, composed of Michigan, Indiana, Kentucky, West Virginia, Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama and Florida. He is chairman of the Racing Committee for the '98 meet which will be held in Indianapolis in August.

THE CENTURY CLUB OF INDIANAPOLIS.

Quite the most unique from a mechanical standpoint of all the year-books that have entered the club department, is the one for '98 just issued by the Century Club of Indianapolis. It is printed on heavy Dekel edge paper, with rubricated titles, border and colophon, and protected by gray antique board, twice folded. and embossed in dull red with the club's title, and with the year in Roman numerals.

The "Century" convenes on Tuesday evening of every week at the "Denison." The last meeting in each month is made a Guest Evening, when "gentlemen not residing in Indianapolis, and ladies without regard to residence, may be admitted on invitation of any member." Exceptional occasions are one arranged for May 28, when will be enjoyed a Members' Dinner at Country Club, and another for Nov. 22, when a dinner will be given to James Whitcomb Riley. The program of work is in charge of a "Committee on Exercises," though each essayist is privileged to "select his own subject and shall be free to express any opinion whatever thereon."

"The 'Century' was organized" writes a member, as a protest against exclusiveness and old fogyism in club life. It aspired to be something of a social factor, to reform local abuses, to be modern in all things, and to study current events and have a hand in them. Because of its many banquets an envious and hungry rural organization once dubbed it an eating club—and still it survives!" As to that, it is the eating clubs which do survive—the "Kit-cat," and "Beef-steak" are famous examples. The best men have eaten. But to return— J. P. Dunn, Arthur Grover, Charles W. Moores, John L. Griffiths, William T. Elliott, W. C. Bobbs, Meredith Nicholson, Hilton U. Brown, were some of the men whom Mr. Potts first interested in the idea of a literary club among the younger men of the city. This interest materialized in December 1888, when thirty charter members affixed their signatures to the constitution of the Century Club.

The club has enjoyed some fine papers, wide awake discussions and brilliant after-dinner speeches. "It has done little black-balling," our correspondent continues. "It even elects governors of Indiana to active membership. Some of the toasts of long ago are still recalled—one in particular being Mr. Dunn's 'To the Candidate.' The leading magazines and papers have reprinted several of the club's papers and poems, from the pens of Messrs. Hendricks, Fishback, Harold Taylor, Lockwood, Cleland and Holstein. A sketch by Scott Butler 'A Modern Phyllis' which appeared in the club budget is a classic, and one by Mr. Cleland on 'Fiction in the Public Library' was much quoted and discussed. Among other memorable papers may be mentioned Mr. Johnson's on 'Schools of Vice,' Mr. Hendrickson's 'The Abbey of Gethsemane,' Mr. Mitchell's on the 'Louisiana Lottery' and Mr. Roberts's on 'Geysers.'"

The club has had the pleasure of introducing to its friends, two distinguished literary men. On February 12, 1895, "a thousand of its guests listened to a reading by F. Hopkinson Smith, and enjoyed the opportunity of meeting him socially and coming under the influence of his magnetic personality; and on November 29, 1897, a similar treat was afforded when Anthony Hope made his bow to the club's guests, and delighted them with The Prisoner of Zenda and the Dolly Dialogues."

The "Century" has a constituency of one hundred active, twenty non-resident, and two honorary members, the two latter being Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, and Mr. James Whitcomb Riley. It has been affiliated with the Indiana Union of Literary Clubs since 1892. Its presidents have been: Alfred F. Potts, Jacob P. Dunn, William T. Elliott, William Fortune, Evans Woollen, John L. Griffiths, Charles W. Moores, Hilton U. Brown, Ernest P. Bicknell and Francis H. Gavisk. Its present officers are:

Mr. Francis H. Gavisk, president.
Mr. Gustav A. Carstensen, Mr. Edgar A. Brown, Mr. Elmer E. Stevenson } vice-presidents.
Mr. Herbert W. Foltz, secretary.
Mr. Robert T. Davidson, treasurer.

Its standing committees are these:

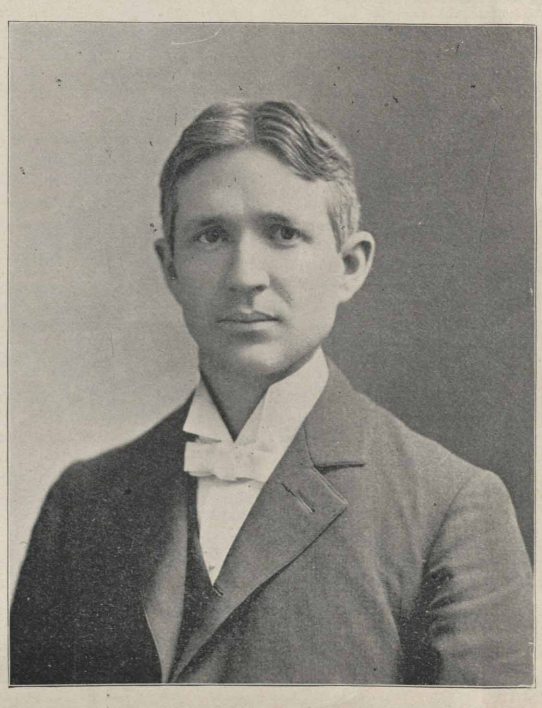
On Officers and Members:
Gustav A. Carstensen.
Joseph W. Piercy.
Albert Rabb.

On Exercises:
Edgar A. Brown.
Henry H. Hornbrook.
Everard F. Tibbott.

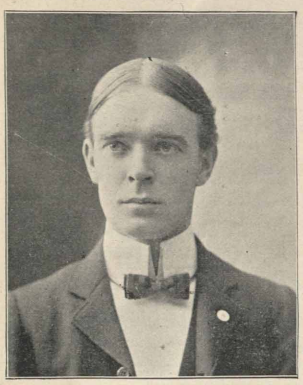
On Finance:
Elmer E. Stevenson.
Ernest R. Keith.
Lawson M. Harvey.

PROGRAM OF THE CENTURY CLUB OF INDIANAPOLIS.

FEB. 1.—What People Read.
FEB. 8.—Lincoln in Indiana.
FEB. 15.—The Business of Reforming.
FEB. 22.—Guests' Evening.
MAR. 1.—The Late Monetary Convention.
MAR. 8.—Cuba.
MAR. 15.—A Clear Title.
MAR. 22.—The Science of Political Prediction.
MAR. 29.—Guests' Evening. Hawaii and the Hawaiians.



MR. ERNEST P. BICKNELL.
Retiring President of the Century Club of Indianapolis.



MR HERBERT W. FOLTZ.
Secretary of the Century Club of Indianapolis

APR. 5.—The Ages of Faith.
APR. 12.—Robert Owen and his Indiana Colony.
APR. 19 —The Rise and Fall of Political Parties.
APR. 26.—Guests' Evening. The Evolution of the Heroine.
MAY 3.—The Monroe Doctrine.
MAY 10—Norse Mythology.
MAY 17.—The Supernatural in Shakespeare.
MAY 24.—The Divorce Laws of Indiana.
MAY 28.—Members' Dinner at Country Club.
OCT. 4.—The Practical Idealists.
OCT. 17.—A Medico-Legal Possibility.
OCT. 18.—Alexander Hamilton and the Republic.
OCT. 25.—Guests' Evening. The Spring of Perpetual Youth.
NOV. 1.—Voltaire.
NOV. 15—Heredity.
NOV. 22.—Dinner to James Whitcomb Riley.
NOV. 29.—Guests' Evening. Here and there.
DEC. 6.—The Struggle for Supremacy.
DEC. 13.—The Disadvantages of Republican Institutions.
DEC. 20.—(Not stated).
JAN. 3.—The Scholar in Politics.
JAN. 10 —Some of the English Dialects.
JAN. 17.—Rudyard Kipling.
JAN. 24.—Bankruptcy Law.
JAN. 31.—Guests' Evening. The Unspent Dollar.
FEB. 7.—Washington Irving.
FEB. 14.—The Party Man.
FEB. 21.—The Feasibility of Jurisprudence.
FEB. 28.—Guests' Evening. The Modern Stage.

THE WARSAW READING CLUB.

Among the older clubs of Indiana must be counted the "Warsaw Reading," which was organized under the constitution October 7, 1880, though it had already existed a year as a Shakespearian Society. "The first president," so we are informed, "was Mrs. Etta Cosgrove, now of Joplin, Mo., known as a successful business woman dealing in real estate." For ten years past, the presiding officer has been Miss Harriet D. Frazer whom Indiana club people well remember as the very efficient secretary of the Indiana Union of Literary Clubs for the year '97. Miss Frazer's efficiency has proved invaluable to the club, and it was with reluctance that her resignation was accepted. Her successor whom she was given the privilege of nominating is Miss Affia Catlin whom Indiana club people also well remember as the writer and reader of the very charming verses which welcomed the Union at its last convention held in Warsaw in June.

The course of study in the club has been, generally, the history of a country and its literature, consequently, in its eighteen years of existence a great many of the countries have been thus considered. The present year's work pertains to Italy, and this subject will be the theme also for the season of '99. One of the pleasant features of the club is the illustrated paper or talk which is frequently given by members.

Of the social affairs of the club a member writes: "In the way of entertainment during the year, is our annual 'Guests' Evening,' held on or near the club anniversary. Social meetings are given at other times, and occasionally the husbands entertain the ladies." We like that idea, and suggest that other husbands take note of it. "Last year, club night falling on Feb. 22, a Colonial Party was given, to which all came in colonial costume. We have musicales with fine talent, recitations, parlor lectures by foreign talent, stereopticon lectures, and last Fall, a most unique Harvest Festival."

The Warsaw Reading Club includes forty active, and ten resident honorary members. It has been affiliated with the I. U. L. C. since 1891. Its officers are:

Miss Affia Catlin, president.
Mrs. Mary E. B. Sutton, vice-president.
Mrs. Emma Irland, secretary.
Miss Jennie Frazer, assistant secretary.
Mrs. Nellie K. Shoup, treasurer.
The program committee is:
Mrs. Eulalia Everhard.
Miss Vesta Marrs.
Mrs. Maude B. Brown.
Mrs. Josephine Hill.
Miss Jennie Frazer.
The membership committee is:
Mrs. Anna Schoonover.
Mrs. Lillian C. Reed.
Mrs. Martha Glessner.

PROGRAM OF THE WARSAW READING CLUB.

Three September Meetings: Italy in Poetry, The Topography, The Races, Legendary Founding of Rome, Review of the Aeneid, Regal Rome, Legends of Regal Period.

Three October Meetings: Lucius Junius Brutus, Recitations—Horatius and Virginia, Development of the Roman Constitution, Comparison of Pericles and Cincinnatus, Invasion of the Gauls, Roman Supremacy in Italy.

Five November Meetings: Religion of Rome, Rome and Carthage, Hannibal, Roman Dominion at Close of Punic War. Beginnings of Latin Literature, Dissensions of the Gracchi, Cornelia, Marius and Sulla, The Jugurthine War.

Four December Meetings: Cicero, Ciceronian Correspondence. Roman Life in Time of Cicero, Readings from Cicero's Orations, Julius Cæsar, Matthew Arnold's Revolutions, Cæsar's Commentaries. The Celts.

Five January Meetings: Roman Triumvirates, Cæsar Augustus, Writers of the Augustan Age, Comparison of Virgil and Homer, Readings from Horace and Ovid, Society in Rome under the Cæsars, Character Sketches of Agrippina, Octavia and Poppaea, Review of Quo Vadis, Vespasian and the Destruction of Jerusalem.

Four February Meetings: Review of "Last Days of Pompeii," Stereopticon Views, Etruscan Art, Roman Conquest of Britain, Cowper's Boadicea, Age of the Antonines, The Good Emperors, The Jews Under Rome, Persecutions of the Christians' Catacombs.

Four March Meetings: Roman Architecture—the Forum, Coliseum, Pantheon and Triumphal Arches, A Day in Ancient Rome, Roman Army, Roads and Bridges, Theaters and Amphitheaters, Aqueducts and Baths.

Three April Meetings: Sculpture, Painting, Mosaics, Handicrafts, Roman Manners and Customs, Education, About Rome with the Poets.

Four May Meetings: The Christian Empire, Constantine and Theodosius, Pagan Temples and Christian Churches, Arius and Athanasius, Early Christian Art, Appian Way, Christian Fathers, Rise of Monasticism, Growth of Papal Power.

Three June Meetings: Romans as Lawgivers. Invasions of Barbarians, Fall of Western Roman Empire, A Day in Modern Rome.

June 27. Election of Officers. Reports from secretary and treasurer.

WITH THE CLUB EDITOR.

It disappointed us grieviously not to be able to present today, in connection with our account of the Century Club, the portrait of the present presiding officer, Father Gavisk, who is the moving spirit in the Roman Catholic denomination of Indianapolis, and who is honored and respected by all classes irrespective of religious creeds. Francis Henry Gavisk was born in Evansville, Ind., in 1856. He was connected with the Evansville Courier till 1878. He entered St. Meinrad's College and Seminary, where he was ordained to Priesthood May 30, 1885. In June of the same year, he was assigned as assistant priest at St. John's Church, where since 1890, he has been Rector. He has been a member of the Century Club since 1891.

Miss Affiia Catlin, president of the Warsaw Reading Club is an unusually capable club woman. She was graduated at Vassar in the class of '72. Her studies were not ended with her graduation, but were continued in New York and Germany. She has traveled extensively and studied much; and she brings to the presidency of the club an efficiency that members appreciate as invaluable.

Since presenting our sketch of the Salem Farmers' Club and its founder, we have learned of a very pleasant honor which has been conferred upon Mr. W. W. Stevens. Last week the state board of agriculture appointed him as one of a committee of three (of which Ex-Governor Matthews, and Aaron Jones of South Bend were the other two) to confer with the state board of commerce, in the matter of arranging for an exhibit of the state's products at the Paris Exposition in 1900.

Miss Harriet D. Frazer of Warsaw, secretary of the I. U. L. C. last year, is a court stenographer. The present incumbent never knew of this appalling fact till last week. Whenever the thought has loomed up before her of the tremendous amount of reportorial work which a three-days convention neccessarily involves, she has banished her dread by saying "Pooh! My predecessor did it, and without half trying apparently; and so will I—of course!" But the consolation has ceased to console. May is rather early to take a summer outing, but——

As editor of the club department we have no desire or intention to enter into any controversy over the respective merits of the Indiana Union of Literary Clubs, and the recent movement to organize a State Federation of Women's Clubs. We gave the secretary of the "Union" an opportunity to present the organization she represented, and we more than once invited one of the leaders of the prospective "Federation" to thus present hers. If we have given more prominence to the Union than to the Federation, it is merely because the Union exists, and the Federation doesn't; and because the secretary of the Union has furnished us with information, and the secretary of the proposed Federation has not. These columns are open—as we stated at the beginning—to all the clubs of Indiana, regardless of age, sex, or politics. We shall be very glad at all times, to publish club news sent to us by those in authority from any quarte r. Please always address the club editor, (Muncie Indiana).

But while we must refuse to enter into any such controversy, we must and do object to any question of our word. It is the aim and desire of the department to be authoritative in every particular. Therefore, while we will gladly acknowledge any mistakes unintentionally made—and they sometimes happen to the best of us—we will not submit to "correction," when none is in order. In the last number of the Indiana Woman, the "Chairman of Correspondence for Indiana in the S. F. W. C." stated that "as an incorrect and misleading statement has appeared in your paper in regard to the organization of Womens' Clubs in Indiana, I beg—etc." She then goes on to give as the correct ones, the very same facts that we presented December 25, and that she has just declared were incorrect; viz: that in June the Indianapolis Woman's Club decided to take the initiative in forming a State Federation of Women's Clubs, that it appointed a committee to carry on the work, that it afterwards reconsidered the matter and instructed the committee to go "no further," and that it directed a notification of such discontinuance to be sent to all the clubs with whom any correspondence had been held. These facts we had no hesitation in presenting, because we had them direct from two officers of the Woman's Club. There surely can be nothing "incorrect and misleading" in this statement which the "Chairman of Correspondence" herself admits to be true.

Then another point: The Chairman states that we said the organization of a State Federation had been "abandoned" by the Woman's Club. We beg leave to suggest that she is mistaken—in proof whereof, we call attention to the paragraph in question which appeared December 25. Never once did we use the word "abandon" as will be seen. We did say it had been "discontinued,"—and so it has, as every body knows. As to the reasons why the Woman's Club chose to discontinue, we said nothing because we knew nothing, the paragraph being written long before the formal notifications were sent out by the club; but even had we

Continued on page 14.

MRS. EDWIN S. BRODIX,
Bloomington, Ind.

THE OTHER GIRL.

When I arrived at the station, Lady Mannington, Molly and the French maid had collected their chattels and stood round the immense heap in attitudes denoting various degrees of impatience.

I apologised.

"It is of no consequence," said Lady Mannington, in a tone signifying it was of the greatest. Molly shook her head at me and smiled.

I looked at the two ladies and the French maid, and then I looked at the miniature mountain.

"The brougham is only seated for two," I hinted.

"Celeste can walk," said Lady Mannington.

"I shall be glad of her company," I responded politely.

Lady Mannington glanced at me doubtfully. "Perhaps she could manage by the coachman," she suggested.

"His wife is most particular," I interposed quickly.

"I should prefer to walk, mamma," said Molly, with an air of much good nature.

"Perhaps that will be best," Lady Mannington conceded reluctantly.

"I am sure of it," I endorsed heartily.

"If only your aunt had sent the omnibus——" Lady Mannington began aggrievedly.

"It was most careless of her," I admitted instantly. I caught Molly's eye. She has a curious way of smiling at nothing.

So Molly and I started to walk over the crisp snow. Just outside the station I helped her over the stile. "We may as well take the short cut," I observed; "it is not so very much longer, and I have so much to say to you."

"What about?"

I hesitated. "It is about a friend of mine," I replied at length.

"Oh!"

"He is in the deuce of a mess," I began confidently. "I want your help."

"What can I do?" asked Molly, opening her eyes.

"You can advise me," I replied, taking courage. "A woman's wit——"

Molly was pleased. "Go on, Mr. Trevor."

"I fear you will think my friend particularly foolish," I said sorrowfully.

"Very likely," replied Molly, indifferently.

"I assure you he has many good points. But it happened a girl wanted to marry him."

"What!" exclaimed Molly.

"I can't think what she saw in him," I replied uncomfortably.

"I hope," said Molly, "you are not going to tell me anything that is not proper."

"Oh, no," I replied earnestly. "The girl was quite respectable. All the parties are most respectable."

"She could not have been quite nice," said Molly decisively.

I stopped to test the ice over a pool.

"I have seen her look quite nice," I remarked thoughtfully.

"You know her?" asked Molly quickly.

"Oh, yes. It wasn't really the girl who wanted to marry my friend; it was her mother. I mean the mother wanted the girl to marry my friend. I hope I make myself clear."

"I don't think that improves matters," retorted Molly.

"She has a large family of daughters," I explained.

"Go on," said Molly, with a severely judicial air.

"My friend was in love with another girl—a really nice girl. In fact a quite splendid girl. One of the very best," I said, kindling.

"You know that girl, too?" asked Molly, a little coldly.

"Ye-es."

"Well?"

"My friend was staying at a country house, and so were both the girls and her mother, and she——"

"Who?" asked Molly.

"The girl whose mother wanted her to marry him. I do hope I am clear. She got him into a quiet corner, and somehow or other my friend found out she had hold of his hand. I—I don't know how it happened. It just occurred."

"How clever of your friend to find it out," said Molly sarcastically.

I went on hastily—"And then he saw her head coming nearer and nearer his shoulder, and he didn't know what to do."

"I wonder," said Molly, "he did not call for help."

"You see," I went on, "he was afraid she would propose, or—or—the mother might come. He guessed the mother was pretty near. Then he thought of the other girl, and he got into a dreadful panic. In fact, he lost his head."

"It could not have been a great loss," observed Molly disdainfully.

"No-o. But it was the only one he had, and he was accustomed to it. He didn't know what to do. So he said he was already engaged."

"Did he say 'already'?"

"Yes." It was a cold day, but I mopped my brow with my handkerchief.

Molly uttered a peal of silvery laughter. "I am really almost sorry for that girl, but it served her right."

"The girl didn't turn a hair. She simply straightened herself up and asked to whom he was engaged."

"Well?"

"He blurted out the name of the other girl. He couldn't think of any other name."

"To whom, of course, he is not engaged?"

"No. And I don't suppose she would have him. She, is far, far too good for him."

"Is that your whole story?"

"Very nearly. The girl went and told her mother, who came up gushingly and congratulated him. She is a true sportswoman. After that she went about telling everybody about the engagement, and my friend has had to receive congratulations ever since."

"How awkward!" said Molly meditatively. "Has the other girl heard of it?"

"Not yet. This all happened yesterday."

"Yesterday?"

I nodded. "And the worst is the other girl is expected to arrive at the Towers almost immediately."

"Dear me," said Molly. "So your friend is at the Towers now?"

"I didn't mean to let it out," I replied, a trifle abashed.

Molly began to laugh. "It is most amusing; but why did you tell me about it?"

"I want your advice."

"Who is the other girl?" asked Molly curiously.

"Please don't ask for names," I implored.

"But my advice must depend on the other girl's disposition."

"She is everything that is perfect," I replied fervently.

"No doubt," retorted Molly satirically.

"You might almost be the other girl yourself," I went on with careful carelessness.

"Really!" said Molly. "I believe that must be considered a compliment. Thank you very much."

"What," I asked, with elaborate indifference, "would you do if you were the other girl?"

Molly stopped and broke off a sprig of red berries. They were not so red as her lips. "Of course," she said. "I should be very annoyed."

"Ah, of course," said I forlornly.

"At any rate, I should pretend to be very annoyed."

"But really——," I began delighted.

"Oh, that would depend on the man."

"Supposing, for the sake of illustration," said I, surveying the white expanse of the neighboring field, "I was the man?"

"This is nonsense," said Molly. "We can't make-believe to that extent."

"Why can't we?"

"You would never be so foolish."

"But if——"

"Let us talk about something sensible," said Molly with decision.

"But my poor friend is depending on me for advice."

She thought. "Of course your friend must get away from the Towers before the other girl arrives."

"You are quite clear he ought to get away?" I asked mournfully.

"There can be no doubt of that. Just fancy everybody rushing to congratulate the other girl, and your friend being present at the time. There might be a dreadful scene."

"I can picture it," said I, repressing a groan.

We had arrived at the entrance to the Avenue. I stopped and held out my hand.

"Good-bye," I said.

"What do you mean?" she exclaimed.

"I—I am going away. I am the man."

I do not think I am mistaken. The color faded slightly from her face.

"And the other girl?" she queried faintly.

"You are the other girl."

The red replaced the white. She stood quite still, with her eyes bent downwards; and then began to trace figures in the snow with the toe of her tiny boot.

"Good-bye," I repeated.

She looked up. "Of course, I am very angry," she said. And then she smiled and held out her hand. I took it humbly, and forgot to relinquish it.

"Mamma will be getting anxious," she remarked. "We must hurry."

But we did not hurry.

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INDIANA CLUBS AND THEIR WORK

Continued from page 12.

known we should in all probability have omitted them, as we were requested by an officer of the club to state the facts, in the simplest and briefest manner possible.

In conclusion, we maintain that in no particular was the "statement" in question "incorrect and misleading."

IN THE CLUB WORLD.

Frequently in the recent past has the birth of a new state federation been chronicled. The latest arrival is the Delaware Federation, which was born Jan. 19. Its god-mother was the New Century Club of Wilmington. The officers are:

Mrs. A. D. Warner, president.
Mrs. L. I. Handy, Mrs. G. W. Marshall, Mrs. R. S. Houston } vice-presidents.
Mrs. John Biggs, corresponding secretary.
Mrs. Francis Hurd, recording secretary.
Mrs. H. A. Richardson, treasurer.
Miss Frances B. Stevenson, auditor.

New York is unique in that it has two federations, the second one being "The Federation of Women's Literary and Educational Organizations of Western New York." This is by no means a county federation, such as exists in many states, but a large and powerful body which includes the clubs of twenty-four counties. Each county has a chairman of correspondence. The third "annual congress" will be held in Rochester in June, the first convened in Buffalo, and the second in Syracuse.

It is difficult to understand how delegates to the coming Denver Biennial are going to participate in one-twentieth of the literary and social pleasures provided for them. What with federation meetings, mountain excursions, special conferences, social functions and addresses by celebrated literary lights, the enthusiastic club woman, who strives to gain the greatest possible amount of good from the occasion, will be in despair. The only safe way will be to make out a memorandum of the days's program before she starts out in the morning, and adhere to it strictly, regardless of temptation.

NOTE—Address all communications upon club matters to Mrs. Harriet W. Kitts, Muncie, Indiana.

Indianapolis Club Calendar.

Monday, Feb. 14, 1898. Monday Afternoon Club. Victor Hugo. Hostess, Mrs. Pounds. Paper, "Life of the Author," Mrs. Warth; Music, Miss Malott. Writings of Victor Hugo, Mrs. Showers. Current Events.

Monday, Feb. 14. Indianapolis Literary Club. Some Popular Fallacies, Charles E. Ferguson.

Monday, Feb. 14. Minerva Club. "English Attempts at Colonization during the Time of the Tudors," Mrs. Frank Carvin; "Early Literature of Virginia," Mrs. Henry Dunn Tutewiler; Conversation, "Virginia in the Seventeenth Century," "The Father of the Colony," E. R. Stevenson; "Character Sketches of the Early Governors," Mrs. Frank Wells; "The Maids and Slaves," Miss Jessie L. Hauk; "The Early Gentry of Virginia." Mrs. J. W. Beck; "The Founding of William and Mary College," Miss Jeannette Smith; "The Causes and Victories of the First Revolution," Mrs. J. H. George.

Tuesday, Feb. 15. Fortnightly Club. "The Humane Idea in Municipal Government," Mrs. Wilbur F. Hitt; "Current Events," Mrs. Daniel Stewart, Mrs. H. C. Allen, Mrs. J. H. Claypool, Mrs. Charles A. Dryer, Mrs. Horace G. Coldwell.

Tuesday, Feb. 15. Sanitary Association. Annual Meeting. Reports of Standing Committees.

Wednesday, Feb. 16. Matinee Musicale. "Music Introduced in Shakespeare's Dramas," second divsion.

Wednesday, Feb. 16. Mary K. Denny Coterie. Locke and his Philosophy, Anna Mavity; Life of John Bunyan, Lucy L. Powers; History of the East India Company, Alma P. Allen.

Wednesday, Feb. 16. Parlor Club. With Mrs. Frank S. Foster. "Other Characters," Mrs. Charles A. Garrard; "Women of the Play," Mrs. William H. Dye.

Thursday, Feb. 17. The Aftermath. Mrs. R. D. Fisher. "Emerson, the Poet," Mrs. R. H. Behymer; essay, "The Poet;" "Poetry and the Imagination," and poem, "The Poet."

Friday, Feb. 18. Woman's Club. "Shelley's Lyrics," Miss Macy Coughlen; "Personality in Prose and Poetry," Miss Flora Bridges; conversation on the second paper, Mrs. T. C. Day, leader.

Friday, Feb. 18. Philomathian Club. With Miss Curry; paper, "Age;" leader, Mrs. Crane; paper, "Madame de Stael," Mrs. Parks.

Saturday, Feb. 19. Magazine Club. Miss Florence Patterson. "The Hero as a Priest," Mrs. J. S. Berryhill; "Rise of Protestantism," Mrs. N. S. Perine; "Luther's Table Talk," Mrs. A. L. Preston.

Monday, Feb. 14. Irvington Woman's Club. With Mrs. Kautz, Visitors' Day.

Russian blouses of all kinds, close fitting jackets, long fitted garments, tailored suits, teagowns, shirt waists, separate silk bodices and silken costumes are all worn with a handsome metal belt or one of ribbon or suede with a buckle.

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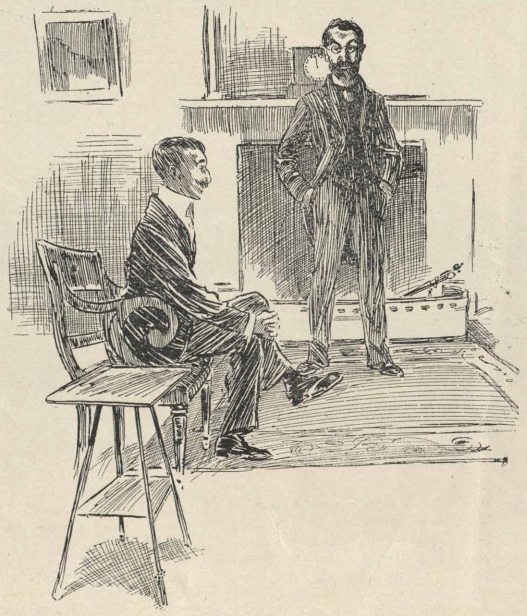
She: Well, Harry, you promised me a new bonnet.
He: When?
She: You said that never should disgrace rest on my head, and look at this object of a hat!



You say that she is sending back your letters unopened. Then you may be sure she has given you up.
Why?
Well, it shows that her hatred is even greater than her curiosity.

Become a Member of the "INDIANA WOMAN'S" Amateur Photographers Club.

Amateur photography, already popular for many seasons, will be a fad during the coming summer. The camera can be carried on the bicycle, and the enthusiastic wheelman will bring back many beautiful views from his summer wanderings.

Do you want to learn how to photograph

correctly and well, and best of all

Free of Charge?

If so join our photographers' club.

ENTRANCE.

An entrance fee of $1 will give you THE INDIANA WOMAN for six months, and at the same time make you a member of the Club. The member will have the advantage of published lessons from time to time on developing, printing, and mounting. These articles will be prepared by well-known photographers specially for THE INDIANA WOMAN.

PRIVILEGES.

Arrangements have been made for all members to use the dark rooms of H. Hough & Co., 20 Pembroke Arcade, Koehler & Bishop, 62½ East Washington Street and Stephens Photo Supply Co., 19 Massachusetts Avenue, Free of Charge, and there to receive practical demonstrations in the work of amateur photography.

PRIZES.

We also offer three cash prizes to members, of

$15, $10 and $5

These prizes will be awarded by three competent judges, experts in the art of photography.

The pictures will be published for **20** consecutive weeks, at the end of which time the contest will close. They will then be divided into three classes, first, second, and third. On the first Saturday after the contest closes, all pictures in the first class will be published; on the following Saturday the pictures in the second class, and on the third Saturday, all pictures in the third class.

In the next issue will appear the names and photographs of the prize winners together with the prize winning pictures.

OPENING THE CONTEST.

These valuable articles on photography will begin in the issue of January 8, 1898. Remember they are written by men who understand their business. The contest will begin in issue of January 15, 1898 and end in the issue of June 4, 1898. Enter now as it takes some time to make the plates and you have the privilege of entering three different pictures all at the same time or at different times during the ten weeks of the contest.

IMPORTANT.

Twenty of these notices clipped from INDIANA WOMAN will entitle one to entrance into contest.

For further particulars call at office of INDIANA WOMAN, 49 N. Illinois St.

COMICALITIES

Mother: "I wish you would rake up the dead leaves in the yard."

Small Son: "I've got a sprain in my wrist, an' the rheumatism in my back, and growing pains in my right leg—and cramps in my left one, and headache, and toothache."

"After you have raked the leaves into a pile you may set it on fire and jump over it."

"Whoop! Where's the rake?"

—

Mr. Jabble (proudly): "My daughter plays the piano entirely by ear."

Next-door Neighbor (growlingly): "By ear? I should have thought, from the confounded row she kicks up, that she played it with her feet.

—

"Do you believe in this talk about discovering a man's character from his handwriting?"

"I do," replied Mr. Hasbin Swift, with a sigh.

"Ever know of its being tried!"

"Yes, with fatal efficacy. The experiment is most successful when the handwriting is read aloud in court."

—

"Want a situation as errand-boy, do you? Well, can you tell me how far the moon is from the earth, eh?"

Boy: "Well, guv'nor, I don't know, but I reckon it ain't near enough to interfere with me running errands."

He got the job.

—

Mr. Mann: "Did you see that woman just as we crossed over?"

Mrs. Mann: "You mean the woman in the camel's-hair gown and heavy beaver jacket; the one who had on bronze shoes, a hat trimmed with fuchsias and heliotrope, with pink ribbons and a chiffon veil? No, I didn't notice her in particular. What were you going to say about her?"

—

"A man in Birmingham has got himself into trouble by marrying two wives."

"That is nothing. Many a man in this town has got into sufficient trouble through marrying only one."

—

Willie: "Mamma, can people leave parts of themselves in different places?"

"No; don't be ridiculous!"

"Well, Uncle Tom said he was going to South Africa for his lungs."

—

Nervous Old Lady: "And this ticket will take me right through to my destination, will it?"

Clerk: "Oh, dear, no; that ticket will take you on to the platform—the train will do the rest."

—

He: "Wonderful shot, that of Henry's! Why, he hit the bull's-eye nine times in succession yesterday!"

She: "Yes, but just think of the sufferings of that poor bull! Men are such brutes."

—

Jilkins is the factotum of an artist who has made some noise in the world, and is quite as important a personage in his own estimation, as his master. One day a lady called on the artist in the absence of the latter and was received by Jilkins.

"Dear me," she cried, glancing first at an incomplete picture and then at Jilkins, "I declare it is very much like you!"

"It is me," said Jilkins, with a superior air. "I sit for all his old men. That's what he's specially good at."

"You must be a very useful person to your employer," observed the visitor. "So you think that Mr. Blank, R. A. is good at old men?"

"Yes. Cos why? Cos he's got nothing to do! I order his frames, wash his brushes, set his palettes, mix his colors, and sit there for him to look at. How can he help being good? He's got nothing to do but shove the paint on!"

AFTER THE BATTLE.

The victor (waving trophy of hair:) An' now you'd better take yerself off to the hofficer of the fresh air fund.

The Joys of Earth Are None to Many.....

Why not add to your health and consequently to your happiness by a proper use of our admirable production of hops and malt

TAFEL BEER

No beer sold in this city or anywhere on earth can be so thoroughly depended upon for

Absolute Purity

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Indianapolis Brewing Company.

Amateur Photographers See Page 9

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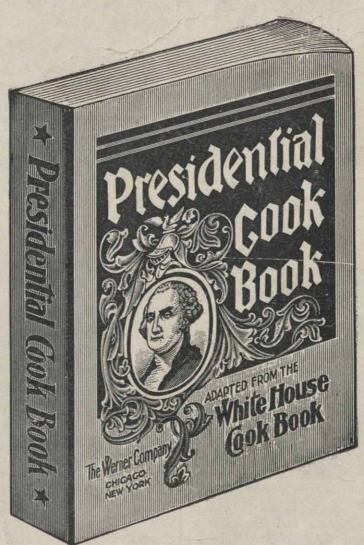

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In its make up, no less than in its matter, THE PRESIDENTIAL COOK BOOK is intended for USE. The pages are large, the print is plain, the exact method of manipulation required for each dish is simply and clearly set forth, so that the most inexperienced may readily understand it.

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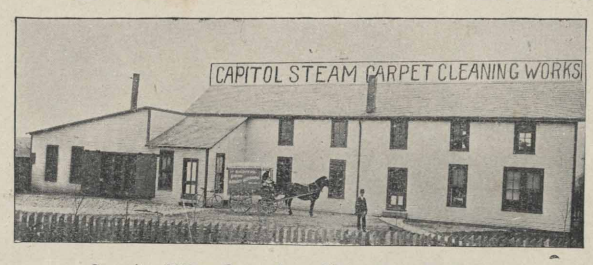

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THE INDIANA WOMAN

Vol. V. Indianapolis, Saturday Afternoon, February 26, 1898 No. 15.

WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG

The man romantically inclined, the man who detests bicycle clothes, and masculine hats, is delighted to hear that the old time hats are coming back, drooping leghorns, garlanded with roses and feathers. Woman is always picturesque in these, or at least feminine. If she is homely, one remembers that she is still a woman and is restrained, by masculine gallantry, from admitting her homeliness. A masculine hat enhances her ugliness, and makes it less pardonable in the eyes of the opposite sex.

—

The presence of a palmist at a recent reception in this city was a novelty in Indianapolis. In other cities, however, it has become quite a fad, and it is said that the most blase society women, who ordinarily shun receptions, will flock to a reception where they can have their palms read. The fashionable palmist in New York now is Mlle. Cleo Marie de Palkowaka, a young Polish woman of high position in her own country. She is only twenty-three years of age. She is said to be a very charming young woman, and as she has been taken up by New York's smart set, her success is assured.

—

If one may judge from the newspaper stories, romance has not died out of the world. We are wont to sigh as we read the stirring tale of "Young Lochinvar" and to assert that such things happen no more; that "Fair Ellen" obeys her parents and weds "the laggard in war," allowing young Lochinvar to console himself elsewhere. Blind that we are! Within the last week, in our state, three young Lochinvars have carried off their fair Ellens under the very eyes of the irate parents. In one instance, a young farmer dashed into the Rebekah Lodge, where the most forsighted of parents might have supposed his daughter safe, and carried her off in spite of the "racing and riding on Netheby Lee." Inanother instance, an eloping couple, finding that their pursuers were gaining on them, concealed themselves in a cellar, where they were married at leisure, while their angry and unsuspecting parents searched the house above them. Still another instance of the same kind proves that the world—and even Indiana—is still full of romance, and that our gallants are still as brave and daring, our maidens as loving as they were in the days of fair Ellen and young Lochinvar.

—

A most grotesque bit of costuming is that designed by Mr. Pinero for his latest play, "Trelawney of the Wells." The scene of this play is laid forty years ago, and the women who witness it may know exactly how their grandmothers and mothers used to look when they wore crinoline, chignons, Paisley shawls, white stockings and gaiters. While it is rather hard on the actresses to be compelled to disguise themselves in these hideous costumes, the audience will find it most interesting because of its absolute correctness.

—

An Indiana paper brings us the information that a gospel band has passed through a city in this state en route for Alaska. This band is making its way on foot to the Klondike region, where it expects not to get gold but to save souls. If the reports of the lawlessness prevailing in that new region are correct their services are already needed. Some philanthropist should pay their railroad fare thither and ensure their speedy arrival.

—

Evansville, Indiana is nothing if not progressive. Now they are organizing an insurance company which not only pays a man's family his insurance when he dies but provides him with a first class doctor when he becomes ill. This is said to be an old idea in the East, but it is new in Indiana and presumably, the Evansville people are falling over one another in their haste to get insured and doctored. For the sake of the insurance company it is hoped that the doctors are "first class."

—

And now it transpires that it was a poet—a Spanish poet in good standing—who stole the Canelejas letter. Did he pause to think that the Spanish dons might take their revenge by refusing to read his poems?

—

Was ever opinion so divided as it is on the subject of Julia Arthur in "A Lady of Quality?" Though for that matter it was the same with the book. The critics dealt most severely with it, but the people read it just the same and although they may have said they did not like it, they said it so emphatically that other people hastened to read it too. The critics in New York condemned the play but the people flocked to hear it. It has been the same in other cities. But what ever may be said of the play, Miss Arthur has at least made herself an enviable reputation as an actress in this part.

MISS CORELLA TAYLOR.

—

Druggists' mistakes seem to happen in groups, like suicides. In our city and in a neighboring town in the last two weeks, three very nearly fatal mistakes were made in giving drugs. In but one of them did the druggist have a hand; in the others it was an obliging somebody. It would seem that the only remedy would be the plain lettering in English of all bottles containing medicine. Just why this has not suggested itself to the druggist long ago is a wonder.

—

The nightcap has become a fashionable bit of attire again, so the fashion writers tell us. Some one has discovered and published it abroad to all fair maidens, that if they want to keep their pretty tresses long, heavy and even, the only thing for them to do is to wear nightcaps, as their grandmothers used to do. Worst of all, they recommend nightcaps of red flannel, declaring that the woollen is the best material and that red woollen is warranted to keep the hair from turning gray. Well and good. I do not wish to stand in the way of our maidens having beautiful heads of hair; but I hope, pray, insist, that they cut their caps in some other pattern than that their grandmothers used to wear. If they can make them look dainty and coquettish and becoming, well and good; if not, let them have nothing to do with the fashion.

—

If inventions for the household multiply, what will be the use of woman after while? Some ingenious woman has at last applied the motor to the cradle, and the same current which gently shakes the cradle, controls a revolving globe studded with many colored lights, at the foot of the cradle. While the lights amuse the baby, the motor rocks him to sleep. The next improvement will be an artificial hand to present the infant his bottle and to remove it when he has finished it. Then where will the mother come in, I should like to know? And will not the old saying about "the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that moves the world" stand in need of revision?

—

Will the woman suffragists who are now in session in Washington or soon to be, please give some attention to the doll question? What is going to become of the aesthetic taste of our babies if they are given yellow kids and brownies and such like degenerates for playthings? So common have these hideous substitutes for dolls became that there is really need of prompt action on the part of somebody, before the juvenile taste is totally perverted. If some one could construct a doll which would look like a Madonna his fortune might be made thereby.

—

Even the most credulous individual must begin to feel some doubt when he hears of some more pieces of Washington's furniture. There is still some of the old furniture at Mount Vernon. Other pieces have come down to the descendants of the family. But besides this, many other families possess pieces of Washington's furniture. The papers recently reported a family which uses daily a large mirror before which Washington used to shave. At this rate, the Washington furniture if collected, would more than fill the White House. It and the Mayflower furniture together, would nearly furnish the Greater New York. Will some clever person suggest a new and honorable source from which old furniture may have descended?

ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

The Indiana Woman

An Illustrated Weekly Family Journal

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Notes on the Revolutionary Societies

The newspapers have been having much sport at the expense of the D. A. R's. who have been in convention at Washington this week. Not being able to take the sex seriously, they must needs make sport of their campaign methods and the desire for office some of them have displayed.

One could appreciate their fun more if these same papers would take pains to learn the names of the societies. This New York paper which has been having so much fun over the Revolutionary Societies in general, and over this convention in particular, in one line makes it the D. R's. and in another the D. A. R's. This inaccuracy may seem a trifling thing to the editor, but it means a good deal to the societies.

—

Another editor objects to the initials used by the societies. He does not think D. A. R., and D. R., and S. A. R., and S. R., and C. A. R. and C. R., are at all euphonious. On the contrary, instead of impressing him with the dignity of the societies, they make him feel a strong desire to laugh. But this is so evidently because he isn't one of them, that it is hardly deserving of comment.

—

The Sons and Daughters of the Revolution both celebrated Washington's birthday this week, the Sons listening to an address by Dr. Sims on "The Story of the Flag," and the Daughters meeting with Miss Voss.

—

A study of the little book compiled by Mrs. Tarkington on the Battles of the Revolution shows that almost every day of the year may be selected as a day for celebration. There were seventeen battles in January, during the Revolution, eighteen in February, sixteen in March, twenty-two in April, thirty-eight in May, and so on.

—

If any of the Bigelow family desire to know of a fine opportunity of securing for a small price much information, they can do so by sending their names, with a stamp, to Mrs. Annie Arnoux Hoxtun, Genealogical and Historical Editor of the Mail and Express, New York.

Whist Notes.

"Can anything be done to improve the ordinary whist player?" We have a collection of elaborate and most exhaustive works on the game, with countless detailed leads, specimen hands, and later developments, but no one seems to study them but those who really play well. The bad player will read nothing beyond the laws of the game; these are sufficient for his purpose and "Bumble-puppy" is more rampant than ever.

It is really very easy to acquire a sufficient knowledge of the theory of whist to make each game you play an intellectual pleasure to both yourself and your companions, and yet how many spend hours spoiling the pleasure of other people who will not take the short time necessary to acquire this knowledge.

The reason so many men remain bad players is that they do not lose often enough to make them take the trouble to become good players; or, perhaps, even to convince them that they are bad players; and it is the duty of all who wish to have any real enjoyment from the finest of intellectual recreations, to take immediate steps to make whist spoilers improve their game, or else to force them from the whist table altogether. This can only be done by refusing to play straight whist with them, as the element of luck enters so largely into all games of cards that there is a large class of players who continually win in spite of bad play, simply through holding good cards. A good player, when he and his partner have made five or six by cards, will not be loudly jubilant though he may congratulate his partner on some stroke of strategy; but the so-called "good old-fashioned player," having all the honors and five out of six of the remaining high cards, will say "We knew we would win," or "we always win," any others will take credit for a success which not even the skill of a Deschappelles could have managed to avert.

For such a class duplicate whist in large doses is the only remedial course, and since the introduction of the duplicate feature has, as far as may be, eliminated the luck of the deal, the game has risen from its former position of an ordinary pastime to the dignity of a scientific amusement.

Here are a few hints for the beginner: On taking up your hand, first fix the trump card firmly in your mind, then sort your cards in suits, alternating the colors, and count them carefully, as there is a heavy penalty exacted if you do not hold your quota. Examine your trumps. If you are the leader you may hold a ten ace, or what may become a ten ace over the turn up; in that case, it may be better for your hand to have the trump lead come up to you than to lead trumps. You may have "great strength," which is five trumps with an honor, or four trumps with two honors; "strength," which is four trumps, one honor; or you are guarded in trumps, which is king or queen with two small. You are weak if you hold but two small ones, and very weak if less.

Next consider your longest plain suit. It is not long unless it contains at least four cards. How many rounds will it take to establish it? Now form your plan to play and then remember the play is on the table, not in your hand. Mark well the first round—it is of grave importance. From it you may generally terminate whether you may play boldly or if it be wise to play defensively. By losing sight of one card played you are put to the mortification of asking to see the last trick. "What is trump?" or "Will you please place the cards?"

If you have the original lead and you have made up your mind to play a strong game, lead trumps with:

1. Great strength in trumps.
2. Strength in trumps and command of your long suit.
3. Strength in trumps and guarded in all suits.
4. Weakness in trumps and strength in all the other suits.

If you are only strong in trumps, and your long suit is not cleared, your other suits weak, it is better to get your long suit cleared before leading trumps.

Never lead from a guarded suit, unless you have a clear intimation from your partner that he has strength in such a suit, then give him the best card, even though it be king or queen.

The conduct of the hand should be with the partner who is the stronger. If you are weak, play a defensive policy until you have reason to know that your partner is strong, then play for his hand, wholly. If you and your partner have each only moderate hands, lead to his. He will lead to yours and you will make the most of your combined strength. When you lead to your partner, return his original lead with the highest of three held originally, the lowest of four, unless you hold the commanding card, which should be returned at once.

—

He: "I am told that your admirers' name is legion."

She (blushingly): "Oh, no; his name is Williams."

Indianapolis Club Calendar.

Monday, Feb. 25. Indianapolis Literary Club. "A Poetical Foundling," Charles Martindale.

Monday, Feb. 28. Minerva Club. "Character Sketch of the North American Indian," Mrs. Wirt Smith; "Our Treaties with the Red Man," Mrs. Jennie L. Ballenger; conversation, "Indian Mythology—Folk Lore," Mrs. John L. Miller, leader.

Monday, Feb. 28. Monday Afternoon Club. Open Day. Hostess, Mrs. Syfers Paper, Mrs. Johnson. Music, Mrs. Howland; Recitation, Beryl Showers. Music, Mrs. Schleppy. Conversation.

Tuesday, March 1. Century Club.

Tuesday, March 1. Fortnightly Club. "Educational Development in Indiana," Mrs. S. F. Gray; "Juvenile Literature," Mrs. Henry Eitel; conversation, "Boys in Literature," Mrs. W. H. Hobbs.

Tuesday, March 1. Local Council. Reports from German Ladies' Aid Society; Ramabai Circle; Union Veteran Legion Auxiliary, No. 22; Hyperion R. V. R. Circle; Occasia Club. Address, "Industrial Training in the Public Schools," Prof. Frank A. Manny.

Wednesday, March 2. Matinee Musicale. Piano Recital, Anna Wilcox Barrie.

Wednesday, March 2. Mary K. Denny Coterie, "Dean Swift and his Friends," Mattie B. George. "Garrick and the Theater of his time," Mary P. Gibson. "The French Revolution from the English Standpoint," Mary P. Heeb.

Wednesday, March 2. Parlor Club, 2:30 p. m. with Mrs. Charles Garrard. "Swift," Mrs. H. H. Friedley; "Gulliver's Travels," Mrs. Rexford; "Polite Conversations," Mrs. John C. Ingram; "Tales of a Tub," Mrs. Abby R. Mayo.

Thursday, March 3 Aftermath Club. Mrs. G. J. Hammel. Poems; "Each and All," "Rhodora," "Humblebee," Terminus" and "Wealth."

Friday March 4. Woman's Club. "In the Gift of a Nation—A Story," Mrs. O. B. Jameson; "Character Etchings," Miss Emily Fletcher; conversation on the second paper; Mrs. John L. Ketcham.

Friday, March 4. Philomathian Club. With Mrs. Trout. "States General," leader, Mrs. Miller.

Saturday, March 5. Magazine Club. Miss Ida Foudray. "The Hero as a Man of Letters," Mrs. J. A. Coleman; "Rosseau and the French Revolution," Miss Jessie Hamilton; "Extracts from Johnson's Table Talk," Miss Florence Patterson.

NOTE—All Indianapolis Clubs not mentioned in the above calendar are requested to send programs to THE INDIANA WOMAN office. Any notification of change of program should reach this office not later than Wednesday evening.

MISS LUCY HITCH,
Paris, Illinois.

A SOUTHERN TRIP.

In passing through the tunnels I could not help noticing how free from the suffocating sulphurous fumes the car seemed to be, and spoke to the conductor about it.

"It's all in the fiahin', ma'am," he said, "You see, a fiahmam caint git a situation on this road, 'thout he understands how to fiah properly," he went on in that Southern drawl one loves to hear. He proceeded to explain the proper firing process which consisted in admitting fresh air (in some way—just right—) over the burning coal, before extra coal was shoveled in. But my limited capacity for understanding explanations mechanical, prevented my grasping this modus operandi. However, as I have no intention of ever applying for the position of "fiahman" on that road, I did not worry over my inability in this direction. One thing I know very well, that I could breathe without choking half to death when we went through, and previous experiences in passing through these same tunnels some years ago, made me very thankful that we were this time behind an engine "properly fired."

We reached Chattanooga at dark, after six—with ten minutes for supper. I decided I was not hungry enough to eat, but the rest of the family were, and filed out to the lunch counter. If there is one thing more nerve-trying than eating on time it is sitting, waiting in the car while some one else does the eating. You know the car will start before they return, and you see yourself on the rear platform trying to reach over and pull them up as they frantically rush after the rapidly vanishing train. You are afraid to jump off and you don't want to go on. You imagine all sorts of unpleasant situations they will be in—without even a hat to wear to a hotel. You mentally resolve to insist upon their taking a change of linen the next time they leave the car. You remember with pangs of self reproach that you insisted upon taking charge of the pocketbook, and wonder if anybody will believe the family's story of being left, or suspect them of working some new kind of sympathy swindle. Then, about the time you have worked yourself into alternate chills and fever, they walk leisurely in, sit down beside you and offer you a handful of tooth picks!

I stood it as long as I could waiting for the family to return but finally the tension became unbearable. I decided that if they insisted upon getting left I would join them, but before sacrificing myself determined to make one effort at least to hurry them up. When I entered the lunch room, I found the grandmother taking things as leisurely as if seated at her own dining table with a regular course dinner ahead and all the time in the world for consuming it. I picked up her shawl by way of rushing matters a little, but she merely glanced at me, looked calmly at the clock and continued to sip her coffee slowly from her spoon,—"Why doesn't she pour that cup down her throat and be done with it?" I said to myself. I laid the shawl down in despair. The baby had just begun to "unpeel" (her word for it) her soft boiled egg. I was positive we should all get left—I felt it in my bones. It did not matter what the clock said. Even depot clocks have been known to be behind time and I had a suspicion that the assurance of the polite waitress was but a "trick of trade." There might be several stale articles in the larder that would be better for cooking—and who so hungry as the man who has to wait for the next train?

I watched every mouthful they ate and grew more nervous every minute. The stewardess evidently realized my distress.

"The conductah'll call yoah cah 'foh it moves out. Yo' all's got plenty time, miss," she said.

I thanked her. I didn't know for what at the time, but since thinking it over, I am inclined to believe it was because she called me "Miss!"

I was so glad to see the face of our conductor appear at the door, as if I had known him from my childhood, and was welcoming him home from a long journey. I don't know how he interpreted the ecstatic grin on my face, but I could fairly have hugged him, so glad was I to hear him call:

"All aboahd foh Atlanta, Jacksonville, etc., etc., All aboahd!"

I snatched the baby off her high stool, and in my haste, barely escaped running through a portly individual who stood in the doorway. From the blow on my elbow and the surprised grunt that issued from his lips when I made the "home run" start, I have an idea he is thanking his stars that nature kindly cushioned him well. My elbows are pretty sharp!

Just as we were about to step upon the steps of our car the grandmother exclaimed:

"Where is my shawl?"

She had seen me pick it up she said, but had not noticed that I laid it down again. She supposed, of course, my main object in coming to the lunch room was to see that her valuable shawl was not forgotten!

"Hold the car!" I shouted, and picking up my heavy dress skirts I made an exhibition "run" in the car shed of Chattanooga that was not down on any of the time tables and was the wonder of my many lookers on! My hat fell off, but what was a hat more or less when a shawl was to be rescued! I heard them call my name—but I only flew the faster. One young man evidently fond of novel races shouted, "Go it!" He might well have spared that breath for another cigarette, for I needed no urging, I was "going it" for all I and the shawl were worth! I had to double three car lengths that had pulled in front of the lunch room after our train was "cried" and when I reached the door I was breathless.

"The shawl?" I gasped.

"The poahtah"—but the stewardess got no further. I understood, and off I flew again to reach the train before it started. I dimly saw my portly friend flatten himself 'gainst the wall as I went by. On down the three car lengths, across the end and back again! Thank goodness! the train was still there.

The conductor smilingly handed me (I literally had to be handed) up the steps, the porter gave me my hat, and the family all assisted me in various anxious ways to my seat, where I sank panting for breath, but triumphant to think I had "got there" even if I didn't get the shawl.

"You hadn't gone two car lengths before the porter brought the shawl We called, but you went on," the family said.

"Yes," I replied, when I regained sufficient breath to speak. "Yes, I knew he would bring it. That's what porters are for. What I wanted was a little exercise after being shut up in this stuffy car all day, and if I chose to take a little spurt thro' the car shed to stretch my limbs, where's the harm?"

"No harm at all," the family replied, but hereafter don't do it in public, that's all. Let us know when you feel these sudden outbreaks of energy coming on and we'll have a large private race track, and admit only a very few immediate friends."

"Well," I replied stoutly, "I hereby declare that if you ever take another lunch off the train, when ten minutes is the limit, I'll get off and put in the full time, till the conductor calls our train, in just the way I exercised in the Chattanooga car shed tonight. I find it less trying to the nerves than waiting."

The family eagerly pledged themselves to absolute fasting and I rejoiced to think that in the future the little word "exercise" would work more for me than all my past entreaties had been able to secure.

We passed through Atlanta in the night and I was barely awake at the time—but bright and early the next morning I was awakened by a peculiar squeaky noise, which I discovered to be caused by the baby waving her little bare feet back and forth across the window.

"What in the world!" I exclaimed rubbing my eyes,—"What are you doing?"

"Rubbin' the window, so's I can see out" she answered indifferently.

"But my dear, who ever heard tell of cleaning a window with one's feet?"

"Well, I had my hands washed a dozen and two times (a dozen and two was her favorite number) yesterday. So I'm washing the window with my feet to keep my hands clean," came the ready

Continued from page 6.

EX-SENATOR T. E. ELLISON,
Ft. Wayne, Indiana.

MRS. HANNA HALL ELLISON,
Ft. Wayne, Indiana.
Recently elected an officer in the National Musical Association.

POINTS BY PYKE.

The chaperone question is agitating Bloomington. The Woman's League has insisted that the young women take chaperones when they go out with the young men. The young men insist that the young woman is plenty of company and that three is a crowd. On Tuesday evening of this week a play was given in the gymnasium, written by students, in which the chaperonage question is discussed, very probably to the disadvantage of the chaperone. Further developments are awaited with interest.

—

Anthony Hope has been making slighting remarks about American women now that he has escaped from them. In connection with these, the "Critic" has published the conversation reported to have been held between Mr. Hawkins and the Indianapolis women at the Propylaeum reception. We are inclined to think, on re-perusal of these inane remarks that there may be some connection between them and Mr. Hawkins, estimate of American women.

—

For a long time it has been considered bad form in other cities for women to wear low-necked gowns at afternoon receptions. The Indianapolis women were slow to find this out however, and for many years past the assistants have been appearing in very decollete gowns at all afternoon receptions. Only within the last year or two have a few of them made the change to the high necked gowns. Now it is proclaimed that the low-necked fashion is coming in, and the question presents itself, will they now be conservative or hasten to adopt the fashion?

—

There is said to be a perfect rage for card playing in Kokomo society and in their enthusiasm, and their desire to win prizes, many of the ladies have done such rude things, that one half of society does not now speak to the other half. One young woman has played so long and so intently that her arm has become stiff from the exertion. Worst of all, her minister has heard about it. Why she should care for the minister's opinion, unless he is unmarried, it is hard to see. Evidently, Kokomo needs a visit from a Gospel Band.

—

The W. C. T. U. of Bloomington are arranging for a married woman's suffrage association meeting on Tuesday, March 1. A silver medal will be given to the lady making the best speech on a temperance or reform subject.

—

A curious valentine custom prevails in Evansville among the children on Valentine's day. They troop about masked, blowing horns, and throwing corn against windows and doors. Clods and sticks thump on porches, and nervous and sleepy people jump and say things. I wonder what they do on Halloween; send valentines?

—

One of our Indiana cities has a Coupe de Plume club. Will some one please explain the significance of the name?

—

On March 11, the U. of I. and I. U. will hold a debating contest at Bloomington on the subject, "Resolved, that amendment should be made to our state and national constitutions, securing the initative and referendum in legislation." Messrs. Daggy, Hobbs and Loop will represent the University of Indianapolis; Messrs. Welborn, Holman and Lawrence, the State University.

—

Pyke would like to suggest to those who attend church weddings, that it is a little better form to remain seated during the ceremony, or at least, if one must stand, not to stand on the seats. Such acts smack of the canaille, and if any of the latter should happen to be present, they might not guess that it was the aristocracy who were so doing.

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Miss Ellinor Dale Runcie, of St. Joseph, Mo., is an Indiana woman, a native of Madison, Indiana, and a descendant of the famous Owen family, who is winning for herself a name in the world of letters. A few months ago a story from her pen appeared in the Ladies' Home Journal, and she has since had other bits of work in other periodicals.

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The Science Teachers of Indiana will soon meet in Richmond, Indiana, in their third annual conference. The president of the association is David W. Dennis, of Earlham. Miss Martha Doan of this city will read a paper before the convention.

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The Latin pupils of the Marion High School are preparing to present a Latin play under the supervision of their Latin teacher, Miss Cora Bennett.

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Have you noticed the way in which young men can develop middle names on the occasion of their marriage? The occasion seems to demand it, and let it be said to the credit of the young man who is about to be married, that he almost always rises to the occasion. Who could blame him? Think of being married as plain Charles Smith, when one might just as well be Charles Augustus Smith!

PYKE.

JESSIE T. ALLEN.
Daughter of Judge and Mrs. H. C. Allen.

Photo by DeVos & Hogue. MISS HAZEL ROSE, South Bend, Ind.

A SOUTHERN TRIP.

Continued from page 5.

explanation and both dirty feet shot up to the ceiling in our berth in delight at the novel way she had protected her hands.

I could not keep from laughing as I covered the little black soles with brown stockings. I do not know how long the cleaning process had been going on before I awoke, nor how many people may have been amused, shocked perhaps, at the sight of two little bare feet and limbs waving spasmodically back and forth in front of the car window. But I do know that she steadfastly refused to have her hands washed before we breakfasted in Jacksonville and no amount of arguing on my part could convince her of the necessity for doing so.

I had just succeeded in squeezing myself into the toilet room after waiting on the tenth woman, when I saw the porter going by with a duster, and I knew we were nearing Jacksonville. Have you ever noticed the care a southern porter will take to raise a big dust just before the terminus of a line is reached? Then when he asks if he shall "dust you off" you discover that you are dustier really than you thought for, which is very dusty indeed, and you meekly stand up, while he manages to sweep off the exact amount and no more that he swished on, takes his tip and passes the dust on to the "next."

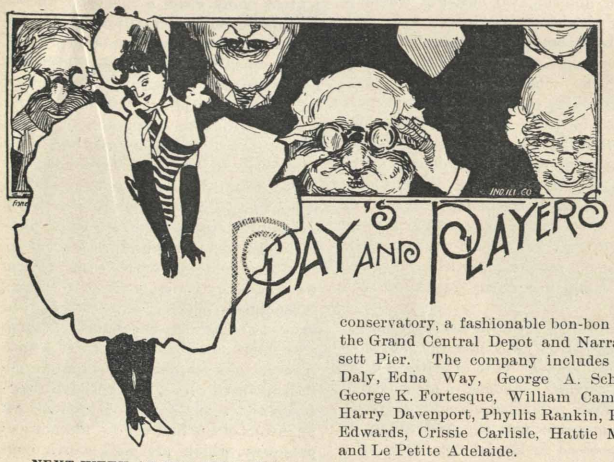
Many railroads and one boat line (up the St. John's river) lead from Sandford, Florida, hence its name, The Gate City. We reached here about 1 o'clock and with a two hours' wait before us, explored the town. Before the freeze Sanford did a thriving business. Now, the majority of her storerooms are closed, and the heavy fruit packers have fled. In Orange County, orange was king and when he was dethroned by the freeze in '94, his worshippers abandoned the groves, and where used to be a golden harvest reaped, now stand gray, bleak, gaunt trees, from whose fruitless boughs the Florida moss trails its weeping lengths in sorrow and the Gulf wind wails the loss of the blossom covered boughs. But of this more anon.

Paola is but six and a quarter miles from Sandford for which distances you are charged the fare of thirty cents! The roads throughout extreme Southern Florida charge on an average of five cents per mile!

We found welcoming friends at the little depot to meet us and our little home in as good order as was possible to have it for our coming. The air was balmy and the twilight came on speedily with its tender sun kissed skies. The great moon rose, round and full in the east; the stars came out one by one and we rested as contentedly the first night in "Hoosier Lodge" as though housed in the home we love so well back north.

MARY HOCKETT FLANNER.

Continued from last week.



NEXT WEEK AT THE THEATERS.

AT ENGLISH'S OPERA HOUSE.

"The Sunshine of Paradise Alley" will be given at English's on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday with Wednesday matinee.

The attraction for Thursday, Friday and Saturday, with Saturday matinee, will be "The Belle of New York."

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AT THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

"When London Sleeps" will be the attraction at the Grand all of next week.

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Indianapolis has had some disappointments in the theatrical line this season. True, there have been compensations, but have they equalled the disappointments? We have had "Tess," but we have not had Julia Arthur, and this when all Indianapolis has read "A Lady of Quality," and discussed it in all its clubs, and has been eager to see it presented on the stage and above all things, presented by Julia Arthur, seems too much.

—

AT THE PARK THEATER.

The Park has "On the Suwanee River" a beautiful comedy drama for the first half of next week and Joe Ott a great favorite and a fine comedian in "The Star Gazer" the last three days.

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While the George W. Lederer Company, of the New York Casino, launch nothing but big musical productions, it is claimed that its crowning effort is "The Belle of New York." The story concerns a young man whose father learns upon coming to New York city that his boy instead of devoting his life and his father's money to projecting missions for the rescue of cigarette fiends and other unfortunates, is a central figure in a midnight carnival, which is to have for its climax the young man's marital alliance to a more or less notorious comic opera celebrity. Thence on it is a race of father and son for gayety, the old man himself becoming in a measure fascinated by the alluring acquaintances, life and habits of his boy, whose conduct he has condemned. There is the least bit of sentiment furnished in the boy's reformation under the spell of a Salvation Army girl. The scenes include Chinatown, a conservatory, a fashionable bon-bon shop, the Grand Central Depot and Narragansett Pier. The company includes Dan Daly, Edna Way, George A. Schiller, George K. Fortesque, William Cameron, Harry Davenport, Phyllis Rankin, Paula Edwards, Crissie Carlisle, Hattie Moore and Le Petite Adelaide.

MR. NAT GOODWIN,
who is winning fresh laurels in his new play, "Nathan Hale."

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LAST WEEK'S PRODUCTIONS.

There were two new plays produced last week in the large cities. Henry Miller's second offering as a star seems to have been a success in New York, and Philadelphia was pleased with Clyde Fitch's elaboration of his one-act play "Harvester," christened "The Moth and the Flame" and presented by the Kelcey-Shannon company.

Other recent productions, described at length in this column when first given, were seen in new surroundings. Boston echoed the New York verdict by praising Julia Marlowe's "Countess Valeska" and Chicago was in the same approving mood concerning Charles Coghlan in "The Royal Box." In New York John Drew can do no wrong, and his new play, "One Summer's Day," was handled more tenderly than it was in Boston. Modjeska's pronounced success from the money-making as well as the artistic standpoint continues, and is one of the most commendable features of the New York season.

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DENMAN THOMPSON'S NEW PLAY

The theatrical event that opens next week will be the production of "The Sunshine of Paradise Alley" at English's Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday when Denman Thompson and George W. Ryer, authors of that perennial success, "The Old Homestead," will endeavor to show the one half of life how the other half lives. Much interest awaits this engagement for theater goers in general, and he who is known as the non-theater goer is familiar with, and has been pleased by the methods of these two writers. There is curiosity to see, if, as the New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Eastern press truthfully claim, Messrs. Thompson and Ryer have as graphically and truthfully pictured New York life in "the Sunshine of Paradise Alley" as they did country life in "the Old Homestead." The simple story follows the theme of the well-known song from which it takes its name, and the authors prefer that their new contribution to the stage should be called a series of pictures. There are four of them, and they would ordinarily be known as acts. The first is an East River dock and Brooklyn bridge beyond; the second, the apartments of Sunshine and her mother; the third, the famous Paradise Alley itself, and the fourth the beautiful autumn scene in Bronx Park. Very pretty electrical effects and of a novel kind add to the charm of the four pictures, particularly in the first act, where, as evening closes upon the scene, the twinkling lights of the ferry ships; the brighter illuminations of the ferry boats; and then, the scintillating globes on Brooklyn bridge, make a most entrancing picture. There is no story worth telling in this form of a narrative, but there is an argument against the vice of dram drinking so strong that no intelligent looker-on can doubt that when all the men in the audience leave the house in each intermission they go to seek a breath of fresh air and a quiet spot for sober reflection. The Sunshine of the Alley is a very pretty and very clever girl, whose mission in life is to induce fathers of families to take the pledge. She is successful, like most temperance reformers, in obtaining pledges, but her proteges break their promises often enough to provide some thrilling tableaux. It is worthy of note, that in New York and Boston, Messrs. Thompson & Ryer were in receipt of many encouraging and commendatory letters from the clergy, educators and philanthropists, who saw the piece and heartily praised the moral pointed, at the same time appreciating the wholesome humor which pervades it. To interpret the various parts of this production, there being some thirty, and most of them character parts, the authors have gathered together a splendid company of players. The principal members are John D. Griffin, John Walsh, Ben D. Ryer, H. E. Chase, Donald Harold, Albert Brown, H. W. Frillman, Mrs. Chas. Peters, May Thompson, Phila May, Ellen Mortimer, Jessie MacDonald, Helen Gurney, Lizzie Farrell and Marie Blanchard. There is some delightful singing contributed by the Ladies' Verdi Trio of New York.

EDNA MAY,
who takes the part of the Salvation Army lassie, in "A Belle of New York."

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IOLANTHE.

"Iolanthe," the second annual comic opera performance of the pupils of the Industrial Training School and the High School was given last night at the Grand Opera House to a crowded house. The opera was far above the ordinary amateur performances, and was played to an appreciative audience. The cast was as follows:

Lord Chancellor, Arnold T. Spencer; Earl Mt. Ararat, Claude H. Compton; Earl Tolleller, Dwight Smith; Sentry, Frank Baden; Strephon, Joseph Sweeney; Iolanthe, Miss Minnetta Tucker; Queen, Miss Edith Conner; Celia, Miss Attia Malott; Lelia, Miss B. E. Tice; Fleta, Miss Mabel Hood and Phyllis, Miss Georgia Galvin. The performance will be repeated this afternoon and night.

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HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

The June '98 Class of the High School held a meeting Thursday, Feb. 17, for the election of class officers. The nominations for president were made by the friends of Obie Smith, Hines Share and Clyde Lowry, but the final ballot told by the reelection of Mr. Smith, that it was hardly worth the while for his opponents to have started in the race. Margaret Donnan was chosen vice-president; Edna Lane, secretary, and Fred Beck (of "Puritan Supper" renown) treasurer. A motion for all the elections to be made unanimous was defeated by the votes of Hines Share and Paxton P. Hibben. The class will be the largest that has ever graduated from the High School.

The second meeting of the Athletic Association was held last Thursday evening. A new constitution was adopted and other business discussed. Two committees were appointed; one to get prizes for the field day, and the other to confer with a committee of the Oratorical Association, and report concerning an entertainment to be given by the two associations.

The Oratorical Association is desirous to raise the largest possible amount of money so as to insure the attendance of a large crowd at Richmond, where the High School Oratorical Contest will be held on the twenty-fifth of March.

In the High School Senate last week the great interest characteristic of old times was aroused for the first time since the opening of the school last fall.

The senators showed the advance of their moral and intellectual characters by upholding the decision of the election committee and throwing Senator Hanna out of the Senate, but allowed Jesse Wall, the outcast senator to return under another name.

The rest of the session was used in an attempt to declare war against Spain. After speeches by Senators Stewart, of Nevada, Platt of New York, and Sherman, of Ohio, in favor and others against the bill, and a great deal of squabbling on different motions, the Senate was adjourned just in time to prevent the taking of a vote. The war feeling was predominant.

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INDUSTRIAL TRAINING SCHOOL NOTES.

Visitors at the Industrial Training School will be attracted by the decorations in the Auditorium. Busts, statues, basreliefs, all add beauty and ease to the simple, almost harsh architecture of the hall.

All these are gifts of the various graduting classes to the school.

A new adornment has been recently added. It is the fresco work above the arch, the gift of the January class of '98.

The painting shows, pictorially the purpose of the I. T. S., the co-education of the mind and the hand. To the left stands a young girl, representing the intellect, reading a scroll; to the right, a youth dressed as a laborer, with a hammer in his hand. The whole is surrounded by a stenciled Greek border.

It is true, the decoration is conventional in design, but the harmony, and the good taste shown in the coloring, preserve it from being stiff and unnatural. Upou first seeing it, one is impressed by the richness and depth of the colors employed.

At the beginning of the present term, the Industrial Training School received two hundred and sixty-five new pupils, thus increasing the daily attendance to more than one thousand students. The school, as large as it is, is beginning to be crowded. It appears from this that the I. T. S. is a success, reaching far beyond the fondest hopes of its originators.

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY.

By J. L. CLOUGH. Read before the Century Club, Tuesday, February 15, 1898.

If one stands before the burial case of some Egyptian princess of a far distant past and sees the lifelike beauty of the unknown artist's work which retains its freshness and splendor so marvellously, or if he studies the picture writings upon the monuments of that land of the Nile, either in their native abodes or in the uncongenial atmosphere and incongruous surroundings of our own Central Park, he realizes that "Art is long and time is fleeting" indeed, He may not admire the peculiar physical structure of the Egyptian as usually depicted in stone, by which he seemed determined to present to us several different and impossible views of his person at one and the same time, but he will, if he is reasonable, reflect that the sculptor who took such pains for our benefit probably had no camera to aid him in his work, though if he had passed one and had known how to use it, he might have chiseled with more fidelity to nature, just as some artists of a more recent day whose pet theories as to the time-honored path of the thunderbolt of position assumed by a moving horse, having been exploded by the instantaneous photograph, are now beginning to revise their drawings.

But in another sense the art of today may link us with the remote past. Before the granite that was to form the foundation of the most ancient of the pyramids had been disturbed in its quarry, while the race of man was yet young upon earth, there was sent to us from out the profound and measureless abyss of space a messenger of light. It sprang from seething chaos of fire and started upon a journey into the emptiness of outer darkness. It did not tarry by the wayside, but at a speed of more than 186,000 miles a second—enough to girdle the globe eight times between the the ticks of a clock—it went straight onward. Tonight perhaps from some astronomical observatory there is the giant eye of some great refractor turned aloft, and that same ray of light, now a thin streak, so attenuated that not even the strongest human vision, aided by the most powerful telescope will ever see it. Still speeding along at the same tremendous rate, rushes through the tube of the instrument and into a sensitive photographic plate, and is there imprisoned, and after wave upon wave at the rate of billions in each second have beaten upon the same point for hours together, the impression is left there indelibly, and we may see—not the distant star to be sure, but a picture of it, which is all we see of anything we look at after all. That pencil of light lost nothing of its individuality in its flight, except possibly a small sifting out of some of its color in the final plunge into our atmosphere. It brought with it throughout the entire distance the triple qualities of light, heat and actinism, and probably differed little in any essential respect from that of the sun which reaches us after a flight of but a few minutes. We do not know what it is, but we do know something about the laws to which it is subject, and those laws have an important bearing upon color photography.

The undulatory theory of light is now generally accepted. I hope I may be permitted to restate briefly some of the views current upon the subject, views with which most of us were perhaps familiar in our school days, but upon which we may have since become a trifle rusty.

For many years the corpuscular theory of light, which was based upon the idea that luminous bodies give off minute particles which give rise to the various phenomena of light, had many advocates of high renown, strange as it may seem, Sir Isaac Newton, that marvel of perspicacity being one of its warmest adherents.

The undulatory theory presupposes a state of intense molecular vibration in the luminous body. This activity is communicated to the surrounding ether—the ether also being assumed, though not proven to exist—in the form of waves somewhat like those of sound, with the difference that waves of sound have but one motion, viz., a forward movement, while waves of light have the forward and also a traverse movement. This is illustrated by the motion set up in a long rope or wire stretched between two points. Upon being tapped there is a progressive forward movement, and at the same time a vibration at right angles to the line of march of the wave, as may be readily seen. A pencil of white light emanating from some self luminous source, such as the sun or an electric arc, is not composed however of a succession of simple waves following one another in regular order, as in the case of the wire, but of a tumultuous group of waves, all moving forward together at the same rate, but each vibrating in a different plane, and each having a different wave length, as the distance from the crest of one wave to that of the next is called. Such a movement would be set up in the wire if it were struck first on the side and then from below, when vibrating in horizontal and vertical planes would follow. It is evident that within small limits a number of waves vibrating in different planes could be communicated to the same wire Light that has been polarized is light that has been passed through a medium, such as a crystal of calc spar, which has the peculiar power of assorting out these vibrations and twisting a large number of them so that when they emerge they all vibrate in the same plane, the other rays being separated from them and dispersed.

A body upon being gradually heated, gives off at first invisible rays of light, being in fact, heat rays, whose wave length is too great for the eye to perceive them. As it becomes more and more heated, the rays become visible, the first ones which the eye can detect being red, then orange, yellow, green, blue and violet,which latter have the shortest wave length to which the eye is susceptible. If the heating is carried still further, waves of still high frequency ensue, and these—the ultra-violet—are the ones with which the photographer has chiefly to do. Comparing the visible rays of the spectrum with a musical octave—the length of the wave of red light being about twice that of the violet—it may be said that the eye has a range of but one octave, though the ray of light has been separated into eight, five below the red and two above the violet. The length of the red ray is about 32 and of the violet about 14 millionths of an inch, and the shortest measured ray in the ultra violet about four millionths of an inch, having the enormous frequency of some three thousand billions per second. These various vibrations combined into one pencil produce upon the eye the effect which we call white. They may be separated by the prism and recombined into white, or the ray may be divided into two parts and the waves of one part being carried through a slightly longer path than the other be thrown out of step, say one-half wave length, and the two, either of which is a ray of white light to the eye, may then be recombined by throwing them upon one spot, and thus neutralize each other, the vibrations of one portion counteracting those of the other, so that we may have the seemingly anomalous condition that in order to see the light we must interpose an opaque screen in the path of one portion of it. This forms the most convincing argument in favor of the undulatory as against the corpuscular theory, for if the light were caused by material particles, the two rays would necessarily reenforce each other.

For over a century it has been known that the sun's rays had the power to blacken certain salts of silver and to effect chemical changes in other bodies. The first published account of photographic action was the description by Wedgewood in England in 1802, of a method of copying shadows thrown upon paper previously prepared with a solution of nitrate of silver. Many were the experimenters in this early day, one of the best known being Daguerre, from whom the daguerrotype process received its name. Daguerre states, during the third decade of the present century that a picture of a landscape required an exposure of about eight hours. Improvements have been and are now being introduced daily, until the art has reached a high state of perfection, and a far better photograph may be made today in one five thousanths of a second than was possible in the eight hours' exposure of seventy years ago.

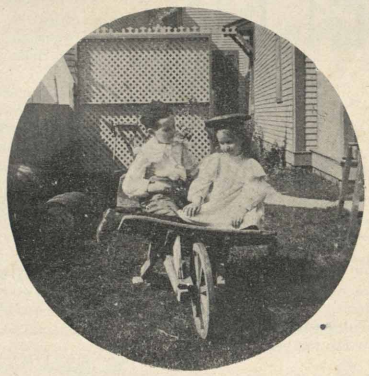
It is not my purpose to weary you with an encyclopaedic recital of the growth of the history of the photographic art. The introduction of the rapid dry plate and the modern printing out papers have done much to simplify and cheapen the process, but the man who first uttered the inspired injunction in regard to the button has doubtless done more for photography than any one body of experimenters, and he must be primarily held responsible for the fact that we are today living in the camera age. The touch of Midas was a cheap and thinly gilded affair, compared with the 24 karat solid gold style of touch of the man who first inducedcthers to press the button for him and let him do the rest for them. The camera fiend, as his fellows delight to call him is omnipresent, and takes a truly fiendish delight in spreading before the unwilling gaze everything from the summit of White Pass to the plague or famine stricken natives of India or Cuba. He has penetrated the jungle, and has sent his camera aloft on the tail of his kite. He has photographed the latest comet and his baby's sweetest smile. His ingenuity, in short, is his most highly developed faculty, and at times it becomes advisable for his friends to seek the seclusion of the first convenient doorway upon his approach if they would avoid an impromptu curbstone art exhibit.

There is one thing however that has heretofore baffled him. Who that has gazed upon the inverted image of an out-door scene upon the ground glass screen and has been struck by the matchless play of color, seemingly far more brilliant than in the natural objects themselves, has not felt a keen sense of disappointment that so much of the beauty and vitality of the picture must be lost? For however perfect the lens and plate and the adjustment to meet the requirements of light and shade, the negative, alas! yields nothing but blacks, whites and grays, and the imagination must fill in the gaps. It is not to be wondered at that men should have spent long years in seeking the key that should unlock this king's treasure-house of life and beauty. For a great many years it has been known that under certain conditions it is possible to produce a small amount of color in the sensitive photographic film which correspond in a measure to the original ones. All attempts to fix these colors, though, or to obtain results in any sense satisfactory by the direct method have been futile and it is pretty generally believed must in the nature of things be so. It is true that only about a year since the Dansac process of direct color photography was announced with great eclat and some very sweeping claims were made for it, but there now seems to have been nothing more substantial back of claims than the names of some prominent men. So far as I am aware there have never been any tangible results along this line. There have however, been some beautiful productions by means of the indirect or mechanical processes which are well worth considering.

One of the ablest of foreign experimenters is Prof. Gabriel Lippmann, who has developed a process of obtaining color in the negative by means of interference of light. In an address delivered by him before the Royal Photographic Society of London a few weeks since, he explained the theory of his method and exhibited a number of colored photographs which were highly praised. To obtain his results he prepares a glass plate with a transparent (not opaque) sensitive film. This plate when placed in the camera is by an ingenious device baeked temporarily with a layer of mercury, which transforms the plate into a perfect mirror, with the transparent film upon the front and the reflecting surface at the back. The exposure is made and the plate afterwards developed in the usual way, when upon drying it is found that if viewed by diffused light at a certain angle the original colors of the object photographed are brought out in the utmost beauty and with great fidelity. As stated, the results are due to interference of light, to which phenomenon we owe the play of color upon the soap bubble and the brilliant plumage of the peacock and many other birds. The ray of light passing through the lens, into and through the film and through the glass plate meets the reflecting surface of the mercury and is thrown back upon itself. The incoming waves encounter in the body of the film the returning ones, with the result that there are points in the film where the crests of two waves meet and the action is augmented. There are a similar number of points where the crest of one wave meets the depression of another and the two neutralize each other. The sensitive silver salts respond to these actions, and it is found that there are nodes set up where the film has not been affected, alternating with points where the action was impressed. If it were not, for the mirror, each wave of light would rush through the plate and wipe out as it did so all trace of its form by reason of its velocity. If we suppose an object is being photographed which has but two colors, red and blue, it is evident that the parts of the plate which are affected with the red ray will be impressed with a mechanical structure that bears an intimate relation to the wave length of the ray of red light, while that portion impressed by the blue light will harmonize with the shorter wave length of the blue. The same line of reasoning will likewise apply to all the other colors. In viewing the plate after development and drying, the light reflected from its surface is split up and made to conform to the structure set up in the films by the colors reaching it.

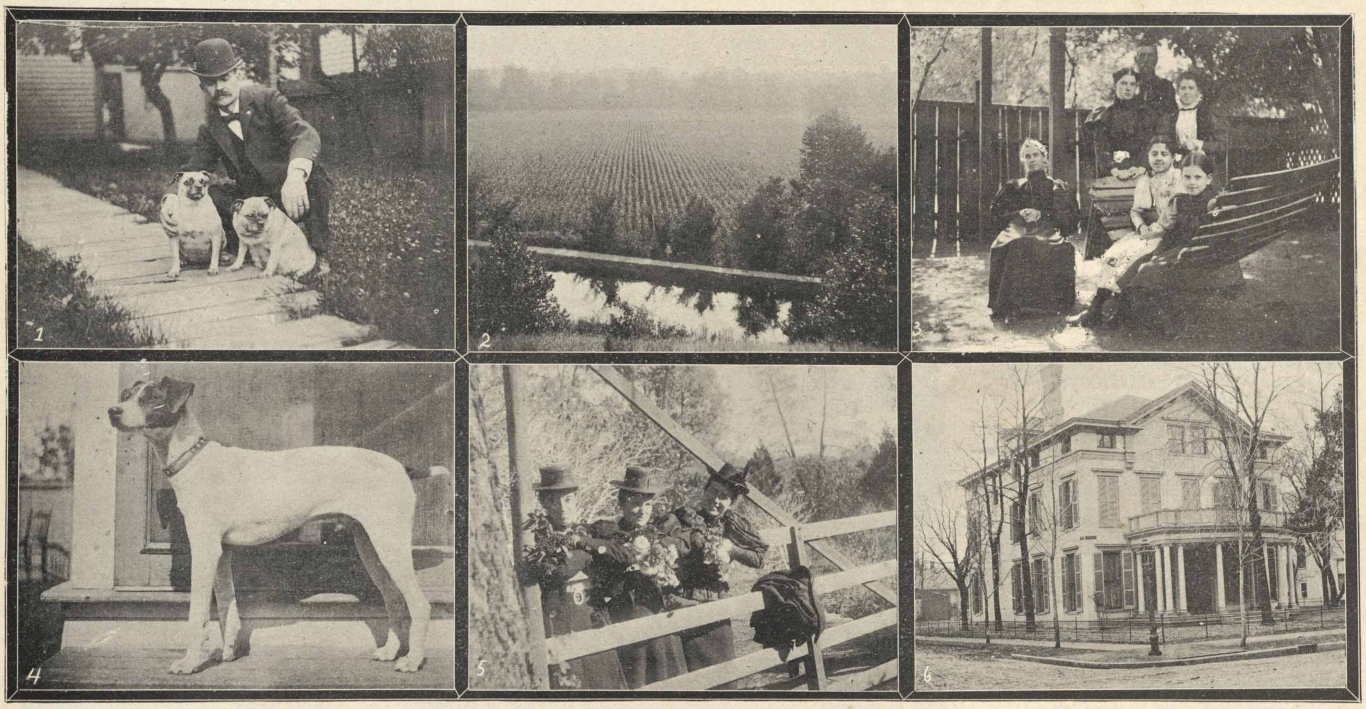
To be continued.

A BIT OF SCENERY IN GARFIELD PARK.
By W. G. Chandler. Entered for contest.



"I DON'T LIKE YOU ANY MORE."
By Miss Belle Ramey. Entered for contest.

"SWAMP ANGELS."
By Albert S. Meserve. Entered for contest.



THREE OF OUR NEIGHBORS.
By W. H. Latta. Not for contest.

A FOX TERRIER.
By Harry H. Coburn. Entered for contest.

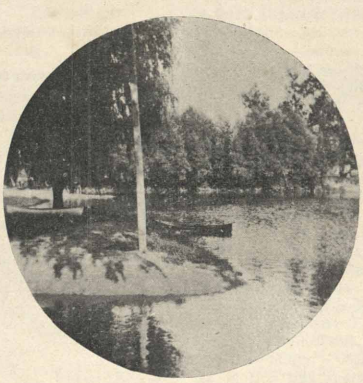
AGAINST THE SUN—FAIRVIEW PARK.
By W. H. Latta. Not for contest.

CALIFORNIA IN NOVEMBER.
By Miss Ada Newby. Entered for contest.

A FAMILY GROUP.
By W. H. Latta. Not for contest.

HARRY NEW'S RESIDENCE.
By Geo. G. Hill. Entered for contest.

UP RIVER ON A SUMMER DAY.
By Mrs. J. L. Clough. Entered for contest.



THE FLAG POLE IN GARFIELD PARK.
By W. G. Chandler. Entered for contest.

PRISCILLA.
By Mrs. J. L. Clough. Entered for contest.

Varney-Porter.

One of the most beautiful weddings of season was that of Miss Katharine Ray Porter and Mr. Gordon Edward Varney, which occurred last Tuesday, at noon, at Roberts Park church. The ushers were Messrs. Garrard Comly, Edward E. Gates, George E. Hume, William F. Landers, John C. Lyon and William B. Poland. Mr. Carl Hoenig played the wedding march from Mendelssohn at the entrance of the bridal party, the "Spring Song" during the ceremony, and the same wedding march for the recessional. The maid of honor was the bride's sister, Miss Eleanor Porter, who wore pink silk muslin over pink, with pink satin sash, a shirred black tulle hat and a large bouquet of pink carnations. The bride wore a gown of ivory satin, trimmed with lace and a tulle veil. She carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley and ferns. After a wedding breakfast at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Varney left for Asheville, N. C. After their return they will be at home to their friends at the Victoria.

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Kahn-Kahn.

A prominent wedding in social circles was that of Miss Sadie Kahn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Kahn, and Mr. Eugene Kahn, of Cincinnati, which occurred last Wednesday night at the Propylaeum. The ceremony was performed in the east parlor under a canopy of southern smilax with a fringe of white roses, while concealed among the green were incandescent lights. Promptly at 7 o'clock Rabbi Messing took his place before the canopy, and the bridal party entered to the strains of the wedding march from Lohengrin. After the ceremony, supper was served in the assembly hall which was beautlfully decorated with a deep frieze of holly, studded with red lights and festoons of lycopodium. Dancing followed the supper. Mr. and Mrs. Kahn will reside in Cincinnati.

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Marion Club Ball.

The Annual Ball of the Marion Club at Tomlinson Hall last night was one of the most pleasing social events of the winter. There was a large attendance and all the arrangements for the comfort and pleasure of the guests were perfect in every detail. The hall was beautifully decorated with bunting, flags, plants and flowers. The stage was used as a buffet and there an elaborate supper was served. Punch and lemonade were served throughout the evening. At 8:30 Mr. Schuyler Haas, president of the club, led the grand march. The music was furnished by the Indiana Military Orchestra of sixteen pieces. The entertainment committee consisted of Mr. Thomas E. Potter, Mr. John S. Wright, Mr. Albert W. Moore, Mr. Ernest L. Abbett and Mr. Will G. Beach.

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Canmann-Bauer.

At the home of the bride, 1064 High street, on Tuesday night of this week Miss Emma Bauer was married to Mr. Edward Canmann. The bridal couple entered the parlor to the strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march and stood before a bank of palms. They were preceded by the little flower girl, Frieda Schneider, and the ring bearer, Charlie Bauer, the bridesmaid, Miss Alma Bauer in pink organdie and the best man, Mr. Charles Guild. The bride wore white organdie trimmed with lace, with white satin sash, and carried white roses. A wedding supper was served after the ceremony. The table was beautifully decorated with white and green. Mr. and Mrs. Canmann are at home to their friends at 1064 High street.

Musical Notes

There will be a teachers' recital by the faculty of the Metropolitan School of Music on Friday evening, March 4. This recital will be given for the benefit of the students.

The rehearsals of the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra will be continued March 1.

Mr. Karl Schneider, the baritone, will leave for Milwaukee, Friday. He is to sing in a concert Feb. 26 with the celebrated Dutch violinist, Van Orth. He will return the following Monday.

The Twenty-Sixth Pupils' Recital of the Metropolitan School of Music will occur Friday evening, March 4, at 8 o'clock. The program is as follows:

Piano—(a) Idilio - - - - Theo. Hack
(b) Impatience - - - - Heller
Miss Delta Lenning.

Violin—Reverie - - - - - - - Newell
John Shaw.

Reading—"How Salvator Won" - - - - - - - - - Ella Wheeler Wilcox
Miss Gertrude Rogers.

Violin—Fourth Air Varie - - Dancla
Nellie Marie Williams.

Vocal—"There's a Bower of Roses," from the Grand Opera "The Veiled Prophet' - - - - - - - - C. Villiers Sanford
Miss Maude Langstaff

Piano—Concerto in D Minor, Andante and Finale - - - - - - Mendelssohn
Mr. Charles N. Brearley.

Violin—Gondeliera, from Third Suite - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Ries
Mr. Charles Patterson Smith.

Vocal—(a) Whither?
(b) The Question - - Schubert
(c) Impatience
Mr. Henry Newton.

Piano—Carnaval, Op. 9 - - Schumann
Preambule, Pierrot, Arlequin, Valse Noble, Eusebius, Florestan, Coquette, Replique, Sphinxes, Papillons, Lettres dansantes, Chiarina, Chopin, Estrella, Reconnaissance, Pantalon et Columbine, Valse allemande, Paganini, Aveu Promenade, Pause, Marche des "Davidsbundler" contre Les Philistins.

Mrs. Nettie Vandyke Loughmiller.

MISS EMILY OLCOTT,
Muncie, Indiana.

At the Indianapolis Conservatory of Music, there will be a series of artists' concerts during the year. The first to take place Tuesday evening March 22, for which a program will be published later. The music will be furnished by Mr. Edgar M. Cawley and Mr. George Krugar, pianist, Mrs. E. M. Cawley, violinist, and Miss Riah Heinen, vocalist.

The Marien Quartette Club will give a concert under the direction of Mr. Weiss of Cincinnati, next Wednesday evening at the Propylaeum.

Last Wednesday evening at St. Paul's church the vested choir under the direction of Karl H. Hoenig, gave Stainer's "The Crucifixion." The oration was admirably rendered. The soloists were Karl H. Hoenig and Oliver Isensee, and Charles Hansen was the organist. This musical service will be repeated on Mid-Lent Sunday, March 20, and again on Good Friday.

Miss Mary M. Shedd and pupils will give a musicale at Turner and Belcher's new piano store 311 Massachusetts avenue tonight. Miss Shedd's pupils will furnish the vocal selections and will be assisted by Miss Laura Jones, Mr. Jack Hathaway and Master George Bowman. Those who have been invited to previous musicales will be welcome.

Prof. Dungan's pupils will give a recital at Carlin & Lennox's music store next Monday evening.

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Church Notes.

Rev. G. A. Carstensen will preach in St. Andrew's church, Louisville, on Sunday evening, March 20.

The choir of St. Paul's church will sing Stainer's Crucifixion three times during Lent, on Ash Wednesday, on Mid-Lent Sunday and on Good Friday, each time at 8 o'clock in the evening.

Beside the Thursday evening sermons during Lent at St. Paul's church, Bishop Vincent of Southern Ohio, Bishop Burton, of Lexington, Ky., and Rev. Mr. Baker, of Cincinnati will preach on Sunday evenings. On Thursday evenings there will be a series of sermons by visiting clergymen. Those already secured are Dean Davis, of St. Louis for March 3, President Pierce, of Kenyon College, for March 10, and Dr. Morrison, of Chicago, for March 24.

Throughout the Lenten season the various churches have made arrangements for services at times best calculated to meet the wishes of the members of the different congregations. At St. Paul's the services during Holy Week are as follows:

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday—Morning prayer, 10 a. m; evening prayer, 4:30 p. m; litany and meditation 8 p. m.

Maundy Thursday—Preparations for communion, 8:30 p. m.

Good Friday—Morning prayer, litany and sermon, 10 a. m; passion service, 12 noon to 3 p. m. ; evening prayer 4:30. ; the crucifixion (Stainer) 8 p. m.

Easter Even—Morning prayer, 10 a. m; evening prayer, 4:30 p. m.

The bishop of the diocese will administer the apostolic rite of confirmation at the mid-day service Sunday evenings during Lent on the general subject "Sin" as follows:

Feb. 27, "The Nature of Sin."
March 6, "The Effects of Sin."
March 13, "The Remedy for Sin."
March 27, The Removal of Sin."
April 13, "Holiness after Sin."

On Monday afternoons addresses will be given by the following clergymen in the order named: Bishop White, the Rev. H. M. Denslon, the Rev. E. G. Hunter, the Rev. J. H. McKenzie, Ph. D., the Rev. H. C. Parkman. On Tuesday afternoons the addresses will be on the history of the bible as follows: Feb. 24, the Rev. John E. Sulger, Terre Haute, Ind., March 3, the Rev. Carroll M. Davis, St. Louis, Mo.; March 10, the Rev. W. F. Pierce, Gambier, O., Mar. 17, the Rsv. Theodore N. Morrisson, D. D., Chicago, Ill., March 31, the Rev. John R. Mason, Louisville, Ky.

Sunday night at Plymouth church the following Mendelssohn program will be rendered by the quartet consisting of Mrs. Fremont Swain, soprano; Mrs. Edouard Simpson, contralto; Mr. Homer Van Wie, tenor; Mr. Frank V. Steele, baritone and director, and Miss Nelly A. King, organist. The vocal numbers are from the great oratorio "Elijah." Mr. Frank H. Ormsby, tenor, will assist.

Prelude—Sonata V.
Quartette—Lord bow thine ear.
Aria,—Hear ye, Israel.
Mrs. Swain.
Recitative,—Ye people, send your hearts.
Aria,—If with all your hearts.
Mr. Ormsby.
Recitative,—Now Cherith's brook is dried up.
Mrs. Simpson.
Duet,—Help me, man of God.
Mrs. Swain and Mr. Steele.
Aria,—It is enough.
Mr. Steele.
Quartette,—Come every one that thirsteth
Postlude,—Allegro Moderato
Serioso—Sonato I.

The Rev. A J Graham, Pastor of Christ Episcopal Church has issued a card announcing services for Lent as follows: Sundays, 7:30 a. m. 10:30 a. m. 7:30 p. m. every week day from 12:07 to 12:30 service with short addresses by city clergy; each Tuesday. Thursday and Saturday, service with instruction at 4:30 p m; each Friday, service with address at 7:30 p. m.

The clergy are earnestly requested to see that the noonday service is closed at 12:30 sharp in order to keep faith with busy people.

Instructions for confirmation at 4 p m on Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays.

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Calendar for Lent.

Feb. 23. Ash Wednesday.
Feb. 24. St. Matthias's Day.
Feb. 28. First Sunday in Lent.
Mar. 2, 4, 5. Ember Days.
Mar. 6. Second Sunday in Lent.
Mar. 13. Third Sunday in Lent.
Mar. 20. Fourth Sunday in Lent.
Mar. 25. Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
Mar. 27. Fifth Sunday in Lent.
April 3. Palm Sunday.
April 4. Monday before Easter.
April 6. Wednesday before Easter.
April 7. Maundy Thursday.
April 8. Good Friday.
April 9. Easter Even.

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Hon. Mortimer Levering of Lafayette attended the Indianapolis S. A. R. reception and banquet last night and responded to a toast "The Old War Horse."

People and Events.

There was a special exhibit of hand-trimmed Paris Dress Patterns at L. S. Ayres' store Thursday. It consisted of the entire collection of one of the largest manufacturers in Paris and is far superior te anything in that line ever displayed in this city. Ladies of taste were exclaiming rapturously over the beauty, design and coloring of the different fabrics. Exquisitely embroidered swisses, black net, heavily embroidered with net, silk mulls, and handsome cloth patterns found a ready sale.

A "Magazine" entertainment will be given at the First Baptist Church next Wednesday evening. Mrs. Sada Daggett Allen will read the Magazine which will contain all articles usually found in such a book, and these will be illustrated by tableaux. The fashion plates will show a "dress" worn by a bride in 1827, and one worn in each decade since, this will include the "gown" of today. Various firms will advertise in the Magazine which will be unique in design.

Miss Ethel Browning, of Indianapolis, with the Otis Skinner Company, recently gave the balcony scene from Romeo and Juliet with Mr. Ashley Miller as Romeo, in Toronto at a benefit for the Toronto Lodge, Number 11, under the patronage of Sir George and Lady Kirkpatrick. The part was taken at a moment's notice, but was a great success, and Miss Browning was pronounced a charming Juliet.

We are pleased to present to our readers today the picture of Mrs. Hannah Ellison, of Fort Wayne, Indiana, who was elected the Recording Secretary of the National Federation of Musical Clubs at its recent convention in Chicago. Mrs. Ellison is also ex-President of the Morning Musicale of Fort Wayne. She has many friends in this city, where she has visited frequently.

The Salvation Army has secured Tomlinson Hall for the visit of Gen. William Booth, who will visit this city the first of April. He will be assisted by Commander and Consul Booth Tucker, Commissioner Nicol and Col. Lawby, also representatives from different parts of the country. The governor of the state will preside.

Senator Ellison, whose picture also appears in these columns, is well known throughout the state not only through his political associations, but because of his literary ability. He has made addresses before the Indiana Union of Literary Clubs and is a member of the Western Association of Writers.

Last night the Portfolio Club presented "Count Tompkins," a one act play by Hector Fuller. It was very cleverly presented, the parts being taken by Mr. William Forsythe, Mr. Oliver Willard Pierce, Mr. Howard McCormack, Miss Leta Holman and Mr. Hector Fuller.

Mrs. May Wright Sewall entertained a few friends at dinner last evening for Professor Lewis C. Janes of Cambridge. Mrs. Sewall's guests included, besides the guest of honor, Miss Noble, Miss Cropsey, Miss Moore, Mrs. Spruance and Mr. Francis Robinson.

Miss Elizabeth Swan, librarian of Purdue University, who is well known in this city, read a paper before the interstate conference of librarians, which met in Chicago this week. Her subject was "The Care of College and School Catalogues."

Rev. J. W. H. Blake, of Lafayette, attended a meeting of the standing committee of the Episcopal diocese of Indiana in this city this week.

Mrs. J. F. Elder of Richmond entertained on Monday of this week in honor of Mrs. D. W. Wiles of this city, and Mrs. Tousey.

Mrs. J. B. Cockrum has returned from Evansville where she has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Bittrolff.

Miss Pearl Haynes has returned from Richmond, accompanied by Miss Gertrude Williams, who will be her guest for a time.

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson and Miss Beeler are spending the week in Crawfordsville, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Homer Hills.

The Sanitary Association will meet on March 1. The program will consist of the annual reports of the society.

Mrs. J. C. Peltier, of Fort Wayne is in the city visiting her daughter who is attending school here.

Mrs. T. F. Smithers will leave in a short time for an extended trip to Denver and other western cities.

Mr. and Mrs. George Severson formerly of Lafayette, have come to this city for permanent residence.

Mrs. M. M. Burnett, of Lafayette, who has been in the city, returned home Wednesday.

Mrs. E. Totten of Crawfordsville is in the city, the guest of her nephew, Mr. Arthur Phillips.

Hon. R. G. Miller of Bloomington, who has been in the city on business has returned home.

Mr. L. Klein has gone to New York on business, he will return home in about ten days.

Mrs. Vernon Smith of Richmond, who has been visiting in the city, has returned home.

Dr. Eastman was in Richmond this week where he addressed the Tuesday Club.

Mrs. Henry Severin will return this week from an extended visit through the south.

Miss Lena Wall, of Marion who spent last week in the city has returned home.

Miss Beulah Evans is in Kokomo the guest of Judge and Mrs. Kirkpatrick.

Mrs. Dr. Cravens of Irvington will observe Wednesday as her day at home.

Dr. William Cronin, of Hartford City, spent last Sunday in Indianapolis.

Dr. and Mrs. Van Nuys, of Hartford City were in the city this week.

Miss Nina McCleery, of Marion, is visiting Mrs. Lee Holtzman.

Dr. Karsten, of the State University spent last Sunday in the city.

Miss Alma Hayworth of Lafayette is visiting friends in the city.

Mr. M. E. Clodfelter of Crawfordsville was in the city today.

Mrs. John Robinson, of Crawfordsville, is visiting in the city.

Sons of American Revolution.

The Sons of the American Revolution gave one of the most elaborate entertainments yet given by this organization at the Propylaeum last night. There were speeches by Hon. J. H. Fowler of Spencer, Mr. Samuel M. Foster of Fort Wayne, Mr. John G. Mott of Michigan City, Mr. Merrill Moores and others. There was a large number of guests from out of town. There are 160 members, three of whom have fathers who were Revolutionary soldiers. They are Samuel C. Meredith, Wellington Clark, Crown Point, Indiana, and Jesse Andrews of Lafayette. The members of the Society were assisted in entertaining by their wives and invited guests A substantial collation was served and a number of toasts delivered.

February Sale of Fine Diamonds.

Bargain Watch Sale this month Fine Jewelry a Speciaty Our lovely styles new jewel belts now opening, lowest prices Silver novelties in up-to-date styles, we lead the trade in this line. Special sale Rogers Bros. 1847 knives, forks and spoons. We save you money. Come and get our prices.

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Our position in the bicycle field for 1898 is one of absolute leadership. In proof of that statement we announce the following facts:
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These wheels have been known as the best of the highest grade wheels ever since bicycles have been made in the United States. They need no eulogy from us. Again they demonstrate their forethought in being the first of the highest grade manufacturers to put a $50 wheel of their make on the market. We call especial attention to this

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Other Victor Wheels are—Model 32 - - - - $75.00
Model 33 - - - - $100.00

The '98 Lenox Wheels

are here, and the splendid reputation they have earned will cause many to choose them for their mounts for 1898. In addition to our regular Lenox road wheel we have added a

LENOX RACER

which has caused quite a furor among bicycle experts in Indianapolis. Prices:
Lenox Road Wheel - - - $45.00
Lenox Racer - - - - - $59.00

We have also ready the '98 Models of

NAVAREE BICYCLES

which caused so much favorable comment last year. Prices:
$25.00 and $35.00.

Our Bicycle Repair Shop

has been fitted with all the latest machinery for repair work, and we prepared to save Indiana cyclists many dollars in this direction. We guarantee our repair work. BICYCLE DEPARTMENT—NEW BASEMENT.

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INDIANA CLUBS AND THEIR WORK.

EDITED BY MRS. HARRIET W. KITTS.

CULTURE CLUBS.

Tolerance is something that club women, like most other enthusiasts, have yet to learn. They are to prone to think that clubs employing other methods than theirs are existing on lower planes. This is particularly true of the big department club which devotes itself to town improvement, civics, traveling libraries, philanthropy and various other excellent phases of usefulness, but which looks with condescending eyes upon the little club whose avowed object is culture. Said a well-known woman writer recently, "If you belong to a club whose end and aim is self culture only you are in a magnificent A B C class." If culture were something that one might acquire, and then stow away in one's pocket, it might well be regulated to an insignificent place in the alphabet of usefulness; but it is bound to permeate through one's being, to reach out and beyond self, to ennoble and enrich all with whom it comes in contact; and the higher and truer the culture, the more lovely and far reaching its influence. When the world shall have become truly cultured, there will be no need of town improvement associations, civic clubs and traveling libraries.

Reformers have ever had little patience with those who could or would not drop everything and follow in their lead. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, than whom a gentler, purer, more cultured woman never breathed, was roundly berated by a zealous enthusiast, because she would not leave her literary work and take the lecture platform in the temperance cause. In vain she pleaded that she was not fitted by temperament for a public speaker, that every nerve and fibre shrunk from the ordeal. But Mrs. Livermore, though herself a reformer heart and mind, looked into the soul of this lovely being and shielded her, saying to the irate agitator: "Do not trouble her; she works in a different way from ours." Who shall say whether the reformer or the author has wielded the greater influence for good?

So take heart, Culture Clubs; keep on undismayed in the even tenor of your way. Be not cast down under the chilling criticism that makes light of your aims; for there is no higher plane than the one you are striving to reach. But remember that knowledge alone will never lead you there. Knowledge will assist you far up the steep; but you will need the strong support of mental discipline, and the firm guidance of that true refinement which comes from the heart. There is work for all. The world needs the reformer, the agitator and the philanthropist, but it also needs the cultured; it is not for us to say which is the Alpha and which the Omega in usefulness.

PEN PORTRAITS.

Mrs. John A. Coleman, president of the Minerva Club of Indianapolis was graduated in 1881 fromth e Indianapolis Female Seminary, now known widely as the Girls' Classical School. The following year she completed a course of music in the same institution. She is a charter member of the Minerva Club, which for two years she has served as president. She has been indefatigable during her term of office in raising the standard of work done in the club. Mrs. Coleman is a woman of thoroughly refined tastes, and her assistance to the various organizations with which she is connected, is recognized as invaluable. She is now serving the Indianapolis Local Council of Women as recording secretary; she is a member of the Magazine Club; and is corresponding secretary of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Roberts Park Methodist Episcopal Church.

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Mrs. Frank Carvin, corresponding secretary of the Minerva Club, was born and educated in Indianapolis. Her connection with club work began in 1895 when she became an active member of the "Minerva." She is a member of the Third Christian Church, is treasurer of the Ladies' Aid Society, and pianist of its Missionary Society. "In whatever capacity she is called upon to serve," a friend writes of her, "she is always found willing to respond to the best of her ability. Her face is well known among the homes where poverty and suffering hover, and many a sick room has been brightened by her presence."

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Miss Eva E. Luke, of Jeffersonville, reporter of the "Council of Presidents of Clubs of the Falls Cities," is a daughter of Major A. M. Luke, who was one of Indiana's most gallant soldiers in the Rebellion. She is a niece of Mr. Perdue whose portrait recently appeared in the "Indiana Woman" as one of the organizers of the Sons of the Revolution. Miss Luke was graduated at De Pauw College, New Albany, in 1891, with the degree of M. L. A. Subsequently her studies were continued at Depauw University. At present she is engaged in newspaper work—a contributor to various publications, and society editor of the Jeffersonville Evening Journal. In club life, she is a member of the Chautauqua Circle, and of the "Fortnightly" which she organized and of which she is still president. She has been closely identified with the Public Library Movement of Jeffersonville, and is a member of the present Board of Directors.

MRS. JOHN A. COLEMAN,
President of the Minerva Club of Indianapolis.

THE MINERVA CLUB OF INDIANAPOLIS.

The nucleus of the Minerva Club of Indianapolis, was a little informal social society known as the Minerva Circle, which began an existence late in the fall of 1889. The following year the Circle, feeling the need of a more formal organization for the prosecution of a definite line of work, materialized into the Club, with its regular officers, constitution and program. Mrs. Oscar L. Huey was the first. Among those who were active in the early days of the Minerva and who still hold membership are Mrs. Coleman, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. W. T. Brown, Miss Jeannette Smith and Miss Nancy Warman.

Of its literary life during the first eight years, a member writes entertainingly, "We have traveled about, aimlessly, at first, peering into the home lives of Italian, French, and English. Few art galleries escaped our prying eyes, few personages but have at some time been discussed by this omniverous club. Our insatiate curiosity led us to explore sewers and drainage, visit cemetries, and comment upon the funeral rites and ceremonies of different nations. We investigated feudalism and its decline, the Reformation and subjects too numerous to mention until we became impressed with the fact that, after all, we were seeing only the effects of various causes. So with unabated zeal we began to search for the history of the countries and people. * * * After eight years of study devoted for the most part to other countries, we now turn with an energy born of patriotism to America, beginning with the earliest account obtainable of pre-historic man, and tracing the growth and development of the country up to the time of the Revolution. We will notice the birth and progress of our civil government, the advancement of social life and the impression made by them on our American literature."

The "Minerva" has enjoyed many treats in the way of lectures and addresses by speakers of note. Among these have been "Women's Clubs in Other Places," by Mrs. May Wright Sewall; "A Well Equipped Woman" by Mrs. Ogg of Greencastle; "Art in Rome," by Dr. T. I. Coultas; "My Recollections and Impressions of English Life and Customs," by Mrs. George Hitt, president of the Indianapolis Woman's Club; "Througb Borrowed Spectacles" by Mr. E. P. Brown, editor of "The Ram's Horn." The last mentioned was given at the Propylaeum, the 2nd of the present month, and was followed by a social affair complete in all the details of refreshments, music and decorations.

The "Minerva's" brochure, which in keeping with the club traditions is printed in green, upon a white surface, and protected by a cover of delicate green board, is neat and well arranged. Three social occasions are provided for, and they occur upon the opening and closing dates and upon Feb. 22. The club numbers thirty-three active and nine associate members. Its officers are:

Mrs. John A. Coleman, president.
Mrs. Charles N. Stevenson } vice-
Mrs. William T. Brown } presidents.
Mrs. James McAlpine, recording secretary.
Mrs. John T. McShane, treasurer.
Mrs. William M. Stevenson, critic.
The program committee is:
Miss Sarah E. Rudisill.
Miss Jeannette Smith.
Mrs. Jennie L. Ballenger.

PROGRAM OF THE MINERVA CLUB OF INDIANAPOLIS.

OCT. 4.—Club Day. President's Address.
OCT. 18.—The Antiquity of Man in America. The People of the Stone Age and their Works. Conversation on Relics at State House.
NOV. 1.—The Mounds and the Mound Builders. Review of Behemoth.
NOV. 15.—The Cliff Dwellers and Pueblos. Traditional History of the Mayas and Nahuas, with the Golden Age of the Toltecs. Conversation—Ruined Palaces and Temples of Palenque, Copan Milta and Chichen—Itza.
NOV. 29.—The Customs, Religions and Funeral Rites of the Pre-Historic Race. Montezuma and his People. Conversation—Ancient Cities and other Ruins of Mexico.
DEC. 13.—The Norsemen. The Voyages of Prince Madoc. Reading—Skeleton in Armor. Conversation—Short Sketches of Poems, inspired by Norse Discoverers.
JAN 3.—The Spanish Explorers.
JAN. 17.—The Voyages of Verrazzani and Cartier. The Life of Samuel de Champlain, the Father of New France. Conversation—Characteristic Features of the French in America.
JAN.31.—The Land of Acadia. The Huguenots Seeking Homes in America. Conversation—The French Romances of Mary Hartwell Catherwood.
FEB 14.—English Attempts at Colonization during the Times of the Tudors. Early Literature of Virginia. Conversation—Virginia in the Seventeenth Century.
FEB. 22.—Social Day.
FEB. 28.—Character Sketch of the North American Indian. Our Treaties with the Red Man. Conversation—Indian Mythology; Folk Lore.
MAR. 14.—The Debt of the Puritans to the Netherlands. The New Spirit and Roger Williams. Conversation—The New England Customs as portrayed by Hawthorne and other writers.
MAR. 28.—The Early Days of the Knickerbockers. The Life of the People of New Netherland Conversation—The Knickerbocker's Impression on our Literature.
APR. 11.—The Life of William Penn. Franklin's Work as a Patriot. Conversation—Old Colony Days and Ways.
APR. 25.—Development of Political Life in the Colonies. Character Sketch of Benjamin Franklin. Conversation—Our Relation to the Mother Country.
MAR. 9.—The French and Indian Wars. Washington's Youth. Conversation—French Influence During the Wars.
MAY 22.—The General Condition of the Colonies Prior to the Revolution. The Early Patriots.
MAY 28.—Social Day.

THE COUNCIL OF THE PRESIDENTS OF THE FALLS CITIES.

As perhaps everybody doesn't know, we beg leave to begin our account of this unique and excellent organization by stating that the "Falls Cities" are the three towns, Louisville, (Ky.) Jeffersonville and New Albany, which are situated around the falls of the Ohio River. The triple alliance known as "The Council of the Presidents of the Falls Cities" was formed March 20, 1897, at the home of Mrs. A. P. Humphrey in Louisville. It was the outgrowth of the Louisville Council which was composed of the presidents of the local clubs. The benefits arising from their own union proved so many and so great, that the Kentucky presidents decided to invite their sister officers of Jeffersonville and New Albany to join them in forming one central body with which the presidents of the three cities might affiliate. Miss Josephine L. Danforth of Louisville was elected president, and Miss Mary E. Cardwill of New Albany, secretary. A third officer was afterwards added for it was found necessary to publish announcements, reports and other

matter, simultaneously in the papers of the three cities. This third officer is a reporter—something of an innovation in club life; and Miss Eva Luke of Jeffersonville was duly elected. In April a second meeting was held for the adoption of the constitution; and in May a mass meeting

MISS EVA E. LUKE,
Reporter of "The Council of The Presidents of The Falls City."

of all the clubs was convened, in which a regular program was carried out.

The "Council of Presidents" is different from what is known as a local federation in that only club presidents are eligible to membership. Moreover, of its four regular sessions each year, only one is a "Mass-Meeting," for club people in general. In fact, it is just what its name indicates—a council of presidents. Its object is "the interchange of ideas upon club work, the promotion of sympathy and friendly feeling among the clubs of the Falls Cities, and co-operation in all matters of common interest." The by-laws provide that the "October meeting shall be held in Jeffersonville, the January meeting in Louisville, the April meeting in New Albany." As no arrangements are made for the Mass-Meeting which by constitution must be called each year in May, we presume it is subject to invitation.

This year the "Council of the Presidents of the Falls Cities" has taken up the subject of bird slaughter, and has been laboring to create a sentiment against the wholesale butchery that is going on everywhere. "We have about succeeded in establishing a 'Bird Day' in the schools," writes a member, "and hope to have Mrs. Olive Thorn Miller to lecture for us in April upon Birds. In May we will have another Mass-Meeting when all the club women will be gathered, and a program with music, papers, etc., from members in the three cities will be given."

There are 27 clubs whose presidents are members of the Council, 8 from Jeffersonville, 10 from Louisville and 9 from New Albany. The Jeffersonville members are: Mrs. E. G. Peter of the Beta Sigma, Miss Bertha Poindexter of the Current Events, Miss Eva E. Luke of the Fortnightly, Mrs. C. C. Claggett of the Ladies' Musical, Miss Mary Voight of the Quinquepean Coterie, Mrs. Nathan Sparks of the University Extension, Mrs. Ellis Heaton of the Woman's and Miss Hannah Zulant of the Young Ladies' Literary.

The Louisville members are: Miss Anna J. Hamilton of the Alumnae, Miss Marguerite K. Christensen of the Black Beauty, Mrs. J. W. Bowser of the Fortnightly, Mrs. R. P. Halleck of the Hampton Alumnae, Miss Josephine L. Danforth of the Literature, Mrs. E. H. Bacon of the Monday Afternoon, Mrs. E. W, Grant of the Pottery, Miss May Stone of the Tourist, Miss Susanna F. Kirk of the Up To Date and Mrs. A. P. Humphrey of the Woman's.

The New Albany members are: Miss Emma Dewhurst of the Alpha, Mrs. E. A. Maginness of the Amaranth, Miss Mary E. Cardwill of the Ephemeron, Miss Adelaide Packard of the Federated Clubs, Mrs. L D. Levi of the Fortnightly, Mrs. W. H. Hershman of the Irving, Mrs. W. H. Eggleston of the Kindergarten Coterie, Miss Florence Green of the Thallo—and one lone, lorn man, Professor Charles Prosser of the Trillium.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB OF ROCKVILLE.

The Woman's Club of Rockville is essentially a history class, devoting itself seriously and conscientiously to this line of study, which it has followed throughout its six years of successful existence. It was organized in the fall of 1891. It is limited to twenty-five and meets on alternate Saturdays. "The majority of the charter members are still active workers," writes our correspondent, "and the six years' training shows in the clear, forcible way in which important points are brought out in the discussion. In connection with the history of each country, its literature and art are also discussed. The first hour of each meeting is devoted to the lesson. A half hour is then given to the reading and discussion of a paper bearing upon some particular point of the lesson, and the last half hour to current events."

But two provisions are made in the brochure for social affairs. These occur February 26 and April 16, and the latter is a banquet. The Woman's Club has been affiliated with the Indian Union of Literary Clubs since the season of '93-'94. One of its members, Mrs. Francis Whipple, is serving this year upon the state program committee.

The officers are:
Miss Margaret Kirkpatrick, president.
Mrs. R. Dooley, vice-president.
Miss Georgietta Bowman, secretary.
Mrs. H. H. Rice, treasurer.
The program committee is:
Mrs. J. S. McFadden.
Mrs. F. M. Howard.
Miss Garnett.
Miss Kirkpatrick.
The membership committee is:
Mrs. T. T. Gaebler.
Mrs. W. B. Thompson.
Mrs. F. H. Stark.
Miss Garnett.
Miss Laura Allen.

PROGRAM OF THE WOMAN'S CLUB OF ROCKVILLE.

OCT. 2.—1817-1825, James Monroe. Paper, Historical Trio, Bancroft, Prescott, Motley.
OCT. 16.—1825-1829. J. Q. Adams. Papers—John Calhoun; J. Fenimore Cooper.
OCT. 30.—1829-1837. Andrew Jackson. Papers—Anti-Slavery Writers; Webster and Hayne Debate.
NOV. 13.—1837-1845, Martin Van Buren; Harrison and Tyler. Papers—Mormonism; Washington Irving.
NOV. 27.—1845-1849, James K. Polk, Scott, Taylor. Paper—Writers for the Young.
DEC. 11.—1849-1853, Taylor and Fillmore. Papers—Hawthorn; Henry Clay.
DEC. 18.—1853-1857, Franklin Pierce. Papers—Edward Everett; Stephen A. Douglas.
JAN. 8.—1857-1761, James Buchanan. Papers—Charles Sumner; Lincoln and Douglas Debate.
JAN. 15 —1861-1865, Abraham Lincoln. Causes of the Civil War. Plans of North and South. Paper—Women Essayists.
JAN. 29.—The Civil War—First Year. Civil Events, Military Events, Attitude of Other Countries. Paper—Gen. A. S. Johnson; Transcendentalists.
FEB. 12.—Civil War—Second Year. Civil Events, Military Events. Papers—Gen. Robert E. Lee; Writers of Travel.
FEB. 26.—Social Afternoon—Longfellow.
MAR. 5.—Civil War—Third Year. Civil and Military Events. Papers—U. S. Grant; Lowell and Holmes.
MAR. 19.—Civil War—Fourth Year. Civil and Military Events. Sherman. Paper—Patriotic Songs.
APR. 2.—1865-1869, Andrew Johnson. Papers—Chief Justice Chase; Humorous Writers.
APR. 16.—Banquet.

WITH THE CLUB EDITOR.

The Clubs of Warsaw met this week to organize a local federation.

The "Minerva" of Indianapolis believes in club responsibility. A fine of $1.00 is imposed for non-performance of duty unless the member herself procures a substitute one month in advance.

The Musical Amateurs of Crawfordsville will furnish one program for the State Music Teachers' Association which convenes in Lafayette in June. An account of the Musical Amateurs appeared in these columns Jan. 15.

Miss Mary Hannah Krout, of the Chicago Inter-Ocean, who has just returned from London, is visiting her family in Crawfordsville. While at home, she delivered a lecture for the benefit of the Public Library Association, taking for her subject "English People of Note." Miss Krout still retains her interest in Crawfordville club life, serving as a corresponding member of the "Athenian."

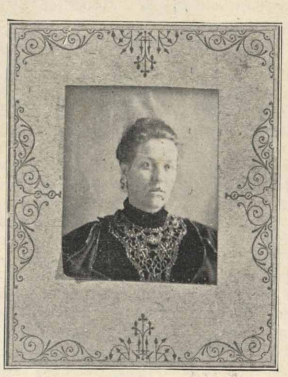
The "Minerva" of Indianapolis numbers musicians and artists as well as housewives and teachers. Medals from the woman's department of the World's Fair, awarded for needle work, are held by two of its members; while the organist and the leading soprano singer of one of the city's largest churches, are taken from its ranks. Its president serves as the very efficient secretary of the Indianapolis Local Council of Women.

Miss Josephine L. Danforth, president of the "Council of the Presidents of the Falls Cities," is a member of one of Louisville's oldest and most prominent families. She is of New England stock. Her education was acquired in Louisville. She is a charter member of the Woman's Club, and president of the Literature Club, which she organized in 1883. In 1894, she began conducting classes in literature, art and science, and this year she has added physical culture. When asked if club discipline had been of any assistance to her in her new work, she replied: "It has been the school where a large part of my education has been gained. Without the work we have done in this club, I could not have undertaken the classes."

A recent communication from Mrs. Rhetts, chairman of the executive committee of the Indiana Union of Literary Clubs, informs us that the Bloomington club people have about perfected their arrangements for the entertainment of the ninth annual convention, which will be held May 11. They are planning to give delegates and friends of the Union a royal welcome, and to that end are leaving nothing undone that might add to the comfort and pleasure of their guests. Formal announcements of convention arrangements, details as to entertainment and trains will be sent to each constituent club within a week or two. In this connection, the secretary of the Union, who is also the treasurer, would be glad if all the clubs would send in their yearly dues as soon as possible, so that all the finances may be satisfactorily settled before the convention. The dues are $2.00 for each club, and prompt receipts for this amount will be returned to the transmitter. The secretary's address is Harriet W. Kitts, Muncie, Indiana.

IN THE CLUB WORLD.

"Philitscipoma" is the short and easy name of one of the largest clubs of Newark, N. J. Its president is Rev. Phoebe A. Hanaford.



MRS. FRANK CARVIN,
Corresponding Secretary of the Minerva Club of Indianapolis.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union sustained an irreparable loss in the death of Miss Frances E. Willard, which occurred in New York on the 18th. Funeral services were held in New York last Sunday. Interment took place Thursday in Evanston, Illinois, which has always been Miss Willard's home.

The Woman's Health Protective Association of New York City has been making a vigorous onslaught against many little evils that exit in its vicinity. It objected to the exposure of fruits and vegetables outside of stores, and has succeeded in persuading grocerymen to keep them within doors. It also objected to waiting in the wind and rain five to seven minutes for a car at certain transfer points, and a waiting car is now always at its disposal.

Some of the organizations of the larger cities are publishing club magazines. These are usually issued under the auspices of the local federations, and are therefore invaluable as the club organ. In general, they are printed once a month, from November to May or June. One that has recently made its appearance is "The Club Owl" published by The Woman's League of Newark, N. J. It contains besides announcements and programs for the month of all the clubs, some fine papers and much matter of general interest.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Ohio, has undertaken to defend a $5,500 libel suit instituted against one of its members. It seems that Mrs. Handy, of Jamestown, brought suit against a saloon keeper for selling liquor to a minor. The court decided against her, and out of the litigation has grown a libel suit for $5,500. The state organization, after due deliberation decided to uphold Mrs. Handy, and to help pay the costs.

Something of an innovation in clubdom is a new organization recently started in New York City, a Civic Council of Women. Its object is to aid reform and fight abuses. Although it is to be a representative body composed of two three delegates from all the women's clubs of the city, it is not proposed to hold regular meetings or to make of the organization a functional body; but in any emergency which requires action, a call will be issued by the president, and such a course agreed upon as seems best fitted to the case. The promoter of the plan is Mrs. Eliza Newcomb Alexander.

NOTE—We should be glad to hear from any literary, art or music club in the state, whether or not it is a member of the Indiana Union of Literary Clubs. Address all communications upon club matters to Mrs. Harriet W. Kitts, Muncie, Indiana.

The Indiana Photographer's Convention.

The Indiana Photographers will meet for their fourth annual convention in Tomlinson Hall, Indianapolis, March 1st. to 4th. inclusive. The Association extends hearty greetings to photographers everywhere, and promises a profitable convention to all who attend. Special attention is drawn to the open class, in which photographers outside of Indiana are asked to compete for a gold and a silver medal for the best photograph 8x10 inches or larger. No entry fee required. Pictures to be sent, express prepaid, to John Nicholson, Second Vice-president, Tomlinson Hall, Indianapolis, Ind., before Feb. 28. The convention is thrown open to amateurs on payment of a special entrance fee of $1. Prizes are also offered to amateurs as follows:

For six pictures, any size, any subject: first prize, silver medal; second, bronze medal. Initiation fees should be remitted to the Treasurer, George G. Holloway, Terre Haute, Ind., who will send membership receipt.

Pictures for exhibition should be delivered, charges prepaid, to John Nicholson, Second Vice-president, Tomlinson Hall, Indianapolis, before March 1. Special hotel and railroad rates have been secured, particulars of which can be had by addressing the Secretary. C. R. Reeves, Anderson, Ind. The President of the Association is F. R. Barrows, Fort Wayne, Ind., who is assisted by an enterprising body of officers. Progressive Indiana Photographers will do well to muster in force and support their organization by attendance and exhibition at the convention.

C. R. REEVES,
Secretary P. A. of Indiana.

People and Events.

Miss Juliet Hollingsworth of the Richmond H. S. will represent that city in the state oratorical contest to be held there April 1st. Her subject is America's attitude towards England.

Mr. George Denny who is attending Wabash College, was in the city last week attending a meeting of the field-day committee of the State Athletic Association.

Mrs. John M. McGee, who has been visiting her sisters, Mrs. W. B. Hughes and Mrs. Tanner in Bloomington, has returned home.

Dr. Harry Kahlo, who has been visiting in Lafayette has returned home. He was an usher at the Marsteller-Hull wedding.

Mrs. Mary H. Vinton of Lafayette who has been visiting friends in Norfolk, Virginia for some time has returned home.

Mrs. D. H. Wiles of this city and her daughter, Mrs. Tousey are visiting Mrs. J. F. Elder in Richmond, Indiana.

Dr. Harry W. Gregg, of Marion who has been attending dental college has returned home ill with pneumonia.

Mrs. C. L. Thomas of Crawfordsville has gone to Washington to attend the National D. A. R. Convention.

Mrs. J. A. Booe and son of Crawfordsville are in the city, the guests of Lieutenant W. T. May and family.

Mrs. W. B. Nash of Crawfordsville who attended the Settle-Nash wedding last week, has returned home.

Miss Percy Powell who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Hall, in Attica, has returned home.

Miss Jean Lupton of Richmond, who has been spending some weeks in the city, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Stevens, who have been spending a month in Richmond, have returned home.

Mrs. Robert A. Brown and little daughter are visiting Mrs. C. O. Heffley in Logansport.

Mrs. Murdock of Lafayette attended Mrs. Horace Wood's card party last week.

Mrs. Anna R. Loag of Fort Wayne is in the city the guest of Mrs. S. E. Morss.

Mayor T. L. Stillwell and wife of Crawfordsville are in the city, visiting friends.

J. J W. Billingsley of the Drainage Journal has returned from Lafayette.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Gilkey of Crawfordsville were in the city last week.

Mr. Franklin Landers has returned from a visit to relatives in Bloomington.

Mr. David Braden has returned from a business trip to Bloomington.

Mrs. Maude Showers has returned from a visit to Bloomington.

Miss Caddie Hunter of Marion is with friends in the city.

Miss Lena Wall of Marion is visiting friends in the city.

Mr. Howard Stanton has returned from Milton, Indiana.

Miss Davis is in Attica, the guest of Mrs. H. C. Martin.

Mr. G. W. Barth has returned from Evansville.

N. H. Blair was in Crawfordsville last week.

O. O. Carvin has returned from Attica.

Bicycle Notes.

Indiana Bicycle Co.—"The Waverley." A most beautiful wheel is the new ladies' "Waverley," No. 17. It is newly designed throughout, thoroughly re-enforced, light in weight, easy running, especially rigid. Two heights of frame are provided; there is a variety of equipments and the ladies will find of especial value the patented sprocket shield, affording a complete protection to the rider's skirts. Three prime factors are considered in the '98 machines, simplicity, universality and strength. The frames, forks, bearings, crank hangers, sprockets, are all of improved patterns. The adjustable wood handle-bars are still used, enamelled to match the frame; the pedals are of a new design, extra heavy; the wheels, tires and saddles are improved materially. The chain, which has always been highly satisfactory, is finished with straw-colored blocks, and nickeled side plates having polished edges. Perhaps the most striking feature of the '98 wheel is the new National Automatic Hub Brake, which is superior to all other brakes because it is not visible, and adds only about five ounces of weight. It is contained between the bearings of the rear hub, and consists of only three pieces, not usual in an ordinary hub, all of which are enclosed. There is no adjustment necessary, and the wear which is infinitesinial is automatically taken up. Altogether, the '98 Waverley is a thing of beauty and is destined to be a joy forever to its riders.

William Buschmann & Co., 952-960 Ft. Wayne ave.—This firm handles the Iver-Johnson cyles, chain and chainless, ranging in price from $40.00 to $100.00. They also handle other lines from $27.50 upwards. The prominent feature of the Iver-Johnson is the use of nothing but the best of English weldless steel tubing, which is the strongest and best made; the new fork crown, arched pattern; fame and fork have flush joints, no re-enforcements. The enamel, being baked on copper, insures it against scaling and rust. The nickel plate is also over copper. The crank hanger, the most important part of any bicycle because upon it depends the strength and safety of the whole wheel, is constructed of drop forging, the strongest and best method of construction known, being a solid piece of steel forged into shape by means of dies and heavy drop hammers, which force the particles of steel closely together while hot, and thus greatly increases the strength.

The firm has been handling Iver-Johnson for three years, and its popularity in this city is steadily increasing, as is shown by the increase of sales. They consider the outlook for 1898 very favorable to the bicycle business, and have many orders booked in advance.

P. B. Simmons, Northside Cycle Co.,—handles the "Simmons Special." They manufacture this wheel themselves. They will also handle a full line of rent wheels this season. The "Special" is made in one model. Office, 1608 North Illinois street. Phone, 2351.

E. W. Gilland, who has recently bought out Mr. W. F. Clemens, 236 Mass. Ave. is handling two lines and six models. He handles the "Norwood" and the "Monarch" bicycle. The "Monarch" is made in four models and the "Norwood" in two models. "The "Monarch" is made in Chicago, by one of the oldest manufacturing firms. It has many new improvements over last year, especially in the crank hanger. The outlook for this season is fine. Inquiries are numerous respecting the '98 pattern, and several wheels have been sold already. Mr. Gilland also does repair work. Prices range from $50 to $60.

John A. Wilde, 408 Mass. Ave.,—handles the "National," "Remington" and the "Dock Wilde" wheels. The "National" is manufactured at Bay City, Mich., and is made in six models, two for ladies, four for gentlemen. This is a racing wheel. The "Remington" is made by the Remington Arms Co., Ilion, N. Y. This wheel is made in four models, two for gentlemen and two for ladies. The "Dock Wilde" is made by Mr. Wilde, and sells at a reasonable price. Mr. Wilde has already sold several wheels this season, and considers the prospects better than ever before.

A recent patent is Collins' Tire. This is the construction intended to be used with a bicycle provided with pneumatic hubs and designed among other purposes for military use. If applied to a wooden wheel rim a flanged metal bed plate entirely surrounds the latter and has circumferential hollow tongues that enter into grooves in the rim and so as to lighten the spreading strain on the same. The tire is fastened by bolts, the heads of which are placed in the open central channel of the tire while the shanks pass through the rim and are tightened by nuts. The inventor is H. R. Collins, of South Bethlehem, Pa.

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Costs Less than ONE CENT a cup.

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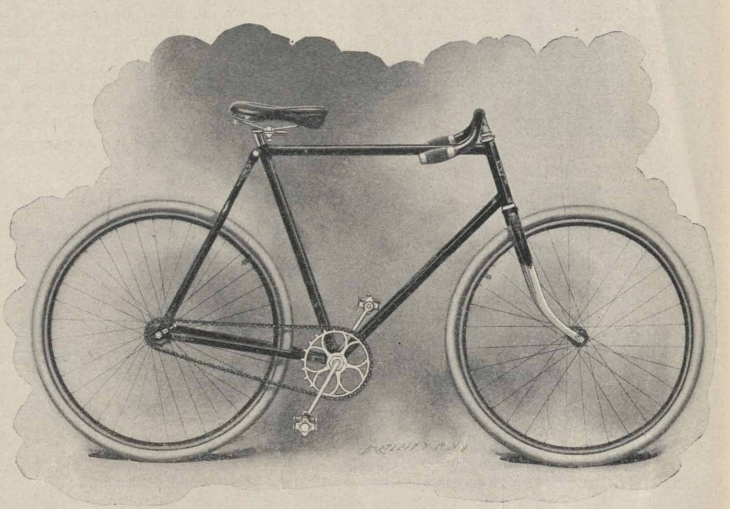
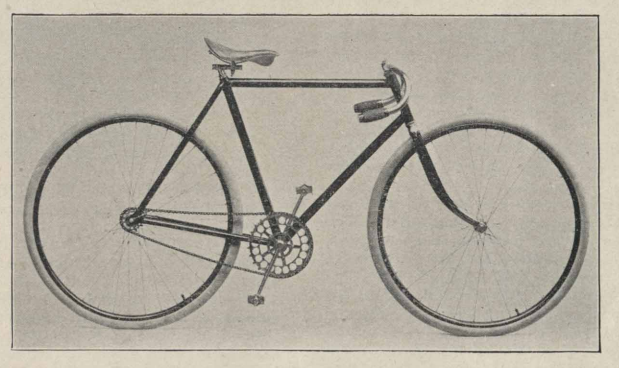


THE WAVERLEY—Indiana Bicycle Company.



THE IVER-JOHNSON—Wm. Buschmann & Co.

MUSICAL.

Italian and Rudersdorf method of singing. Recognizing the fact, that superior advantages are necessary to one's musical education, I have secured a studio in Chicago, where I will devote part of my time to pupils who prefer living in the city. Extra inducements to parties who desire to teach, as this method strengthens weak voices and makes harsh, over-taxed voices sweet. While those of mature years can easily learn to sing, children's voices carefully and artistically trained. Steinway Hall is a rendezvous for some of the greatest musicians in the United States, and such associations are not to be ignored. Voices tested free. MARY M. SHEDD, Talbott Block, or 611 Steinway Hall, Chicago.

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We wish our society and club notes to be as complete as possible, and will spare no expense to make them so. Our readers will greatly assist us by sending in social and club notes, or telephone 1077 and our society reporter will call for information.

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Trains Arrive Indianapolis—3:30 a. m., 7:45 a. m., 2:35 p. m., 4:37 p. m.

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They Are Perfectly Safe and Warranted to Give Entire Satisfaction.

WAFERS, PER BOX, $1; SIX LARGE BOXES, $5.
FOULD'S ARSENIC SOAP, 50c.

Address all mail orders to H. B. FOULD, Department "H," 214 6th avenue, New York.

Sold By Druggists Everywhere.

ANOTHER STORY.

"How do you like Madge Meredith?"

"Oh, very much."

"But I want to know your candid opinion of her!"

HIS MISFORTUNE.

She: "What a shockingly bad writer Shakespeare was! Look at his signature."

He: "Well, you can't blame him. He didn't have our educational advantages."

The Adlake

4x5 dry plate camera with twelve plate holders. Simple, compact, produce good results.

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Do you want to learn how to photograph

correctly and well, and best of all

Free of Charge?

If so join our photographers' club.

ENTRANCE.

An entrance fee of $1 will give you THE INDIANA WOMAN for SIX months, and at the same time make you a member of the Club. The member will have the advantage of published lessons from time to time on developing, printing, and mounting. These articles will be prepared by well-known photographers specially for THE INDIANA WOMAN.

$15, $10 and $5

These prizes will be awarded by three competent judges, experts in the art of photography.

The pictures will be published for **20** consecutive weeks, at the end of which time the contest will close. They will then be divided into three classes, first, second, and third. On the first Saturday after the contest closes, all pictures in the first class will be published; on the following Saturday the pictures in the second class, and on the third Saturday, all pictures in the third class.

In the next issue will appear the names and photographs of the prize winners together with the prize winning pictures.

OPENING THE CONTEST.

These valuable articles on photography will begin in the issue of January 8, 1898. Remember they are written by men who understand their business. The contest will begin in issue of January 15, 1898 and end in the issue of June 4, 1898. Enter now as it takes some time to make the plates and you have the privilege of entering three different pictures all at the same time or at different times during the ten weeks of the contest.

For further particulars call at office of INDIANA WOMAN, 49 N. Illinois St.

The only dark room in the city that amateurs can use FREE.

We do amateur finishing and sell all kinds of supplies.

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USE VELOX PAPER

COMICALITIES

NO WONDER SHE WANTED HELPING OUT.

An old lady traveling on the underground railway in London, and finding that the train was approaching a station addressed herself to a man sitting in the farther corner of the compartment, her only fellow-passenger, and said:

"Would you tell me, sir, what is the next station?"

"Bayswater, madam," was the courteous reply.

"Then would you mind, sir, when we arrive, opening the door and helping me to get out?"

"With pleasure," was the cordial assent.

"You see," the old lady went on to explain, "I am well on in years and afflicted, and I have to get out slowly and backwards; and when the porter sees me getting out he shouts, 'Look alive, ma'am,' and gives me a push from behind—and I've been 'round the circle twice already."

—

She was young, golden-haired, and spectacled. He was young, smooth-shaven, and spectacled. Likewise his clothes were bran-new, and his coat of the frock variety. Their fellow-guests at the hotel suspected them of being newly married, but there was a difference of opinion.

Obviously, they were too well-bred to betray themselves to any open demonstration of affection. Still, there was that bran-new look about them, and that evident, if quiet, devotion.

"You bet your life," said the youth with the new russet shoes to a friend in the smoking room, "she isn't that chap's sister. If she was he wouldn't have stuck to her all afternoon. He'd have been out here with us fellows by this time."

"Yes, I guess they're man and wife," said the man who had just arrived, "but they don't behave as if they were only just married. Let's ask the waiter. He'll know."

The waiter on being appealed to responded promptly:—

"Yes, sir; just married this morning."

"How do you know, George?" asked the aforementioned youth. "Did they tell you?"

George sniffed contemptiously.

"Didn't need to tell me, sir. Found it out for myself. Served them with tea just now, and he didn't know how many spoonfuls of sugar she took. Had to ask her."

—

Father (to stage-struck son): "You really want to disgrace my name by going on the boards?"

Son: "My dear father, I shall act under an assumed name."

Father: Exactly so; and if you make a hit, no one will know that I am your father!"

—

He: "Do you remember your old school friend, Sophy Raggles?"

She: "Yes, the horrible fright—what of her?"

He: "Oh, nothing; only she is now my wife!"

—

Old Lady: "Where is your husband, Mrs. De Long?"

Mrs. De Long: "He couldn't come; he has rheumatism all over him."

Old Lady: "Goodness me! And he's over six feet in height."

Clara (after a tiff): "I presume you would like your ring back!"

He: "No, keep it. No other girl I know could use that ring unless she wore it as a bracelet!"

When Lovely Woman.....

When lovely woman ne'er is jolly,
And roses in her cheeks decay,
What charm can soothe her melancholy?
What art can drive ill-health away?

The only art and charm needed is our pure product of hops and malt

TAFEL BEER

Let us send you this health lift. Phone 578.

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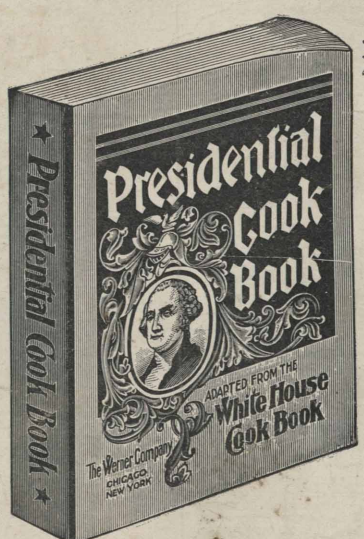

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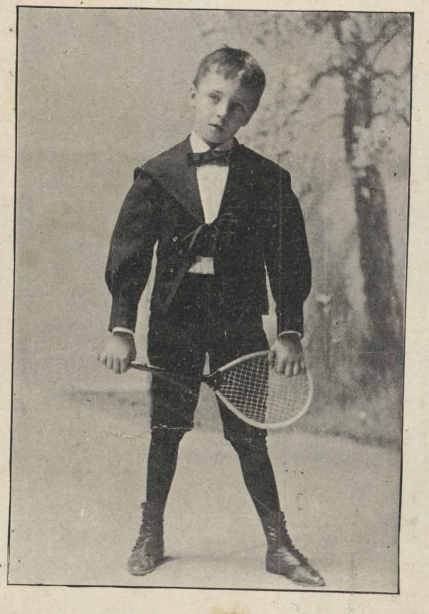

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The Indiana Woman

Vol. V. Indianapolis, Saturday Afternoon, March 5, 1898 No. 16.

WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG

It can not be denied that the observance of Lent, so far at least, as society is concerned, is a farce. We are informed some weeks beforehand, that the social gaiety is reaching its climax; one brilliant party follows another in quick succession because all must cease, and the giddy butterflies don sackcloth and ashes, at the approach of Ash Wednesday. But do they? No, and there in lies the farcical part of the proceedings. Little parties follow the big ones, little ones that are kept out of the newspapers. Since Madame who observes Lent must not have large receptions and teas and dances, she will call together her circle of friends and have card parties, and little dinners, and thimble parties and theater parties,—anything to keep the ball rolling until Easter comes. There is a fiction current among syndicate writers that she spends the Lenten time in seclusion,—not saying her prayers and fasting—but getting her Easter garments in which to dazzle society and improve her complexion. She probably does devote some odd moments to this and a few to her favorite charities, but the rest of her time is devoted to society. And this is the way society observes the forty days which were originally set apart by the church as a preparation for the great anniversaries of Christ's crucifixion and resurrection, and in remembrance of his fast of forty days in the wilderness! Is not this pretense of laying aside vanities, this Pharasaical hiding of them under a cloak of righteousness far worse than to make no observation at all of the Lenten season? Herick says rightly,—it is not Lent to assume an outward appearance of righteousness when all within is an utter contradiction. The Lenten time is

"To show a heart grief-rent;
To starve thy sin,
Not bin:
And that's to keep thy Lent."

—

The newspapers have had their sport about the spring poets, but possibly if every one could put in words the joy he feels, this budding time of the year would make poets of us all. That heart is surely very near ossification which can not rejoice in these early spring days. It is not so much the later days, when the green's out on the trees, and the crocuses begin to show through the grass, and the air is soft; it is these earliest days, when the sun is the least bit warm, and the air is still sharp with winter; when the birds' twitter is barely perceptible; when it is more by intention than by any outward sign that we know that spring is coming. It is the subtle power of such days as these that stirs one's heart through the icy crust of winter, and make him long to be able to "drop into poetry."

—

But there is some consolation for the voiceless. If one can not write poetry himself, there is good spring poetry which he may read. Not the modern. It is too complex to correspond to the primitive poetry which fills our souls. It is the Elizabethan poetry, and that which follows close upon it which best fit the mood of the man who feels spring poetry but can not write it. His mood corresponds exactly to that of the earlier song writers, who flourished in the spring time of letters, and hence the poetry just suits him.

—

There is no poem I like better in certain

MISS MAMIE JENKINS.

moods, these spring moods for instance, than Marvell's "In a Garden." This in connection with Bacon's essay, "God Almighty first planted a garden." "Society is all but rude, To this delicious solitude," sings the Latin Secretary. All may seek consolation in the garden; it is a retreat from the busy companies of men, a spot in which to forget the flouts of loved ones, a place where one's "sweet and wholesome hours, Are reckoned but with herbs and flowers." And he is right. Would that we all had a garden,—and most essential in these busy days—time to stay in it.

—

The musical kindergarten is the last happy step in the progress towards making a royal road to learning for our little ones. How many a musician has had in his youth to be driven to the piano! How many has this drudgery at the beginning turned from what would after further acquaintance have proven a solace in many weary hours! The most unpleasant part of music is the tedious introduction to the notes, the signs, etc. Now some clever woman applies Kindergarten principles to music; the rests, notes, signs, etc., are named and played with just like dolls; games, plays, songs and stories are made up about them, and the little ones have mastered the difficult first principles before they know it. After reading of Miss Fletcher's invention, one only wonders that it has not occurred to some one before.

—

The hat pin has become a formidable weapon, if one is to believe all one hears. Even the professional joke makers have taken it up and hat pin jokes are becoming as common as those constructed about the collar button. A woman is held up on the street; her pocket book and jewels demanded. What does she do—faint? Not at all. She simply lifts her pretty hands to her hat, takes out the deadly hat pin and jabs it in the victim's eye, or ear, or neck, or any other convenient point in his anatomy. Jokes unnumbered have been made about woman's bad aim in throwing, but it seems that athletic sports have either improved her, or else she is better at aiming at objects near at hand, with a sharp pointed weapon. At any rate, no single instance has come to light in which she has failed to score with her deadly weapon. If her skill increases, the time will soon come when woman may walk the streets alone but unharmed at any hour of day or night. A footpad may not fear so much a revolver, in the hands of a man, but of a hat pin in the hands of a woman, he stands in deadly fear. Hence her safety.

—

But still another use of this as a weapon has recently developed. In Atlanta, the society girls have become involved in a deadly quarrel with Mrs. Kingsbury, who has publicly declared that altogether too much kissing is going on in the society circles of that city. The young men are not so much to be blamed, for the southern girls are undeniably charming, and their rosebud lips are irresistible, but for all that they should refuse to let the young men kiss them. A young Atlanta society woman has taken up the defense of her sisters, and declares that Mrs. Kingsbury is very unjust. In her arguments she uses as evidence, the story of some young man who tried to kiss a pretty girl of his acquaintance. Righteously indignant, the girl stabbed him in the neck with her hat pin, and he had to go around for a week with his neck muffled up in a handkerchief, an awful warning to all other "prominent but fresh" (Miss Glenn's own words) young men.

—

It is probable that the hat pin in the hands of a belle, will do more to put a stop to indiscriminate kissing than all Mrs. Kingsbury's remarks. No matter how sweet the stolen kiss, no young man would want to take chances on having a hat pin thrust into his jugular vein. He will consider, too, that there are hat pins and hat pins. The black-headed steel hat pin is now considered by the sex as the most deadly and is therefore a favorite; but there are brass ones which would instantly produce blood poisoning; there are thick silver ones; there are even gold and jeweled ones for those who would prefer death by a costlier weapon. In earlier days, much romance was woven about poisoned gloves, and handkerchiefs and rings and scent boxes. Can it be that we are approaching another such era? Will the heroine of our next romance stab the villain with a gold and jeweled hat pin? Think of, all ye writers of prize stories! Evolve something new and original for us readers of stories at once, and sing us the song of the hat pin!

—

Mrs. Rorer is telling people how to make biscuit with natural gas. Part of the process is cooling off the oven. If Mrs. Rorer were in the gas region during a cold snap she would find the heating up more essential than the cooling off.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

The Indiana Woman

An Illustrated Weekly Family Journal

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PEN PORTRAITS OF WELL KNOWN INDIANA PEOPLE.

MRS. PERLE WILKINSON.

A woman whose whole heart is in her work is Mrs. Perle Wilkinson, supervisor of music in the Indianapolis Public Schools.

Mrs. Wilkinson is an Indiana woman, having been born in Greencastle. She resided in Indianapolis a short time, and after her marriage went to England, in whose capital she lived for six years.

Four years ago, Mrs. Wilkinson returned to Indianapolis and accepted the position she now holds. She found an enormous task upon her hands. There were twenty-one thousand pupils whom through personal contact, and through the medium of the teachers she was to instruct in vocal music. A less courageous woman would have been daunted by the difficulties in the way, but Mrs. Wilkinson persevered, and she is now beginning to see some of the fruits of her labors.

In her teaching Mrs. Wilkinson follows the same general system that Frank Damrosch does in the people's singing classes in New York city.

The Musical Supervisor is much hampered because she must instruct through the teachers who in many cases know nothing of music. In almost every instance Mrs. Wilkinson has had to instruct the teachers. The old style was for the teacher to stand up and sing with the classes. Mrs. Wilkinson has taught them to conduct in the fashion of a regular leader of choruses; this has effected a marked improvement in the childrens' work.

The excellence of Mrs. Wilkinson's work was shown in the Children's Chorus, given last week at School Number 10. To fully appreciate the excellence of this chorus, it must be understood that it was not composed of picked voices but the entire school, little and big, musical and unmusical; every-

MARY VIRGINIA MINOR.

one was encouraged to sing, whether the voice was harsh or musical. This chorus was given simply to show what could be done with a chorus of ordinary children, and to give them a repertoire of classical music. Among the songs rendered were "Killarney," Schubert's "Hark, hark to the Lark," "Annie Laurie," "The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls," "Cast thy burden on the Lord," from Elijah, Hayden's Austrian National Hymn, and a number of national songs, among them "Die Wacht am Rhein," in German. The smaller folks sang several songs alone, among them, "When a Snowflake leaves the Skies."

The astonishment and delight of the audience was unbounded. The novelty of the teachers conducting the chorus, the rapt attention of the pupils, their enthusiasm, and the beauty of the music rendered by them, all went to show how greatly worth while was the work.

One mother testified that it was wonderful to her the ideas her little boy had gotten from these lessons about phrasing, general expression, etc., and she thinks that his taste for the classical and beautiful is more developed than it would have been in five years of ordinary lessons.

Photo by Potter. MRS. PERLE WILKINSON,
Supervisor of Music in Indianapolis under whose direction Iolanthe was produced.

Mrs. Wilkinson has also managed the operas given last year and this year by the High School and the Training School. Last year $150 was made from the "Pirates of Penzance," and that and what was made from this year's entertainment will be used for the schools.

Mrs. Wilkinson hopes in time to have a picked chorus from all the schools at Tomlinson Hall, where the public may see for themselves what can be done in the way of training the children and teaching them fine music.

NOTES ON THE REVOLUTIONARY SOCIETIES.

MISS MARY VIRGINIA MINOR.

Miss Mary Virginia Minor, daughter of John W. Minor, a member of the Sentinel Printing Company and Sarah Phelps Reynolds Minor, is the Secretary of the Indiana Chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution. Miss Minor has been successful in tracing her lineage through the following lines.

She is first a great-great-granddaughter of Captain Spence Minor of Loudoun Co. Virginia, and a great-great-great-granddaughter of Captain Nicholas Minor of the Colonial Army, who established the city of Leesburg, Virginia. He gave the city the land upon which the court house and clerk's office were built. In case the land was used for other than the purpose for which it was given, it was to revert to the estate of Nicholas Minor.

—

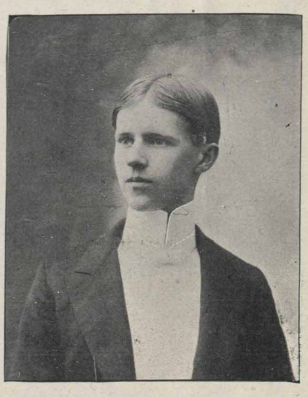
Through Miss Minor's mother she is a great-great-granddaughter of Samuel Woodford, of Hartford, Conn. He served in Captain Stoddard's Company. He was a brother of William Woodford who was the great-grandfather of Gen. Stewart L. Woodford, minister to Spain. Samuel Woodford was the son of Captain William Woodford who served in the Revolutionary war. His diary is preserved in a glass case in Independence Hall, Philadelphia. The first member of the Woodford family to come to this country was Thomas Woodford, who came here from London in 1632 with Edward Winslow on the "William and Francis." He was one of the original settlers of Hartford, 1635, also a proprietor of Northhampton, Mass., whither he removed about 1664.

—

Miss Minor is also a great-great-granddaughter of Abraham Bates, of Weymouth, Mass., who served in Captain Joseph Trufant's Company, also in Asa White's Company. The wife of Abraham Bates was Sarah Tower, a lineal descendant of John Tower, one of the first settlers in Hingham, Mass, 1637, and prominent in the affairs of the town. Nabby, the daughter of Abraham Bates and Sarah (Tower) Bates was married to Matthew Tower, a direct descendant of John Tower, thus making Miss Minor a direct descendant of John Tower on two lines. John Tower is the ancestor of Joseph Malachi and Nathaniel Tower, who have remarkable records in the Revolution; also of John Tower, minister to Austria.

—

On her mother's side, Miss Minor is a lineal descendant of William Phelps, a brother of John Phelps, who was Oliver Cromwell's private secretary. William Phelps was born in Tewkesbury, England, and came to this country in 1630 on the ship "Mary and John" and founded the town of Windsor, Connecticut in 1635. He was an important member of the colony, a justice of the first court that was held in Connecticut, a foreman of the first grand jury, and a magistrate for many years. Joseph Phelps, son of William, Miss Minor's ancestor in the second generation of that name in this country, was married to Hannah Newton, daughter of Roger Newton, first minister of Farmington, Connecticut. Roger Newton served in the Connecticut Contigent in the expeditions against the French in Canada in 1709–10, and was a member of the



ARNOLD F. SPENCER,
who took the part of the Lord Chancellor in Iolanthe.

council for many years. The wife of Roger Newton was Mary Hooker, daughter of the Rev. Thomas Hooker, of Hartford, Connecticut.

—

From this it may be seen that Miss Minor is not only eligible to the Societies of the D. R. and D. A. R., but also to the Colonial Dames and several other of the Colonial and Revolutionary societies.

IOLANTHE.

Although not as successful an opera this year, as the "The Pirates of Penzance" by the same company last year, "Iolanthe," as presented by the Industrial Training and High School pupils, was certainly a creditable performance.

The loss of costumes, which to a professional company would have been sufficient to postpone the engagement, was the principal drawback. But with long cloaks over street clothes, and fairy gowns made on a few hours' notice the plucky company gave the opera in professional style.

"Iolanthe" is a beautiful opera, and its "fairies" and "peers" were well done. However, the chorus was not as good as the principals. Miss Galvin, as Phyllis, never sang to better advantage, and her sweetheart Strephon was admirably sung and acted by Joseph Sweeney. Arnold Spencer in the part of the Lord Chancellor, and Dwight Smith and Claude Compton as the two Earls did good work in their respective roles.

The hard-hearted Queen and the stiff Sentry in the hands of Miss Edith Conner and Frank Baden, respectively, were well sung.

The title part in the hands of Miss Minnetta Tucker could not have been

CLAUDE H. COMPTON,
who took the part of Earl of Mt. Ararat in Iolanthe.

better sung. Miss Tucker's sweet voice completely captivated the audience. Mrs. Wilkinson certainly deserves much credit, for the whole performance was under her personal direction.

ECHOES FROM A BALL ROOM.

By ELIZABETH HELEN DALTON.

Shakespeare has said that we may find sermons in stones, but also might we learn many lessons if we could listen to the musings and conversations of the seemingly unconscious objects which surround us. "Even the walls have ears."

'Tis midnight. The deserted ball-room in the old summer hotel is lighted only by the glowing embers of the first fire of the season.

As the chimes pealed forth the last stroke of twelve, the dead silence was broken. Mysterious murmurs seemed to come from every nook and corner of the hall.

The deep glow from the dying embers grew brighter and the soul of the fire seemed to expand in the pleasant warmth.

Looking slowly about the deserted room it yawned slowly, then started in astonishment at the unusual hum of conversation.

The staid old leather chair in the corner seemed to be much excited and began to hop up and down in such a significant manner that all the other objects in the room became quiet so as to allow him time to speak.

After clearing his throat, in a manner that reminded one of some old lawyer he began.

"Mr. Fire, gentlemen and ladies present I have the honor this evening of opening our annual autumn conversation for the purpose of making Mr. Fire's first appearance this season as pleasant as possible.

From our dear and learned friend, Miss Piano, I understand that you wish me to begin to relate some tale that has come under my personal observation this summer, which will be followed by a narrative from each of the guests in turn.

Well, as you know, my dear friends, I am a deep thinker and not much given to society. One night, while I was turning our various problems in my head, some one disturbed me by taking a seat in my depths, and saying, 'This is the most comfortable chair in the hotel.'

Of course you know that I am not susceptible to flattery, and believe me, when I say that it was not the remark that drew me out of my reverie, but the softness of the young lady's voice that attracted me. The first words that I heard were spoken in the same low, sweet voice that had first called her to my notice; she said: 'No, Mr. Blake, it can never be as you wish, and my only regret is that our acquaintance which has been such a source of enjoyment as well as instruction to me this summer should thus end. Only in the last four days have I been aware of your true feeling toward me,' and then she leaned her beautiful head against me and sighed.

After looking at her for some moments Mr. Blake said bitterly, 'Urna, I suppose you will count me as one of your summer conquests now,' and his tone was so full of anguish that she could not keep the tears from filling her eyes as she answered, 'I do not doubt, Mr. Blake, that when you think this matter over in your calmer moments, you will regret that last remark you made to me, and so I shall forgive you freely,' and she held out her hand to him, and on his taking it, she arose from her seat and then gently withdrawing it, she gave him a sad little smile and passed out of my hearing. Then he departed, and soon afterwards some one else sat down, and leaning her head against my arm, said with a pitiful little sob, 'Oh, if Mr. Blake would only look at me once as he so often looks at Urna, I should feel as if it paid one to live and suffer, but it is necessary that I should conceal my thoughts,' and raising her head on the approach of some of those contemptible little society men, she smiled faintly, and in answer to something he asked her said, 'Oh, no, I am only a little tired, that's all,' then she took his arm and walked slowly away.

"This little incident appealed to me," said the old leather chair in conclusion, "for old and hardhearted as I am supposed to be I can still remember the days of my youth," and with an odd little choke in his voice he became silent.

Just then the window gave a most ominous creak and the guests were startled by the voice of the little porch bench who exclaimed, "I know that I am not invited this evening and that I ought not to have been listening to Mr. Leatherchair's story, but I was so lonely and everything was so nice in here that I could not resist peeping in through the window. Oh! I hope you will excuse me Mr. Leather chair for I think that I also know something of Miss Urna which I will relate to you all if you will allow it". On receiving an approving nod from the worthy Mr. Leather chair she begun.

ELIZABETH HELEN DALTON.

"It was one hot night in August, and I was feeling very lonely, because they had put me way on the other side of the hotel and therefore I could not see as many people as I had been accustomed to, when suddenly I heard voices near me and my heart beat so with joy that I began to rock violently to and fro, but of course they did not notice this. I say they, for there were two of them and they were entirely taken up with each other. I was so afraid that they would pass on that I trembled violently all over. But Mr. Jate was kind to me for once and they sat down. He lifted his eyes and looked at her. Oh! you all know how they do it, and she seemed to understand for she cast down her eyes and grew quite crimson. Then he put his arm around her. I blush when I relate it, for they thought that no one knew, and he whispered softly to her, in fact so softly that I was obliged to strain my ears to catch his words. 'Urna,' he said, 'once in a joking way early in July I asked you to kiss me; I told you then of course that I did not love you but that I liked you better than any girl that I had ever met, and you laughingly refused me as I expected. I was deceiving myself Urna when I said that, for I did love you then and each day you have grown nearer and dearer to me until now I find that you have become such a part of my life that the very thought of being without you makes me miserable. Dearest, say that you love me also. For a moment there was a silence between them, not what one would call an awkward pause, but a silence that came from happy and overflowing hearts. Then she raised her eyes to his and he, seeming to understand, simply leaned over and kissed her. After that they spent some moments with me and he talked to her and I must say that mortals have pretty good ears, because for the life of me I could not understand one word he said, but she evidently did, for every once in a while, I could hear her give a contented little sigh and a laugh that I know could only have come from a very happy heart." Just as Miss Porch bench ended, the window went down with a bang and before they could recall her she had disappeared.

"Ah! so that accounts for the refusal of Mr. Blake," murmured Mr. Leather chair meditatively, then suddenly straightening he said, "now Miss Gilt chair I believe we are to have some incident from you." He had no sooner spoken than up jumped a jaded little gilt chair which even in her old age still showed many signs of her former beauty.

"I do not doubt," began this once popular belle, "that you think that I have not brains enough to tell a story, for it is commonly supposed that I can only dance, flirt and look pretty, but since our kind and beloved friend, Mr. Leather Chair is so very urgent," and at this, she bestowed on him a smile and a curtsey that showed that she had not as yet forgotten how to act with eligible men, even if they were old and wrinkled, "I will do my best for the entertainment of our friends this evening.

It was about the fourth large hop of the season, when one night just as the musicians were putting up their instruments, I noticed a young lady and her mother standing near me. She had just finished saying goodnight to a number of her friends when I saw a rather tall, bashful young fellow approach her. He came timidly forward, and on receiving a smile of assurance, seemed to gain courage enough to address her: 'I—I just t-h-o-u-g-h-t that I would b-id you goodnight, Miss White,' he began, and she held out her daintily gloved hand to him.

At this, he seemed so nervous and overcome, that I was afraid he would lose his self possession entirely. At last he gave it a grab (he was one of those men that make love as they play football) and closing his great, big hands around hers he pressed it so hard that I heard a snap, and the next moment the young lady had her hand behind her and then she made some remark and laughed so heartily at her own wit that her mother looked at her in perfect astonishment. I had been rather startled by the snap, and on looking at her hand, I observed that her glove was split from end to end.

Just then I happened to glance at the young man. My dear friends, has there ever been a time when you almost prayed that the floor would open and swallow you? Well, I am sure that if ever a man was praying he was then. His face was crimson and his eyes were rolled upwards and he seemed glued to the spot. I was so highly amused and I laughed so hard that part of my gilt came off. Then Miss White made some remark which seemed to bring him down from the heavenly atmosphere in which he was dwelling, and he murmured almost inaudibly 'Yes, as I was saying, Miss White—well—goodnight.' At this, Miss White said, 'Come, mother, let us go,' but just then Mrs. White caught sight of the torn glove and said, 'My dear how in the world did you tear your glove? You will yet send your father and me to the poor-house with your carelessness,' but the young lady answered something about nails in a chair, etc., and hurriedly walked away. At this I smiled again and another piece of gilt came off." When Miss Gilt Chair had finished her narrative, there was a nod of approval from all the guests and with a smile of satisfaction, she settled down in her old place in the corner. After the pleasant murmurings, which had succeeded Miss Gilt Chair's story, had somewhat subsided, Mr. Leather Chair asked Miss Piano to favor our friends. She began, with a sad little ring in her voice which showed the time to which her heart was beating, the following story:

"One evening, just at twilight, when the room was half in shadow, I was startled by some one touching my keys. As soon as he had played a few bars, I recognized a master hand.

For a few minutes he played as if his very soul was in the music, as if he wished to breathe out by beautiful harmony all the sad as well as the happy experiences that were the accumulation of years and just as he was in the most beautiful part of the selection, a part which at one moment reminded one of all the cruel and hard thoughts they had ever had, and the next of all the sweet and lovable moments that had come into their lives, he suddenly stopped. He tried to go on and stopped again. Then he leaned forward and groaned and a suspicious drop of moisture fell upon my keys, and I heard him almost sob as he said, 'Oh! that lost chord will I never find it?' Just then a light step was heard behind him and a beautiful face bent over him. Then he looked up and in the sweet pathetic eyes he found his lost chord. While she stood by him he played. Played, does that express it?

Continued on page 6.

MISS ELILABETH KNIGHT AND MR. EUGENE OLDS,
Group from "A Scrap of Paper" recently presented by the Ft. Wayne Dramatic Club.

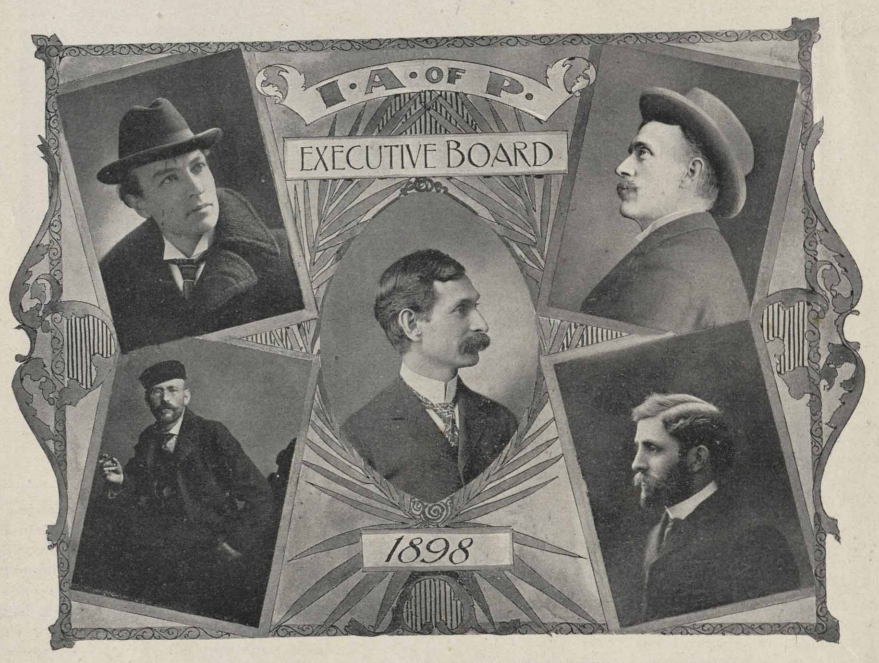
THE FORT WAYNE DRAMATIC CLUB

The Fort Wayne Dramatic Club, organized recently, presented at the Masonic Temple in Fort Wayne, on January 21, 1898, J. Palgrave Simpson's Comedy, "A Scrap of Paper." This club has a membership of fifty-two of the young society people of Fort Wayne. The officers of the club are Mr. Eugene Olds, president, Miss Emma Rurode, secretary, and Miss Elizabeth Knight, treasurer. The other members are Sadie Rockhill, Valette Rurode, Elizabeth Joss, Mary Evans, Agnes Seabrease, Florence Barrett, Julia Taylor, Helen Knight, Helen Ninde, Alice Crane, Alice Ward, Kate Hoffman, Alice Woodworth, Mrs. Noble Olds, Mrs. Will Olds, Georgia Lumbard, Charlotte Lowry, Irene Smith, Mrs. Bob Carnahan, Miss Louise Carnahan, Kate McDougal, Euretta Banister, Irma Seavey, Mrs. Charles Guilds, Bob Carnahan, Lee Ninde, Will Olds, Ed. Woodworth, Hugh Keegan, Nathan Smyser, Ben Woodworth, Fred Hoffman, Noble Olds, Ross McCulloch, Will Ninde, Howell Rockhill, Will Peters, Fred Peters, Harve Crane, Frank Lumbard, Brooks Sale, Parke Frazier, Ben Ninde, Merchant Baldwin, Walter Seavey, Charles Guilds, Dr. Deming, John Bass, Jr., and Ronald Purman.

The club was drilled by Professor William E. Adams of the Fort Wayne College of Expression. The cast was as follows: Prosper Couramont, Mr. Nathan Smyser; Baron de la Glaciere, Mr. Parke G. Frazier; Bresemouche (landed proprietor and naturalist) Mr. Eugene Olds; Anatole, his ward, Mr. Lee J. Ninde; Baptiste, Mr. Fred E. Hoffman; Louise de la Glaciere, Miss Julia Taylor; Mlle. Suzanne de Ruseville, her cousin, Mrs. Elizabeth Joss; Mathilde, (sister to Louise) Miss Emma Rurode; Mlle. Zenobie, Miss Elizabeth Knight; Mme. Dupont, Miss Euretta Bannister; Pauline, Miss Alice Crane.

As the Club was a new one and this its first performance, the production of the play was anxiously awaited by those who would applaud if it proved a success, and if it was a failure, would hasten to exclaim "I told you so." It was a success. In its first presentation of a play the Fort Wayne Dramatic Club has established a precedent, and all future dramatic performances must come up to the standard or be judged harshly in consequence.

We take pleasure in presenting to our readers today, two groups, selected from several beautiful groups taken in costume after the play. In these groups will be found the pictures of the officers of the Club.



RETIRING OFFICERS OF THE INDIANA ASSOCIATION OF PHOTOGRAPHERS.

ECHOES FROM A BALL ROOM.

Continued from page 5.

No! Through the medium of his fingers he sang out the happiness of his soul. She stood like one entranced and when he finished he looked up at her with a smile of triumph on his face and murmured 'my dearest.'

I did not hear what she replied, in fact, I did not care, I was so moved that I could neither think nor listen, and for days afterwards I seemed to feel those same wild, sweet strains thrill through and through me."

There was hardly a dry eye in the room when Miss Piano finished her tale, even the prim old maid hair cloth sofa was weeping softly to herself in a distant part of the room.

For a short time dead silence reigned throughout the hall, and then the first streak of dawn came streaming in through the half closed blind. At this sight the smoldering coals sputtered and a very feeble voice said: "My kind friends, I wish to thank you for your entertainment tonight, and I can never tell you how much I appreciate it." Hardly had he spoken these words when the last living spark fell upon the hearth and the old fire went out. Just then the sun burst into the room in all its glory, and it showed only the old furniture dusty and immovable.

Stray Tales of the Town.

The other night at a crowded church wedding, a man standing in the back of the church kept his hat on. It completely obscured the view of the lady behind him. "But I didn't dare say anything," said she. "There is an ordinance compelling women to remove their hats in public buildings, so if he had been a woman, I could have asked him, but I wasn't sure that there was any thing save custom to sanction men's removing their head coverings, so I just had to stay there behind it and suffer."

—

It is well sometimes to show kindness to unfortunates, for occasionally one discovers later that he has been entertaining angels unawares, or that he has at least cast his bread upon the waters. At least, one young woman in southern Indiana should think so.

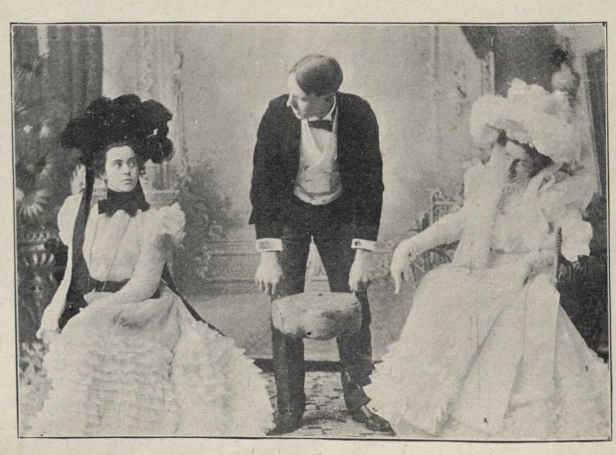
Three years ago three Hawaian girls were giving swimming exhibitions at the natatorium in Evansville, and devoting a part of their time to giving swimming lessons to the society ladies. Among these ladies was a Miss Eva Reynolds, who became a friend of these dusky maidens.

After leaving Evansville, the Hawaians went to Logansport where one was severely injured in a jump from a bridge, after which they were abandoned by their manager. Miss Reynolds heard of this, and collected $50 for the girls. She also notified the Hawaian consul, and through her efforts, the girls were assisted home to Honolulu.

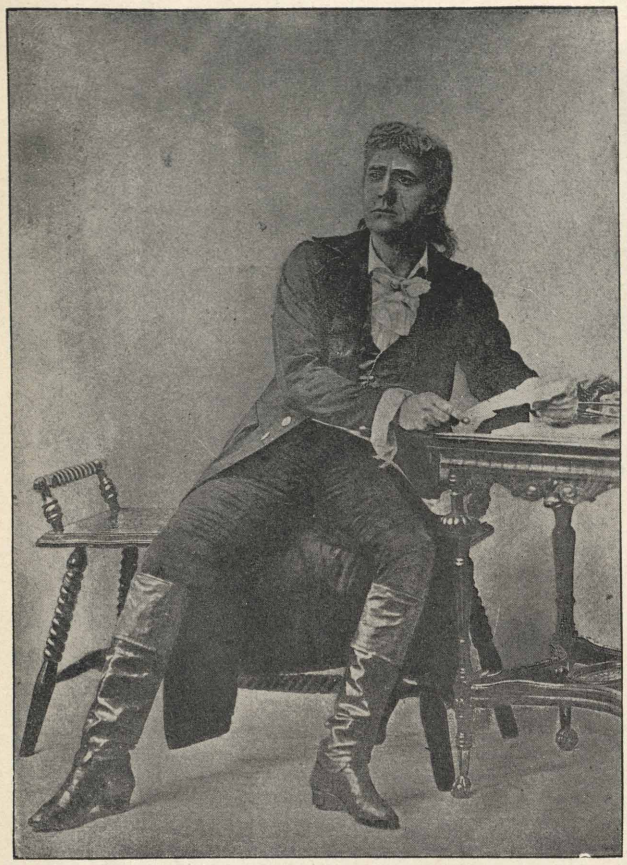
It transpired later that these girls were highly respected girls who ran away from home through love of adventure and cnriosity. Since their return home, they have married. They have employed their time since their return home in making yards and yards of costly lace, which they have just sent to Miss Reynolds as an expression of their gratitude for her kindness. What spoils this story is that Miss Reynolds can not be found, as she does not now reside in Evansville. The package is still there awaiting the finding of her address.

—

Not long ago a pretty society woman was going to give a little dinner. It was informal, and she gave the invitations by word of mouth. After she had left the room, the young woman noticed a scrap of paper on the floor. Picking it up she discovered that it was the menu for the dinner which the hostess had dropped. She read it, of course, feminine curiosity not permitting her to do otherwise. She said it rather added to her enjoyment of the dinner, for she knew what was coming next each time and didn't have to worry about it.



MISS EMMA RURODE, MR. LEE NINDE AND MISS ELIZABETH KNIGHT,
in "A Scrap of Paper" presented by the Ft. Wayne Dramatic Club.



JAMES O'NEILL.

THE STAGE.

NEXT WEEK AT THE THEATERS.

AT ENGLISH'S OPERA HOUSE.

WILLIE COLLIER.

The comedian of this quaint name, who does such excellent work in "The Man from Mexico," deserves more than the especial mention in every criticism of the piece. Perhaps the greatest charm of his performance is the absolute ease with which he makes his effect. He seems even to repress some of the hilarity which the rollicking fun of the farce seems to create in the company as well as in the audience. He goes through his various misadventures with so much apparent serious dismay that one is inclined at times to pity him,and then of a sudden a wink or a pathetic smile sets everybody to laughing.

He has to lie out of scrapes in the usual fertile manner which sportive husbands have ever at their command in comedies, but rarely in real life. Unlike Billings in "Too Much Johnson," Benjamin Fitzhugh cannot lie with sang froid. Every prevarication requires such a strain on his inventive genius, that by the time the fib is broached he is in a high state of nervous perspiration.

Another striking feature of Willie Collier's work is his truly comical facial expression. His make-up is one of the most ordinary, that of a business man in every day life, with his face clean shaven. Nevertheless, he somehow contrives to put more twists and turns into it than if he had spent an hour and a half in devising a ridiculous character of himself. The same company seen here earlier in the season, including the magnetic Louise Allen in her Mexican dance, will be seen at English's for two performances only, next Monday and Tuesday nights.

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James O'Neill will be seen at English's Opera House on March 10, 11 and 12. On Thursday evening, in Virginius,on Friday evening and Saturday matinee, in Monte Cristo, and on Saturday evening in The Dead Heart.

James O'Neill is still a handsome man. His face is beautiful in its cameo-like profile,and beautiful in its mobile expression. His eyes are large and lustrous; dreamy in repose, flashing in action. His mouth is sensitive, yet firm, the shade of sadness blending with its smile, giving a strange interest to the whole countenance. His movements are grace itself, his attitudes are naturally picturesque. His voice is rich, mellow and musical, and it is susceptible of a wide range of expression.

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Edwin Booth is responsible for James O'Neill's re-appearance in tragical and classic roles. Just before his death Mr. Booth wrote a letter to Mr. O'Neill saying "My Dear Jim,—Why don't you abandon 'Monte Cristo,' and return to the parts which you played with such great success when a member of my company? I am sure that now Barrett is dead and I have retired for good, there is no other actor in America today who is as worthy of playing Shakespearean roles as you."

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James O'Neill and "Monte Cristo" are proof positive that the taste for romantic drama is reviving. Mr. O'Neill's business with "Monte Cristo" this season is far in excess even over the big business he has done the last five years. Mr. O'Neill needs no "Prisoner of Zenda."

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A STAND FOR DECENCY.

Chief of Police Kipley, of Chicago, has taken steps to elevate the stage of certain popular-priced theaters of that city. The chief says that he is determined that while he is Chief of Police the theaters of the city shall be conducted in a proper way.

Chief Kipley has spent several evenings visiting the theaters, and he says he has been surprised at some things that managers have permitted on the stage. He has told the managers what portion of their productions are objectionable,and warned them that they must be eliminated.

Now let Chief Quigley follow this example and he will earn the thanks of all who have the best interest of the theaters at heart.

—

This week young girls have been attending the performance of "When London Sleeps," a play in which the foulest scenes in the city's slums were brazenly presented. It must be said in fairness that such an offering is very rare at the theater where it was given, but the point is that ten years ago it would not have been tolerated at any respectable playhouse. In the variety houses the progress of indecency has been far more marked, and police attention might well be directed in the first place to the "disrobing acts," and the dialogues of the so-called burlesques. The newspapers rarely denounce these things as they deserve, because the critics do not care to give them a free advertisement by notifying ill-trained schoolboys that there is that for them to gloat over which is revolting to their elders not gifted with cast-iron stomachs. The police are not qualified, of course, for dramatic censors, but there is a line which is drawn by State and city laws, and it has been overstepped too often this season.

The Photographers' Convention.

The Fourth Annual convention of the Indiana Association of Photographers convened in Tomlinson Hall on Tuesday of this week. The Marion Club decorations still adorn the hall and these added to the beautiful collection of pictures on display, make the hall a very delightful gathering place for the one hundred delegates who meet here to transact their business and examine one another's work. The dealers in photographers' supplies are much in evidence, and the photographer may not only examine their wares, but may see samples of the completed work in which the materials are used.

Mayor Taggart welcomed the convention and gave them the freedom of the city, telling them that he was sure of its being safely returned to him. Although Indianapolis is always well supplied with conventions, Mr. Taggart expressed a desire for more and especially invited the photographers to return. In his opening address, the President mentioned the matter of having a state license for photographers, a paper on which subject was read later before the convention.

Platino Demonstration, Harry Fell; Enthusiasm in Photography, W. R. Wright; Carbon Demonstration, C. W. Langdon; What I have observed, E. E. Shores; Plate Talks by Manufacturers; Electric light, X-Ray demonstration; Paper by A. A. LeClear; Carbon Printing by C. W. Langdon; Association Possibilities, M. O. Goodlander; Criticism of Photos selected from Exhibit, by Mr. A. H. Griffith, made up the convention program. The feature of the convention was an address on art Thursday Mr. A. H. Griffith, Director of the Detroit Museum of Art.

The Association numbers one hundred and eight regular members, fifty-eight associate members, and two honorary members, William J. Forsythe and Turner D. Bottom, both of Indianapolis. Fifteen of the regular members are Indianapolis photographers, Carl M. Brown, J. D. Bennett, F. S. Biddle, J. H. Clark, F. R. Gordon, J. E. Harrod, J. C. Jones, R. G. Keeter, J. G. Kitchell, J. P. Keeter, F. M. Lacy, J. B. McCloskey, John Nicholson, W. H. Potter and M. E. Raffert. Among the associate members, six are Indianapolis men, H. M. Fell, H. Schowie, Robert Lieber, Frank Otto, H. George and W. G. Coss.

The other towns in the state, large and small are well represented and there is no doubt that the membership of so necessary and important a body will increase from year to year.

The list of prizes was:

THE JONES GRAND PRIZE CUP

GRAND PRIZE.

Three pictures thirteen inches or larger. Three pictures Paris Panel to thirteen inches. Six cabinets.

GENRE

Two pictures thirteen inches or larger. 1st, Gold Medal; 2nd, Silver Medal; 3rd, Bronze Medal.

SPECIAL PRIZE

To Photographers outside of Indiana. One picture sixteen inches or larger. 1st, Gold Medal; 2nd, Silver Medal.—No entry fee required.

Class A—Six pictures thirteen inches or larger. 1st, Gold Medal; 2nd, Silver Medal; 3rd, Bronze Medal.

Class B—Twelve pictures, Paris Panel to thirteen inches. 1st, Silver Medal; 2nd, Bronze Medal.

Class C—Eighteen cabinets. 1st, Silver Medal; 2nd, Bronze Medal.

Class D—Six views. Architectural or Landscape seven to twelve inches. 1st, Silver Medal; 2nd, Bronze Medal.

Class E—Six interiors, eight inches or larger. 1st, Silver Medal; 2nd, Bronze Medal.

Class F—Three combination pictures, any size. 1st, Silver Medal; 2nd, Bronze Medal.

Class G—Special to photographers in towns of less than 5,000 population. Twelve cabinets. 1st, Silver Medal; 2nd, Bronze Medal.

Class H—Employes' Class: 3 cabinets from negatives unretouched and three cabinets from the same negatives retouched. The three negatives must be exhibited with the pictures. 1st, Silver Medal; 2nd, Bronze Medal.

Class I—For Amateurs. Six pictures, any size, any subject. 1st, Silver Medal; 2nd, Bronze Medal.

Class J—Rating Class. To all exhibitors in class J receiving 65 per cent., a bronze medal will be awarded. Competitors in this class cannot compete in any other.

WILLIE COLLIER.

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY.

By J. L. CLOUGH. Read before the Century Club, Tuesday, February 15, 1898.

Continued from last week.

IN the triple printing or three color process of photography one finds a most interesting field for investigation. In order to correctly understand the principles of this system it will be necessary to state briefly the theory on which it is based. The Young-Helmholtz theory of color vision assumes that the retina of the eye has but three sets of nerves which respond to but three primary colors, red, green and blue. Color as such is the effect which light waves of given lengths produce upon the brain through these sets of nerves. When a red object is presented to the eye the vibrations peculiar to it affect chiefly the fibril of the retina which produces upon the brain the sensation which we call red. It however affects to a limited extent the other two. Similarly a blue object affects chiefly the fibril responding to that color.

If a dozen tuning forks are placed upon a stand in a room and one of them is struck, the note which it gives off will cause only those which are keyed to the same pitch to vibrate in unison, the others remaining silent. This is a very common experiment. As is well known the mechanism of the ear is constructed upon this principle. It is assumed that the action of color upon the eye is analagous to a certain extent. If now red, green and blue, in given proportions, are presented to the eye simultaneously the result is white. The entire absence of all color of course leaves the impression of black. It is possible by combining the three colors named in varying porportions to produce not only any of the six primary colors of the spectrum, but any shade or tint found in nature. No one of the three primary colors given however, can by any possibility be converted into one of the other two. It must be understood that this applies to the mixture of lights, not pigments. By superposing light of one color upon another we increase the brightness or luminosity and may even produce white, which is far more luminous than either of the constituent colors; whereas, if pigments or coloring matter of whatever nature be mixed, each pigment absorbs and destroys all the other rays of light but its own, which it gives off, and the product of the combination is necessarily darker than the colors which make it up owing to this absorption of light which amounts to an addition of black, or absence of light.

If one looks at the sun through a piece of red glass or gelatine, all the rays of the spectrum are cut off, except the red, which it transmits and the sun is seen with perfect clearness as a red ball of fire. If viewed through a sheet of blue or green glass, its face will, of course, be seen to be blue or green, but still distinctly visible. Suppose now we hold a piece of red and blue glass in series between our eyes and the sun. What is the effect? The red ray which passed through the one medium is entirely absorbed and effectually blockaned by the other, and we see nothing, so that the transparent pieces of glass are as absolutely opaque as a sheet of metal would be. If instead of arranging the glass in series, the rays which pass through each, are by a system of lenses focused upon one point, the result is white as has been already said. Upon this principle is based the various tricolor printing and photographic processes. Prof. James Clerk Maxwell first enunciated this law clearly in the year 1861, although since that time it has been elaborated by a number of others, one of the leading writers upon the subject being Professor Ives, of Philadelphia.

One of the obstacles to the photographing of natural colors is the fact that owing to the greater actinic power of the waves of higher refrangibility, it is difficult to obtain in a negative the true value of each color. Red, which appears equally as luminous to the eye as violet, acts upon the plate so feebly that it photographs almost black, while the blues and violets affect it so powerfully that they photograph almost white, making it impossible with the ordinary sensitive plate to obtain in the blacks, whites and half-tones of the negative anything like true color values. Recently it has been discovered that by staining the plates with certain dyes or by subjecting them to other special treatment they are made color-receptive to a higher degree.

If it is true that by uniting the three primary colors in varying proportions we may obtain any color desired, then it would seem that if we can take three photographs of a colored object, each of which corresponds to a primary color, can illuminate each of the photographs with its proper color and can superpose them so that the three are received by the eye as one, we shou d be able to produce a photograph which would give the original colors. This in fact is what is done. The camera is arranged to receive three ortho-chromatic, or color-receptive plates. The light affecting one is first passed through an orange-red screen, which cuts off all but that ray; another through a green, and the other through a blue-violet screen. No matter what the colors of the object may be, the action of the screens is such as to segregate them, and the chemical effect upon each of the three plates is proportionate to the amount of the given color which the object contains. The negatives are developed in the usual way, and there is nothing extraordinary in their appearance. They are, of course, entirely free from color. Positive transparencies are made from them. If now the transparency representing the blue lights is stained blue with a suitable dye, and the other two with their respective colors, and the three are placed in lanterns and the three images registered and focused upon the same point on the screen, the result is a picture giving the original colors with a fidelity commensurate to the exactness with which the theoretical conditions have been observed.

Professor Ives has constructed an instrument called the photochromoscope, by the use of which the lanterns are dispensed with, the picture being viewed directly.

The three color printing processes are based upon the same line of procedure. Half tone blocks are made from the three photographs taken through the colored screens and printing is done with the three colored inks which are found to give the best results. The difficulty of this process lies in the impossibility of matching even approximately a colored light with a colored ink, to say nothing of matching a light of a compound color with three layers of ink one above another.

We come now finally to the McDonough process of color photography. What has been already said about the relation of colors applies to this and will, I hope, enable us to understand its underlying principles, and the simple means by which some wonderful results have been achieved.

James W. McDonough was for many years a resident of our neighboring city Chicago. He was an inventor of high order and in the field of electrical research was well known. He first discovered some of the important and fundamental principles underlying the telephone of today and invented and patented some of the applications of those principles before the telephone, as such, was known. The instrument which he constructed and which the patent office allowed him priority upon was almost exactly the same as the microphone receiver of today. But for protracted and serious illness at a critical time in the evolution of the earlier forms of the telephone he would doubtless have received the distinction and reward to which he was justly entitled. A prosperous business man, with a healthy, well balanced intellect, and of a genial disposition, he delighted in coaxing from nature the secrets which she with true feminine reserve imparts only to those who assiduously cultivate her favor and gain her confidence. The practical application of those secrets was with him a secondary consideration. I am told that his study of the subject of color photography was suggested to him one morning when crossing a bridge over Chicago river. The play of colors upon the water, the result of interference of light in a film upon the surface, set up a train of thought—not the first time that placid stream has caused people to think probably, though as it appeals to most of us through another sense our thoughts generally follow a different channel. Mr. McDonough spent much time in the study of this subject and a large sum of money in actual laboratory experimenting along the various lines which gave promise of success. Within the past three or four years the results of his researches have been crystallized into a tangible and practical method largely through the assistance of Mr E E. Flora, a mechanical and photographic expert who has been associated with him during that time. I am indebted to Mr. Flora, for what knowledge I have of the subject, which is purely that of an amateur lacking the leisure and opportunity to enter into the study of it from a technical standpoint. The details of the process were so fully worked out, the special machinery necessary to carrying it on having all been designed and practically constructed, and the many difficulties foreseen and unforeseen met and so successfully overcome that arrangements were made to form a company to handle the process commercially, when within a week of the time fixed for the company to begin operations on an important scale, Mr. McDonough laid down the work forever, passing away after an illness of only an hour or two. Since his death, after some delay, the company which had originally proposed to take up the process has assumed charge and is now perfecting and preparing to market the results of his labor.

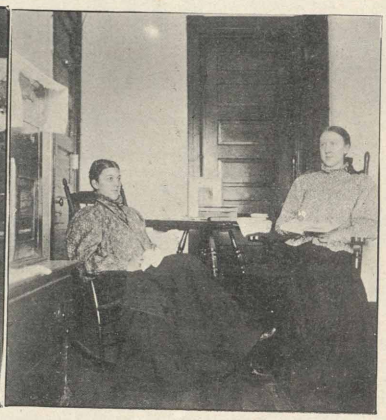
The McDonough process is essentially a mechanical one and is based upon the three color theory of vision already alluded to. It is not only practical, but when a theoretically perfect screen is produced it should be possible for any intelligent and painstaking amateur to obtain satisfactory results, the degree of his success depending of course upon the same contingencies which determine the merit of his productions in the field of ordinary photography. The layman—if there are any left—may not realize it, but an artistic eye and an instinct for selecting proper conditions and making the best use of them united with a very ordinary camera, will result in pictures that put out of court the best work of the finest instruments where these qualities are lacking.

Suppose that instead of uniting red, green and blue light by superposition we unite them by placing them side by side so closely that the eye cannot distinguish between them. In as much as the eye then receives them all at once and from practically the same source the result is the same—white light, or rather gray light owing to an absorption of a portion of the rays by each color. If two of these colors are blocked out the resultant color of the remaining combination is received. If portions of each are eliminated the eye receives and credits up to the proper color the remainder. The McDonough process simply accepts this fact and makes a practical application of it. A transparent screen is employed which is ruled with very fine transparent red, green or blue lines alternating in the order named. There are three hundred lines to the inch, and it is perfectly practical to rule six hundred or more if desired, though that is unnecessary. This screen when viewed by the eye is not as might be supposed a white, but is a neutral gray with a bluish cast. The reason for this is while pure red, green and blue spectrum colors united produce white, in photographing by transmitted light through a colored screen it is found that the red of the screen must be a color which transmits not only the red ray, but a large amount of yellow and orange in definite proportions. The other colors must also contain some other spectrum rays. The rulings of these screens is a work of great nicety, but no unsurmountable obstacle has been encountered. Sensitive plates are employed which are receptive to the red and other less actinic rays of the spectrum, but since no plate has ever been made absolutely orthochromatic the action of the blue and violet light is reduced by means of a filter screen of orange and yellow which is placed in a hood over the outside of the lens. An exposure is made with the ruled screen, color side in, in close contact with the sensitive plate. and the negative is developed in the usual way. The plate has been acted upon by each color through the line which corresponds to it. If the object be white the red line of the screen selects the red ray and transmits it to the plate, the green line the green, and the blue line the blue. If the object be partly red and partly green, the red line passes the red rays, but not the green, and the green the green rays but not the red. The negative will therefore upon development be black, where it has been acted upon through the lines of the color screen. At other points the negative will be transparent. A positive transparency is made from this negative in which transparency light and shade and color values are expressed in a series of fine lines. The original screen or a similar one is then placed in contact with the transparency and registered with the lines in the same order they occupied in making the exposure. The transparent parts of the picture allow the colors of the screen to pass through it and the eye perceives them in their proper proportion. At other points the picture is dark and the colors blocked out. Where as in most views of natural objects there is a great variety of color and tint and shade the transparency filters out just enough of each color to produce with the remainder upon the eye the effect which the original did.

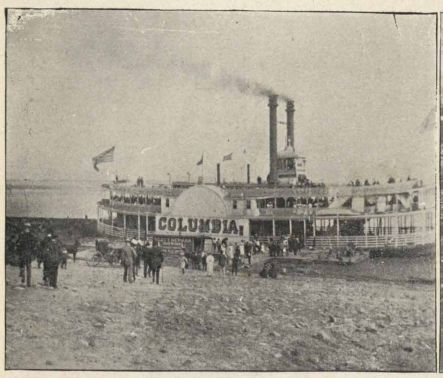
This adaptation of the process to transparency work and projection by means of the lantern is perhaps the most beautiful in results, but the system is not limited to this field, nor is its most valuable application found there. Photographic prints may be made by the use of paper ruled with the three colors and afterward coated with the emulsion. Upon printing with the negative which was exposed through the color screen, the colors appear through the emulsion with remarkable vigor and accuracy. But even this is of minor importance in comparison with the larger and wider field which the printing press offers, to which by patient ingenuity this work has been applied. A roll of paper may be run through the press, and by a system far less complex than the ordinary ruling machine—though entirely different in mechanism from it—receive red, green and blue lines, followed by an impression in black ink from a half-tone block made from a negative exposed through the color screen in exactly the way the ordinary half-tone blocks are made, and the picture emerge from the press with a perfect reproduction of the original colors, no matter how many of them there may have been, and all with but one impression in black ink.

A LITTLE COLONIAL DAME.
By Mrs. J. L. Clough. Not for contest.

DAY DREAMS.
By Mrs. J. L. Clough. Entered for contest.

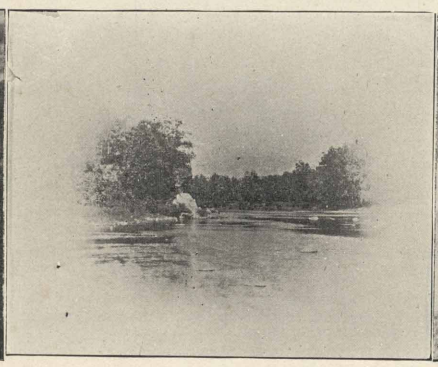


CONTENTED.
By Herman List. Entered for contest.



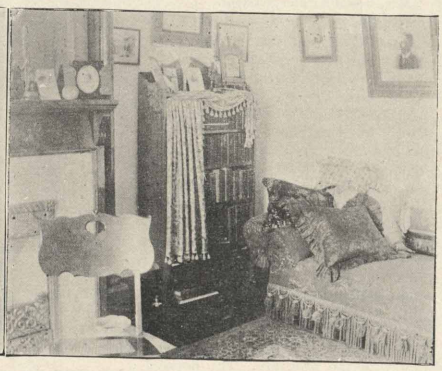
ON THE OHIO.
By Nettie Shover. Entered for contest.

SUNRISE AT PURDUE.
By Carl Green. Entered for contest.



THE BOARD WALK IN ROARING BROOK, MICH. By Ada Newby. Not for contest.

ON THE WABASH.
By Carl Green. Entered for contest.

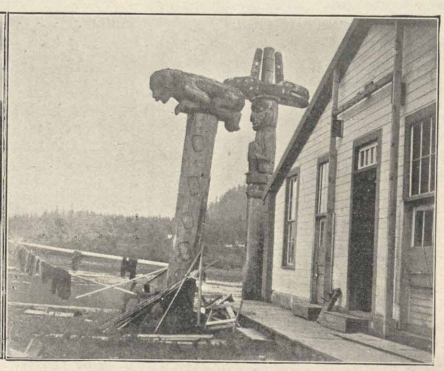


ON THE CANAL NEAR BROADRIPPLE.
By Tillie Lauder. Entered for contest.

AN INTERIOR.
By F. W. Hanson. Entered for contest.

PIPE CREEK.
By Carl Green. Entered for contest.

A VIEW IN ALASKA.
By Dr. F. E. Manker. Entered for contest.



TOTEM POLES AT FT. WRAUGH.
By Dr. F. E. Manker. Entered for contest.

Monday Afternoon Club.

The Ladies' Monday Afternoon Club celebrated its third anniversary last Tuesday week by a reception at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry N. Spaan, No. 1810 North Meridian street. The decorations of the house were very elaborate and handsome. Flags and hardy smilax festooned the doorways and staircase, and surrounded pictures of George and Martha Washington and a portrait of Mrs. Maria Jameson, who was the first president. In the dining room flags and the national colors were employed. On the center of the dining table was a large basket of red and white tulips and blue hyacinths. Crystal and silver candelabra shed soft lights from red, white and blue candles. Southern smilax was festooned among flags and buntings. One hundred guests were received by the hostess and Mrs. Maude Showers. Mr. James R. Henry, as George Washington and Mrs. Percy Johnson as Martha Washington who looked the colonial dame in her quaint costume assisted in receiving. The ladies who served on the various committees were in costume also. The Rev. Burris S. Jenkins delivered a humorous sketch about colonial times and places. Miss Nellie Van Bergen sang the "Star Spangled Banner," Mrs. Schleppy played selections on the piano and little Mabel Custer recited "The American Flag." Easley's String Band furnished music for the evening.

—

Mrs. Prunk's Entertainment.

Mrs. Prunk gave a very delightful musical and literary entertainment at her home last Wednesday evening, in honor of her guests, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Crissey, of Chicago, Mrs. Bageley, of Allegheny City and Miss Peek, of Utica, N. Y. Mrs. Prunk was assisted by Miss Parsons, vocalist, and Miss Nellie Schaffer, Miss May Emerson and Miss Lillian Atkins, pianists. Mrs. Prunk, whom it is always a privilege to hear, presented the literary part of the program. She rendered an artistic selection, entitled, "A Boat Race" or "The Honor of the Woods" and several selections from Riley. Mrs. Prunk, who has a fine contralto voice, gave a vocal selection also, which was very much enjoyed by her appreciative audience. Mr. Clarence L. Reid, a post-graduate student, contributed to the program. The house was beautifully decorated for the occasion. In the parlors were American Beauties, carnations and potted plants. In the dining room were carnations and tulips. The guests consisted largely of the young men and women who are pupils of Mrs. Prunk's.

—

Y. M. C. A. Basket Ball.

One of the hardest fought basket-ball games ever held in this city was played between teams representing the Young Men's Christian Association of St. Louis and this city. The glory of the victory was added to the fact that it was the first defeat of the visiting team which is considered the best basket-ball team west of the Alleghenies. The score was 11 to 6. The Indianapolis boys will play a return game at St. Louis next Thursday. Also with the Crawfordsville team next Friday.

—

Musical Notes

Mr. Donley leaves this week for a trip through Ohio and Illinois, where he will deliver the Wagner illustrated lectures.

The pupils of Mr. Edward Nell gave a very enjoyable recital last night at the Fourth Presbyterian church. They were assisted by George Eckert and Hazel M. Vliet, pupils of Mr. W. S. Sprankle, and by the Philharmonic Club. The accompanists were Miss Lulu Brown and Miss Minnie Diener.

Mme. Scalchi, the most famous operatic artist in the world, and her splendid company of grand opera artists, will give us the most worthy operatic entertainment we have had for a number of years. The date of the engagement is March 17, and will be given at English's Opera House. Aside from the grand performance of one act of either "Faust," "Trovatore" or "Martha," there will be a grand miscellaneous concert in which all the artists will take part.

The Fifth Piano Recital by the pupils of Walter S. Sprankle will take place at Carlin and Lennox's Tuesday evening, March 8, at eight o'clock.

Tulip - - - - - - - - - - - Lichner
Alex. Vonnegut.
Camp of Gypsies - - - - - - - - Behr
Mary Rooker.
Pollacca - - - - - - - - - - Kullak
Amelia Off.
Playful Rondo - - - - - - - - Greene
Jessie Anderson.
Romance - - - - - - - - - Hummel
Helen Coldwell.
Maid of Carinthia - - - - - Hummel
Marguerite Oldendorf.
Coquetry - - - - - - - - - - Lange
Irene Goebel.
Sonatine No. 3 - - - - - - - Clementi
(Second piano accompaniment)
Marguerite Turner.
On the Meadow - - - - - - - Lichner
Pearl Leeds.
Rose - - - - - - - - - - - - Lowe
Helen Noll.
Curious Story - - - - - - - - Heller
Kurt Vonnegut.
Meadow Dance - - - - - - - Williams
Jennie Pickens.
(a.) Evening Sentiment - - Fechner
(b.) Dance of the Stars - - - Godard
Frederic Rapp.

La Frileuse - - - - - - - - Conconse
Olive Hawkins.
May Morning Polka - - - - - - Evans
Cecil Marion Bell.
Valse Atalanta - - - - - - - Carman
Bessie Dixon.
Spinning Wheel - - - - - - - Schmoll
Charlotte Rous.
Mandolin Serenade - - - - - - Bohm
Edith Miriam Hull.
Une Petite Fleur - - - - - - - - Voss
Adabelle Chenoweth.
Sonata op. 49 No. 1 - - - - Beethoven
Hazel M. Vliet.
Valse - - - - - - - - - - - - Durand
Lillian Maus.
Idillo - - - - - - - - - - - - Lack
Ethel Nickerson.

—

Church Notes.

Mrs. Howland will take Mrs. Goetz's place at the Central Christian church tomorrow morning.

The I. U. Glee Club will return to Indianapolis and give a concert at Roberts Park church, March 28.

The choir of Fletcher Place church as sisted by musicians of the city, gave a concert in the church last night.

There will be a piano recital to which everybody is invited at Meridian Street M. E. Church next Wednesday evening, March 9, at eight o'clock, by the advanced pupils of Mr. Max Leckner, assisted by the Meridian Street M. E. church choir. Those who will take part are Miss Carrie Herbst, Miss Eloise Crawford, Miss Flora Williams, Miss Lillie Adam, Miss Susie Brown, Miss Mamie Kirshbaum, Mrs. David Gibson, Mr. Theodore Vonnegut, Miss Alice Halpin and Miss Mamie Jenkins.

The Junior Christian Endeavor of the Sixth Christian church gave a penny social last Friday evening. Miss Ona Taggart and Miss Emma Johnson are the superintendents, and Miss Opal Bonta is president. A very interesting program was rendered. Some who participated were Richard Johnson, "The Rag Man," Calvin Zimmerman, "The Poor," Lent Fruent, "A Husband's Lessons on Cooking," Carrie Taggart and Pearl Hull a dialogue, "How to tell Bad News," May Clark, "Little Brown Penny," Lillie Long, "A Town of No Good," Walter and Elsie Cohn sang, "The See Saw Song," Fay Bonta, "Come to My Tea Party." A very interesting feature was "The Doll Show." The social was a success both socially and financially.

MRS. CHARLES E. CALKINS,
Emporia, Kansas, formerly of this city. Niece of Mrs. Wm. T. Marcy.

People and Events.

General John B. Gordon, United States Senator, from Georgia will lecture at English's Opera House next Wednesday evening, March 9, on "First Days of the Confederacy." During the Civil War General Gordon was one of the greatest of the confederate generals. Since that time as Governor of Georgia and United States Senator, he has been a true Statesman devoted to his country. His recent lectures on the Civil War have aroused the enthusiasm of his audience to a higher pitch than those of any other orator of the day. Seats for the Gordon lecture will be placed on sale Monday morning.

Club houses galore has Indianapolis. The latest addition is the Bicycle Club House, the building now occupied by the Y. W. C. A. The plans for remodelling the house are prepared, and the work will be begun after March 10, at which time the Y. W. C. A. will give possession. The house committee consists of W. W. Hammel, F. Ellis Hunter, Charles Henderson, F. Lacey and J D. Decker.

A number of people went to Chicago Tuesday, among whom were Mrs. H. P. Wasson, Miss Wasson, Mrs. Black, Mrs. George Tanner and guest, Mrs. Wm. Abernathy, of Kansas City, Mr. Wallace Krag, Mr. E. L. McKee and Mr. J. A. Barnard.

Mrs. Adelaide Johnson of Washington, D. C., has been spending a few days with Mrs. May Wright Sewall and was Mrs. Sewall's guest of honor at her usual "at home" last Wednesday. Mrs. Johnson is a sculptor of note.

Mr. Harry E. McCollester and Miss Anna Newland, both of this city, were married on Tuesday of this week at the home of the bride's aunt, Mrs. C. E. Hecox, of Bloomington Illinois. They will reside in this city.

The charming initial at the head of the Photographic article this week, is the work of Miss Sue Ella Morse, who has entered the contest. This picture, entitled "Josephine among the Lilies," is entered.

The charming picture on the cover this week, is Roy T. Mayfield, the seven year-old son of Dr. and Mrs. R. N. Mayfield of New York, formerly of Indiana.

Mesdames E. J. Mitchell and C. E. Claggett, of Jeffersonville, who attended the Porter-Varney wedding, have returned home.

Mr. Charles Dalton has gone to London to take the position of dramatic critic for the Times Herald of Chicago.

The engagement of Miss June Jacquith of this city to Dr. Allen Johnson, of Symrna, Del., is announced.

Mrs. Abby V. Judson will come this week to visit Mrs. John Love at the Delano.

Mr. N. B. Boitom of New Albany who has been visiting in the city, has returned home.

Mrs. D. H. Lyons who has been visiting in the city, has returned home.

The Rev. and Mrs. J. T. O'Neal have returned to Jeffersonville.

Mr. Herts has returned from Logansport.

Bicycle Notes.

Dr. Alex Jameson has ordered a Cleveland Model No. 44. This is the new model just put on the market and has 30 in. wheels and a 4 in. drop in the hanger.

Mr. James Johnson of Schulmeyer Bros. has placed his order with Mueller & Watson for one of the celebrated Cleveland Track Racers.

At the meeting of the Local Council on Tuesday a most interesting talk on Industrial Training was given by Prof. A. Manny.

Mr. Francis M. Hamilton of Butler University, thinks there is no wheel like his '98 Cleveland.

Dr. G. H. Roberts the well-known veterinary surgeon is also riding a '98 Cleveland.

Mr. Richard Lieber is the proud possessor of a brand new Cleveland wheel.

People and Events.

Miss Bertha Heath of Lafayette, Miss Blanche Nixon of Newport, Indiana, and Miss Marguerite Layton of Waupakoneta, Ohio, have come to attend the Girls' Classical School. They are at the Residence.

Miss Mattie Greely of Indianapolis, who has just returned from an eight months' trip to California, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. R. E. Gillespie of Lafayette.

Mrs. I. J. Blickensteff and Mr. Ralph C. Mead, are in West Lafayette, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Moore.

Macy Good, who has been visiting his friends in the city, has returned to Purdue University.

Mrs. Lumney has returned from a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Dunham of Richmond.

Miss Victoria Rice and the Hon. Fred Boord, of Covington, Ind., were married last week.

Miss Stella App, of Evansville, who has been visiting in the city has returned home.

J. R. Hadley, of Gas City, who has been in the city for a few days, has returned home.

The social function of the year at Wabash was the Pan-Hellenic last week.

Mrs. H. B. Smith of Attica, who has been visiting in the city, has returned home.

Mr. Landon Cabell Rose, of Crawfordsville, is visiting Mrs. T. E. Eastman.

Mrs. William Nicholson, of Crawfordsville, is visiting friends in this city.

Dr. A. A. Swope is visiting Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Kennedy in Crawfordsville.

Mrs. Ross Gordon is visiting friends in Lafayette and Williamsport.

Mr. G. W. Jones is in Evansville, the guest of Dr. Will Steele.

Mrs. Dorotha Dolon is the guest of Crawfordsville friends.

Miss Grace Davis, of Crawfordsville is in the city.

Mrs. Lew Hutchinson, of Marion, is in the city.

Mrs. J. E. Sutten, of Logansport, is in the city.

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Go to a reliable house for fine work you can't afford to trust everyone.

INDIANAPOLIS CLUB CALENDAR.

Monday, March 7. Indianapolis Literary Club. Ladies' night, "John Randolph," John H. Holliday.

Tuesday, March 8. German Literary Club. Julius Wolff; Poesie, Mrs. Bertha S. Test; Auszuege aus Seinen Dichtungen, Mrs. E Dietrichs.

Tuesday, March 8. Century Club.

Thursday, March 10. Portfolio Club, "Katzenjanmerheimers Rumpelkammer," a musical extravaganza by Louis D. Gibson, Committee on entertainment, Mrs. Brush, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson. Music in charge of Mrs. Vonnegut.

Thursday, March 10. Mary K. Denny Coterie. Growth and Condition of the English Navy, Helen A. Eaton; Charles Lamb, S. B. Spencer; Sir Walter Scott, Marie B. Gibson.

Friday, March 11. Clio Club. Hostess, Mrs. A. K. Hollowell; "Influence of Education in the Lives of Great Men," Mrs. A. H. Webb; "Character Sketch—Goethe and Scheller," Miss Annie Pyle.

Friday, March 11. Irvington Fortnightly Club. Mrs. Richardson. "Memories of Sidney Lanier," Bertha Negley; "Old Creole Days," (Cable) Mrs. Mary B. McGaughey; conversation "New Orleans—Our Southern Capital," Mrs. Mary Shank, Mrs. Kate M. Byrd.

Friday, March 11. "Over the Teacups." "Book Review, Mrs. M. L. Haines, Mrs. Henry L. Van Hoff; "Logic in Fiction," Mrs. Katherine L. Dorsey; Election of officers.

Friday, March 11. Friday Afternoon Club. With Mrs. R. Sulgrove; "Constance F. Woolson," Mrs. M. E. Rice. Discussion: "Influence of Authors and of her Writings," leader, Mrs. M. Caylor. Roll call—From author or in reference to her.

Saturday, March 12. Katherine Merrill Club. Henry Sienkiewicz; "With Fire and Sword," Miss Harriet Scott; "Quo Vadis," Mrs. Bement Lyman; conversation, Miss Henri Colgan.

Saturday, March 12. Rosemary Club. Annual Election.

Saturday, March 12. Sketching Club. "Motherhood in Art," Hettie Adams; "Embroideries," exhibitor, Sara D. Mayo.

Saturday, March 12. The Amateurs. With Miss Reaume.

A Portrait Rug.

Hanging on the wall of the Fries-Breslin Company's sales room, 41 Union Square, New York City, is a unique banner composed of an Oriental rug, having in the center a finely painted portrait of a Moor, executed on canvas and neatly fastened to the rug. Mr. T. J. Breslin found the banner on sale at the store of L. S. Ayres & Co., Indianapolis, and recognizing its artistic merit, at once purchased it. The portrait was painted by Miss Akass of Indianapolis, and is evidence of high artistic skill."

The above clipped from the New York Carpet and Upholstery Review, might indicate that Indianapolitans were deficient in an appreciation of the artistic, but a conversation with L. S. Ayres & Co's. rug buyer elicited the information that a similar, and in fact, the original Moor was already ornamenting the den of a young society lady of Indianapolis. A photo-engraving of the rug which accompanies the article above shows the strong, clear-cut features of an Oriental in framing of a Kis Kilim rug—a most pleasing setting.

MUSICAL.

Italian and Rudersdorf method of singing. Recognizing the fact, that superior advantages are necessary to one's musical education, I have secured a studio in Chicago, where I will devote part of my time to pupils who prefer living in the city. Extra inducements to parties who desire to teach, as this method strengthens weak voices and makes harsh, over-taxed voices sweet. While those of mature years can easily learn to sing, children's voices carefully and artistically trained. Steinway Hall is a rendezvous for some of the greatest musicians in the United States, and such associations are not to be ignored. Voices tested free. MARY M. SHEDD, Talbott Block, or 611 Steinway Hall, Chicago.

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Indiana Clubs and Their Work

EDITED BY MRS. HARRIET W. KITTS.

ON CRITICISM.

CHAPTER I.

The term criticism, like many another good, honest, well-intentioned English word, has fallen into ill repute. It means simply the art of judging; but present usage would surely lead one to believe that its only signification was the art of fault finding. Now it is a curiously interesting fact that authorities invariably give precedence to the favorable opinion, defining criticism to be the art of judging of the beauties and faults of a production—not the faults and beauties. To discover the merit of a painting, a poem or a drama is, then, just as much a part of criticism as to detect the demerits, and it might be added in passing, that it presupposes a higher degree of culture. Anybody can find fault, but not everybody knows what to commend. Most people seem to have the notion that they exhibit a superior knowledge or ability when they stand back and pick flaws in the work of another, a knowledge that they fear to jeopardize by praising what a more capable judge might possibly condemn.

One receives a very vivid impression of this little foible of mankind at the theater, where human nature is painted in high lights. Old play-goers, who have developed a really good judgment from years of attendance upon opera or drama, are the most appreciative of listeners. They do not hesitate to heartily applaud what meets their approval; while their poorly equipped neighbors "damn with faint praise," or remain entirely unresponsive. Oftener than not, what is known as a "cold house" is nothing more than an ignorant or uncultivated one; that is, the audience is one that has not acquired a discriminating judgment, and is therefore afraid to commit itself. Other things being equal, the smaller and more isolated the town, the more undemonstrating and "critical" the audience; which only adds further proof that the fewer opportunities people have to acquire discrimination, the more they fear to display ignorance or immaturity in judgment—and truth to say, the more they seek to hide it by unfavorable criticism.

The habit of so-called "criticism" is a weakness of human nature that is wide spread. It pervades the business and professional world, it permeates literary and art circles, it has well-nigh taken absolute possession of society—and it has crept into clubdom. A club critic is confessedly a fault finder with a very limited field—but of that, more anon.

PEN PORTRAITS.

Mrs. Laura H. Linder, president of the Sorosis Circle of Angola is superintendent of music in the public schools of the city. She was for ten years identified with the Tri-State Normal College at Angola, as teacher of vocal music, and harmony. Though an enthusiastic Sorosis member, bringing to the chief office an efficiency that is invaluable, and an earnest and indefatigable worker in her chosen profession, Mrs. Linder finds time to serve her church where she occupies the onerous position of leader of the choir.

—

Mrs. Harriet Evans Studabaker, founder of the Ladies' Shakespeare Club of Decatur was born in Mercer Co., Ohio, December 10th, 1832. While still a child, her father, Judge John Evans, removed to Fort Wayne, Indiana. Here, in the Fort Wayne Female College, at that time a flourishing institution, her educational training was acquired. In 1854, she was married to Judge Daniel Studabaker. Of her six children, four are daughters, of whom three are now active members of the Shakespeare Club. Her death occurred June 7, 1891. Mrs. Studabaker's whole life was spent in doing good. She was one of the faithful in church and benevolent work, and among the foremost in the movements looking to the betterment of humanity. She was at once an inspiration and a comfort to all with whom she came in touch. From childhood, she was a sincere, earnest Christian, and a faithful member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. During her last illness, which was attended with great suffering, it was the privilege of the Shakespeare Club to serve her with tender care. Its members constituted themselves a guard of love, and remained such until the last sad tribute to a noble life had been paid.

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The members of Section I of the Shakespeare Club of Decatur, whose portraits we have the pleasure of presenting in the accompanying group, are:

1. Mrs. True.
2. Mrs. Sprang.
3. Mrs. Mattie A. Bailey.
4. Miss Margaret Dorwin.
5. Miss Hattie Studabaker.
6. Miss Miller.
7. Mrs. Eva K. Gregg.
8. Mrs. Flora Trout.
9. Mrs. Patterson.
10. Mrs. Marie L. Holloway, M. D.
11. Mrs. Helen M. Blossom.
12. Mrs. Jennie Phelps-Studabaker.
13. Mrs. Lulu Nachtriel.
14. Mrs. Morrison.

MRS. LAURA H. LINDER,
President of the Sorosis Circle of Angola.

MRS. HARRIET EVANS STUDABAKER,
Founder of the Ladies' Shakespeare Club of Decatur.

THE SOROSIS CIRCLE OF ANGOLA.

Quaintly suggestive of its title and traditions appears the year-book of Angola's "Sorosis," with a circle decorating its outer cover and surrounding its name and date, all done in red, the club's color. While the circle is symbolical of many beautiful attributes, in "Sorosis" we judge its significant application to be harmony and unity of purpose. Two years ago, the club started a library, which now numbers over four hundred volumes. This season it has added, besides the late books of fiction, Charles Dudley Warner's "Library of the World's Best Fiction." For the maintenance and enlargement of its library, the club has divided itself into three committees, each of which agrees to prepare some sort of an entertainment during the year, by which its finances may be increased. Early in December of the present season, a very successful "Lady Minstrel" performance added materially to the funds; and on New Year's eve, a ball subserved to similar ends. Any body may enjoy the privileges of this library upon the payment of one dollar a year. The club is now agitating the question of a club room, which may serve the double purpose of providing a place of meeting and a safe and stationary home for the books.

The "Angola Sorosis Circle" was organized February 15th, 1890, with a membership of twenty-five. It meets every Monday night, and holds thirty-two sessions each year; these convene at different homes of the members, the hostess serving as leader for the evening. Of its work, present and past, a member writes: "We took up, last year, the University Extension work, studying universal history; and this year we have universal literature, using, however, but the first five books, as we wished to have more time for research. In '93, we studied things in touch with the World's Fair. One year we devoted to current history. And like most every other club in existence, we devoted one year to the study of Shakespeare; but we failed to get much out of it." (We like this frank admission—most club study of Shakespeare is bosh, but few of us are honest enough to admit it) "And the rest of our work has been of a miscellaneous character."

The year-book makes no provision for social affairs, but the club usually celebrates its anniversary by giving a Banquet or Valentine party, to which guests are invited. We regret that the program of study is too long to insert in these columns, as it is peculiarly interesting to all who love the study of literature as such.

The Sorosis Circle is limited to thirty-five members; its colors are red and white; its flower the carnation; its motto, "Time wasted, is existence; used, is life."

Its officers are:
Mrs. Laura H. Linder, president.
Mrs. Tina L. Morse, vice-president.
Miss Mamie Moffett, secretary.
Miss Ella Freeman, treasurer.
Mrs. Harriet Ettinger, critic.
The program committee is:
Mrs. Josephine J. Moss.
H. May Weicht.
Mrs. Josephine Hector.
Elizabeth J. McConnell.

THE SHAKESPEARE CLUB OF DECATUR.

The "Shakespeare" of Decatur is a house divided against itself. Its present sound condition is proof, therefore, that in the 19th century at any rate, a house so divided need not fall. As its name suggests, the "Shakespeare" was organized for the study of the immortal bard. For several years no other topic received consideration; but as seasons passed bringing with them new members and new ideas, the policy of the club underwent a gradual change. The year '98 finds the society divided into two societies, each pursuing its own chosen line of work, but true to first principles uniting once a month in the study of Shakespeare. Section I considers Social Topics, Section II, C. L. S. C. Readings.

The year-book is made to subserve all three interests. An outline of the Chautauqua readings is presented first, which provides for a study of the "Growth of the French Nation" with Prof. George B. Adams of Yale University; "French Traits" with Mr. W. C. Brownell; Astronomy, with Prof. H. A. Howe of Chamberlain Observatory of Denver; Greek Civilization, with Prof. J. P. Mahaffy, of Trinity College, Dublin, Ireland; and Greek Art with Prof. F. B. Tarbell of the University of Chicago.

The Social Topics Section follows with a regularly arranged program. Some of the subjects to be considered are: Ethnology of the American Citizen, The Negro in America, The Nation's Ward, The Ideal Republic, The Ideal Citizen, The Inevitable Reform, Uses and Abuses of Political Parties, Problems of Taxation, Socialism, Municipal Reforms, The W. C. T. U. as a Reform Movement, Debts of Nations and Government Bonds, The Liquor Monopoly, The Tramp Evil, Influence of the Home, Industrial Schools, Household Economies, Village Improvement, The Ideal Newspaper, The Society Woman, Christianity as a Conservative Force, Progress in Art, The Latest De-

velopment in Science, Recent Literature.

Interspersed at regular intervals—often enough to provide for the first meeting of every month, appear pages given over entirely to Shakespearean topics. Two plays are studied in detail during the present season—Troilus and Cressida, and Coriolanus. The club year closes early—April 23rd with a joint entertainment of some kind to which guests are invited.

The "Shakespeare" was organized in October 1882 by Mrs. David (Harriet Evans) Studabaker, whose portrait it is our privilege to present, and her daughters Mrs. Morrison and Miss Hattie. It is unique among clubs in that it has no officers, and never has known any. "The lady who entertains acts as president and secretary," writes a member, "We have no use for a treasurer, as the aim of the club has always been to avoid expense. We have no fee. It is against the rules to serve refreshments, but it is occasionally done. * * * The idea of having an organization without officers seems strange to many, but the age of the club proves the advisability of it." An ingenious way of personally interesting each member, is practiced by the Shakespeare. She who prepares a paper for a meeting gives out "subjects during the previous week to all the members, bearing on some particular point of her theme. In that way every member has a special lesson to prepare and present orally."

The Shakespeare Club was affiliated with the Indiana Union in 1895. In lieu of officers, its policy is conducted by committees of which there are three:

Mrs. Hester A. Moffet, Mrs. Anna Heller — Shakespeare Committee.
Mrs. Marie L. Holloway, Mrs. Helen M. Blossom — Social Topic Committee
Mrs. Mary H. Tyndall, Mrs. Matie Niblick — C. L. S. C. Committee.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB OF TERRE HAUTE.

Among the older clubs of the state must be registered the Woman's Club of Terre Haute, which was organized nearly twenty years ago. The history of a society born in the primitive days of clubdom and outliving the formative period, can but prove most interesting reading. It is with pleasure that we present a epitome given us by the retiring secretary, Mrs Joanna Jameson Scovell.

"On Christmas day 1878, Mrs. Richard Tennant, Mrs. Fannie Burt and Miss Harriet Scott, while on their way to Cincinnati to hear the Messiah rendered by the Thomas Orchestra, met two of the members of the Greencastle Club, and became so interested in their 'club talk' that they resolved to form a club of their own. Carrying out this resolution, Mrs. Burt and Miss Scott with three other members of Mrs. Tennant's Sabbath School class, met with her at her home Jan. 11, 1879, and held the first meeting of the Woman's Reading Club, now known as the Terre Haute Woman's Club. The first year the programs were planned at each meeting for the succeeding one; the second year two programs were printed; in 1883, the first yearly program was issued. The work done by the club has covered a wide range of subjects. Art has been studied in every phase, from its infancy down to the present time. The different countries, their history, literature and institutional life, have been studied. Miscellaneous programs and programs of continuous study have alternated to suit the different tastes of the members. Courses in geology and political economy were attempted, but the difficulty in the way of doing the necessary field work in the former, and the tendency to agree with the last writer in the latter, caused the desire for further investigation along those lines to cease. Perhaps the most successful work of the club has been done in the last three years, since it has been distinctly felt by a large number outside of clubs."

The Woman's Club has taken frequent advantage of special courses of study, directed by scholars and professors. In 1895, Mrs. Ella Adams Moore of Chicago delivered a course of lectures on the works of George Eliot. These lectures, together with the several fine papers prepared by club members, were enjoyed by many visitors; and a wide spread interest in the novelist was awakened. In 1896, Prof. M. W. Sampson of the Indiana University was secured to direct a course of study on Browning. At the same time the State Normal was presenting a second course. Both were popular, and many Browning converts were made. The book dealers could scarcely supply the demand, and the library was ransacked for every bit of Browning criticism. The work for 1897, which will be continued through the present year, was the study of fiction under the direction of Mrs. H. A. Davidson of Albany, N. Y. Thackeray, "The Newcomes," particularly, will be the chief theme.

The "Thackeray at Home," which was given by the Woman's Club December 18, was a very complete and delightful affair which was recently described in these columns. Other treats which have been enjoyed were talks and addresses by Harriet Hosmer, the noted sculptor who is an Honorary member, Hon. Thomas Nelson, Mr. Early, Dr. J. T. Scovell and Mr. W. H. Wiley.

The several presidents of the Terre Haute Woman's Club have been: Mrs. Tennant, Mrs. Byers, Miss L. Bowyer, Miss Grover, Mrs. M. H. Waters, Mrs. W. H. Wiley, Miss Peakes, Mrs. J. F. Scovell, Mrs. T. C. Mendenhall, Mrs. R. A. Morris, Miss Mitchell, Mrs. C. A. Waldo, Mrs. James Jordon, Mrs. J. K. Graff, Mrs. Sandison, Miss Messmore, Mrs. W. W. Parsons and Mrs. William Shryer.

The club enjoys the distinction of charter membership in the state federation of clubs. It is also a charter member of the local federation. It is limited to twenty-five; it has two honorary members, fifteen non-resident members, and—an innovation—four members "on leave of absence."

Its officers are:
Mrs. S. M. Rice, president.
Mrs. L. P. Alden, vice-president.
Mrs. W. W. Parsons, secretary.
Mrs. W. E. Donaghoe, treasurer.

WITH THE CLUB EDITOR

Culture is moral and intellectual refinement.

An unanimous election is necessary to admit a candidate in the Shakespeare Club of Decatur.

Mrs. Marie L. Holloway, M. D., of the "Shakespeare" (Decatur) is a practising and successful physician; Miss Grace Miller is teacher of vocal music in the public schools; the removal of Mrs. Hester A. Moffett from Decatur is a deplorable loss which the club has recently been called upon to sustain.

Honorary membership is a reward of merit in the Shakespeare Club. It is only bestowed upon women who remove from the city after holding five years of active membership in the club. Those who may or must leave Decatur for a season or longer, are careful, if they desire to retain their places, to send back to the club at the proper time, well-prepared papers upon the subjects assigned them by the program.

There seems to be springing up in club circles, a demand for leaves of absence, in order that members' names may be retained upon the roll, even though illness, travel, engagements, etc., prevent attendance for many months. The Terre Haute Woman's Club makes provision for prolonged absence in its by-laws: "Any member may, for sufficient reason withdraw from the club for a period not exceeding one year, and the time may be further extended by consent of the club. She may send her name at any time to the secretary for readmission, and any such name shall be at once entered upon the roll, without regard to the number belonging." We observe two other provisions in the by-laws that are unusual: the first is for the withdrawal of visitors (many clubs require this, but we do not remember to have seen the law in print) and the second is for a nominating committee composed of the retiring officers, who thus name their successors.

A Public Library Asssociation has recently been formed in Crawfordsville, with the following officers: president, Mrs. Fannie H. Davis; secretary and treasurer, Mrs. Minnie A. McKnight; executive committee, Dr. Martha Griffith, Mrs. Julia D. Waugh and Miss Kate Snyder. The movement originated with the Current Events Club, but delegates from all the city organizations were appointed to perfect the arrangements A number of books have been donated, and rooms will soon be secured which will be at the disposal of members. The library is started on a subscription basis, pending the delay necessary to establishment of a free public library, the ultimate purpose of the organization. Gen. Lew Wallace recently said that the handsome library and study erected on his private grounds at enormous cost, will sometime belong to the city of Crawfordsville.

As was predicted in these columns some time ago, the Amaranth Woman's Club of New Albany recently celebrated its sixteenth anniversary by having a newspaper to which members contributed under the editorship of Mrs. Emma Carleton. The name chosen for the paper was " 'The Courant' in honor of the first daily newspaper printed in the English language, published in London 1702, by a woman editor, Elizabeth Mollet." Miss Cornelia Bowman was the associate editor of the New Albany "Courant," and Mrs. Francis Maginness, Mrs. Eliza Morrill, Miss Minnie Stoy, Mrs. Emily Reid and Miss Charlotte Devol were the editorial writers. The various departments and special articles were contaibuted by Mrs. Jessie J. Brown, "With the Poets;" Miss Stotsenberg, "Books and Authors;" Miss Adelaide Packard, The Music World; Miss Laura Stotsenberg, An Army Sketch; Mrs. Bentley, Home and Clubs; Mrs. Kate Wade, Dramatic Note and Comment; Mrs. Margaret Carlile, Child Wit and Wisdom; Mrs. Aggie Bixby, Our National Games; Mrs. Cora Creed, The Week in Society. Local News was in charge of Mrs. Emma Amstrong, Advertising, Miss Ella Hubbert; and the correspondents were Mrs. Martha Mahon, Miss Sue Winstandley and Miss Anna Bragdon.

The Federated Clubs of Terre Haute, recently held their first annual meeting in the Central Presbyterian church of the city. The program consisted of music, the president's address and the reading and discussion of five papers. The subjects and speakers were "The Influence of Women's Clubs," Mrs. Dan Davis; "The Times of Elizabeth the King," Miss Marietta Grover of the Woman's Club, "American Literature and its Purpose," Professor Kemp; "Richelieu," Stephenson. In the evening a fine concert was rendered consisting of piano, violin and vocal solos, and choruses by the Treble Clef Club. The reception which followed closed very happily, the Terre Haute federations first "annual." Election of officers was one feature of the meeting. The new staff will be: president, Professor Marion Stalker; vice-president, Mrs. Rettner; secretary, Mrs. Kidder; treasurer, W. A. Keern. The retiring president is Prof. J. B. Wisely of the Terre Haute Normal, the originator of the federation, and the president of the Indiana Union of Literary Clubs.

The program committee of the Indiana Union of Literary Clubs has issued the following preliminary announcement for the ninth annual convention.

The Ninth Annual Convention of the Indiana Union of Literary Clubs will be held at Bloomington, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday May 11, 12 and 13. There will be five sessions, for all of which interesting programs will be provided.

At the first session, Wednesday evening, May 11, the principal features will be the annual address of the President of the Union, and an original poem by Miss Evaleen Stein. At the second session, Thursday morning, papers on Art and on Local Color Fiction, by well-known writers, and an original story by Mrs. Kate M. Rabb will be presented.

The recent celebration of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee attracted renewed attention to the striking fact that the three most fruitful epochs of English literature have been contemporaneous with the reigns of England's great queens, Elizabeth, Anne and Victoria. The third session, Thursday afternoon, will be given up to papers by able writers, discussing the dominant characteristics of the literature of each of these epochs.

Thursday evening the musical clubs will give an interesting program of vocal and instrumental music, after which those attending the convention will be honored with a reception by the Bloomington clubs.

The fifth and final session of the convention will be held Friday morning, when excellent papers on various phases of citizenship or civic duty are promised.

Charles R. Williams,
Chairman the Program Committee.

ARE YOU INTERESTED IN CLUBS? If so, you should subscribe for THE INDIANA WOMAN, and induce your friends to subscribe. This is the only weekly journal in America handling club matter on an elaborate and expensive scale. There are between fifteen and twenty thousand club people in Indiana. We want to reach all of them. We want an agent in every city and town to act as agent for us in securing club subscriptions. We will pay liberally. If you can not act as an agent yourself, you will kindly mention us to some one whom you think will.

THE "SOCIAL TOPICS" SECTION OF THE LADIES' SHAKESPEARE CLUB OF DECATUR.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

The large window at the landing of the High School building, which supplies the much-needed light to the halls, offers a fine opportunity for the class of '98 to beautify the stairway by a useful and even conspicuous present in the form of art glass. If it is too large for the class treasury, a part of it is not; although if unable, the June class alone is perfectly capable of giving as successful an entertainment as that of the twentieth of last November, by which the necessary money can be raised.

The June class of '98 held a meeting last week to determine concerning the class reception that is usually given to the graduated class. It was decided to give the reception on the second Saturday in March, provided the improvements in the hall was completed by that time. The improved hall may then be dedicated at the same time. Financial, decoration, reception and refreshment committees were appointed.

The Athletic Association, in a meeting last week, determined to give an independent entertainment, but insured to the Oratorical Association its help in giving their show. The entertainment to be given by the Athletic Association will probably be given in May.

This afternoon Mrs. Hufford gives a reception to the senior classes of the High School. These receptions are given on the first Saturday of each month and have formed a pleasant feature of the winter's entertainment.

In February, the class of '98 met for the purpose of electing—or re-electing—their officers for the next term. After the usual business had been transacted, Mr. Thomas Sims called for nominations for president and was immediately nominated. After an embarrassing pause, in which everybody expectantly awaited the nominations of the "enemy," somebody moved, amid the applause and laughter of the Sims followers, that the nominations be closed. Mr. Sims then spoke to the class, thanking them, but stating that he would rather not be elected; but to no avail, for although Waite Colgan and Mr. Manchester were nominated, yet when the ballots were cast "our father," Mr. Sims, was far in the lead. However, with a lengthy speech he resigned. At the meeting on the following Wednesday he withdrew his resignation at the request of the class, and the election proceeded without trouble. Miss Lorle Krull was elected vice-president; Miss Julia Hobbs was re-elected secretary, and Mr. Clan Williams as treasurer. The other three officers, Miss Myla Closser, poet; Miss Nora Taggart, prophet, and Mr. Fred Wallick, historian, were also re-elected.

INDUSTRIAL TRAINING SCHOOL NOTES.

On Wednesday of the 23d, the pupils of the Industrial Training School were pleasantly surprised with a few recitations by Mr. Scoville, the well-known elocutionist of Boston.

For forty-five minutes on Wednesday, the regular routine work is suspended and the pupils go to the auditorium for singing. Ususally there is some pleasant surprise in store for them in the way of entertainment, and their faces bear an expectant look as they file into the hall.

Mr. Scoville gave a selection from "Julius Caesar," one from "Merchant of Venice" and Riley's poem, "The Widow's Daughter." He has a fine voice and he used it well in rendering these pieces. He was greeted with a most hearty applause, and was recalled and gave another comic recitation.

His audience was not only pleased, but all were jubilant as they left the hall. And they carried this refreshed feeling into the recitation with them. The singing hour is a privilege of which they may well be thankful, for it relieves the monotony which at the middle of the week begins to make itself felt.

school paper, has been recently revived as a bi-weekly publication. The aim of this paper is to represent the work done in the school in all its branches. It abounds in original stories and sketches by the pupils, room-notes and notes of the various school organizations. The editing, publishing and management is done entirely by the pupils of the senior grade, and these offers an opportunity for valuable experience and training.

COSTUMES FOR CYCLING.

Before the cycling season reopens a few words on cycling costumes will not be out of place.

Fashionable women will in the future adopt the skirt for town wear exclusively, opinions with respect to "knickers" having undergone a decided change. Many of the new cycling skirts are divided down the back, which affords some trouble in mounting, as the skirt falls naturally on either side of the saddle. These seem to have superseded the regular divided skirt, which, however, is still favored by cyclewomen who ride men's machines.

Like all new cycling skirts those that are divided at the back fit over the front and hips without plaits. Sometimes they are equally flat behind, a wide piece being folded under each side of the opening, whereas others have two plaits meeting together at the back. Either way the skirt falls, so that the division is quite concealed when the wearer is on foot.

When cycling skirts are not divided the back is often arranged so as to form a godet flute. Made so it is found to set better than when quite plain. There is no hard and fast rule with respect to the length of cycling skirts, but when not divided they are generally rather longer. The placket hole should be at one of the side seams balanced by a pocket, and a row of buttons is an improvement.

An elegant costume consists of a black serge skirt divided behind and reaching to the ankles and a short jacket of white cloth fitted to the figure, but worn open. The eight large pearl buttons in two rows on the fronts are there merely for show. The rolled collar is cut in one piece with the pointed lapels. Either a plainted cambric or silk shirt may be worn underneath with grosgrain belt and silver buckle and black cravat. The skirt has a narrow gored breadth with double-stitched seams, into which pockets are inserted beneath oblong shapes and plaits behind.

Another, the skirt of which is made without these back pleats, is entirely of gray cloth. The bodice is a bolero with shaped back, but without centre seam. The fronts are narrow and turned back with lapels, a neatly cut waistcoat of white pique showing between. This waistcoat is cut down to the bust over a cambric shirt.

Blouse vests will also be worn by cycle-women, particularly in the country. A costume of gray-blue woolen cloth has one of these vests fastened in front by straps and buttons, allowing a narrow line of chesisette to be visible between the edges. The belt is made of the same material and fastened by a button.

PORTRAIT PHOTOGRAPHY.

By W. H. POTTER.

Much confusion has arisen in the minds of the public over the many new methods recently introduced into photography. These are platino prints, rembrandt proofs, carbons, etc.

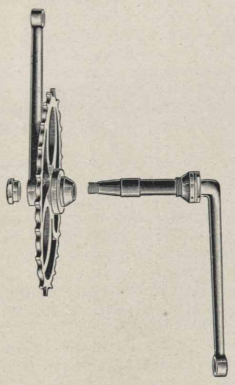
The platino print, or so-called carbonette or mat-surface print, is a collodion chloride of silver print toned with gold platinite. Hence the name platino. If all the manipulations necessary to the finished product are thoroughly and skillfully done, a print will be permanent as the photograph in its final stage. This is wholly dependent upon the gold platinite, the silver merely serving as the base of operations and the determination of the gold platinite in certain reltaions in the production of a black and white print.

After allowing for the quality of the paper and materials, and their skillful and conscientious handling, the excellence of the portrait and the photograph depend upon the quality of the negative which cannot be exceeded but more or less perfectly given by any kind of printing out paper. Hence something more is required than good plates and paper to produce an artistic and a permanent photograph. The personality of every man enters into and so qualifies his work; he must not only be artistically and chemically or scientifically skillful but also conscientious, if he would make permanent as well as beautiful portraits, for their permanence not only demands chemical knowledge but conscienrious work as well, in all stages of the process of production. Hence, the impossibility of any proprietor of a studio keeping his work up to a high standard of excellence at all times unless he himself be skilled in all departments necessary to the finished work. Else how can he know what is being slighted, what the remedy is, or what seeds of decay are lurking in a work turned out? It is a case where a man must not merely think or suppose but must know both artistically and scientifically how to make results thus and thus according to a standard of complete and finished excellence, intelligently sought for.

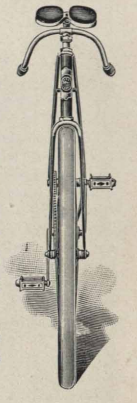
Thus, if a print be thoroughly fixed but not sufficiently washed it will fade and if not completely fixed it matters not how much it is washed, it will discolor or fade by obscuration through the degradation of the lights and shades because the unfixed salts are insoluble in water and so cannot be washed out. Hence, if neither completely fixed nor washed its fate is inevitable and close at hand, as the hypo or fixing agent must be allowed thoroughly to do its work and then completely eliminated to insure permanence. Consequently, the work must be not only scientifically but conscientiously done.

Thus, then, art and science are involved in photography as well as in any other profession or vocation; that is, a man must rise above the material he works with either as a mere mechanic who knows not why except by mere imitation or as one who has more or less complete cognition of each step taken and the ideal toward which he aims as best he can. And the photographer is no exception to this general rule, in fact the rule is universal as the very necessity of doing a thing requires that it shall be done in some manner less or more perfect. Then not how cheap but how good. Unskilled labor is dear labor and its product is always dear because its cheapness ever lacks more of the quality of excellence than its price indicates. The best is the cheapest both because of fulness of satisfaction and the saving of time and money in its achievement.

Mr. J. B. Nelson is in Gas City.



The Fellow



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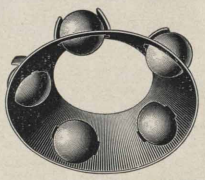

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These prizes will be awarded by three competent judges, experts in the art of photography.

The pictures will be published for **20** consecutive weeks, at the end of which time the contest will close. They will then be divided into three classes, first, second, and third. On the first Saturday after the contest closes, all pictures in the first class will be published; on the following Saturday the pictures in the second class, and on the third Saturday, all pictures in the third class.

In the next issue will appear the names and photographs of the prize winners together with the prize winning pictures.

OPENING THE CONTEST.

These valuable articles on photography will begin in the issue of January 8, 1898. Remember they are written by men who understand their business. The contest will begin in issue of January 15, 1898 and end in the issue of June 4, 1898. Enter now as it takes some time to make the plates and you have the privilege of entering three different pictures all at the same time or at different times during the ten weeks of the contest.

For further particulars call at office of INDIANA WOMAN, 49 N. Illinois St.

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The latest story from Klondike is that a man was caught out in a wind-storm. The ground was dry and dusty. When the man got home he coughed up $73.15 in gold dust.

—

A writer in 'Harper's Drawer' says that a lawyer, having some papers to be executed by an old Irishwoman, went to her house one morning for her signature. On his arrival he requested her to sign her name "here," indicating the spot.

"Och," said she, with a bland smile, "you sign it for me, for sure, since I lost me glasses I can't write."

"Well, how do you spell your name, Mrs. S.?"

"Martha, dear," she cried, "come here directly and shpell me name for the gintleman, for sure, since I lost my teeth I can't sphell a word!"

—

Teacher: "And now, Tommy, you may tell me what the difference is between the North and South Poles."

Tommy: "All the difference in the world, ma'am."

—

"Halloa, old man, have any luck shooting?"

"I should say I did. Shot seventeen ducks in one day."

"Were they wild?"

"Well—no—not exactly, but the farmer who owned them was."

—

Johnny: "How old was Methuselah, auntie?"

Aunt: "Nine hundred years."

"And how old are you, auntie?"

"Thirty, my child."

"Then papa reckoned wrong by 870 years. He said you were as old as Methuselah."

—

The auction-room was crowded, and the collection of furniture, art, and bric-a-brac being unusually choice, the bidding had been very spirited. During an interval of the sale, a man with a pale and agitated countenance pushed his way to the auctioneer's side and engaged him in a whispering conversation. Presently he stood aside, and the auctioneer called attention with his little hammer.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said in a loud voice, "I have to inform you that a gentleman present has lost his pocket-book containing fifty pounds. He offers five pounds for its return."

Instantly a small man in the background sprang upon a chair and cried, excitedly:

"I'll give ten pounds."

—

The young man's face was flushed, and his manner was strangely agitated. As he addressed the fair girl before whom he stood, a faint tremor was noticeable in his voice.

"Miss Blanche," he said, "I hesitated about coming to you, but my feelings have overpowered me at last. Will it be too much for me to ask——"

"Pray go on," said the maiden, with heart wildly beating, as his voice faltered. Yes, they were coming, the words that she and her dear mamma had so long waited for. "Pray go on," she said again, as he stood looking at her with burning eyes.

"I came to ask you, Miss Blanche——"

"Yes," she smiled, encouragingly.

"If it would be too much trouble for you to write out that recipe which you said you had for warding off indigestion. I'm sure I'm going to have it, and those confounded doctors always charge so much for a prescription."

—

THE WRONG TICKET.

She was a dear old soul, and she was going down to Brighton by the cheap excursion. And she was feeling very happy in a first-class carriage and thinking how cheap it was for three shillings there and back, when a suspicious collector came up.

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"Well," she answered, "I mustn't complain. And how are you feeling yourself, sir?"

But they had her out of it just the same.

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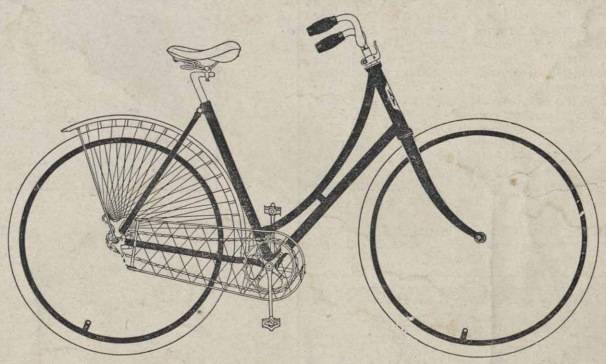

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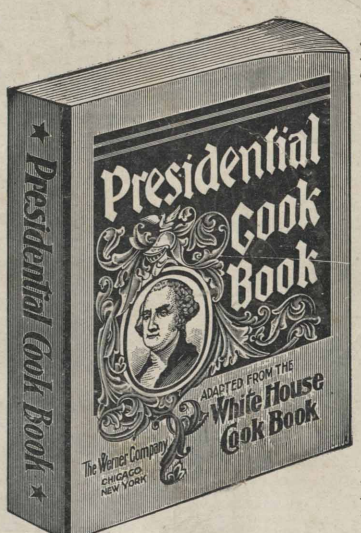

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Saturday Afternoon, March 12, 1898.

The Indiana Woman

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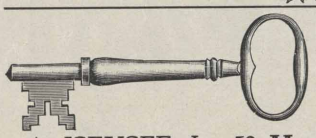

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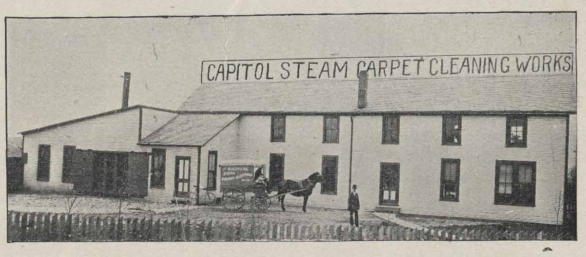

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SOLE AGENTS FOR INDIANAPOLIS.

Amateur Photographers See Page 15

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The Indiana Woman

Vol. V. Indianapolis, Saturday Afternoon, March 12, 1898 No. 17.

WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG

On next Thursday, many a green ribbon will be worn throughout the country, and Saint Patrick will receive due honor, for Thursday is Saint Patrick's day, and all loyal Irishmen will be "wearing 'o the green." Truly, there is some reward for saintship when one receives such wholesale adoration as does this patron saint of Ireland. There is good reason for it, too; as there is always reason for what are apparently most whimsical things. One man's fame endures; another is forgotten; one saint is worshipped, another is disliked and seldom mentioned, although in life he labored diligently and endured much for his religion's sake. On the face of it it appears all chance; at bottom, however there is some good reason which the Ruler of the Universe understands, He who alone can see the stupendous whole of which we are but the broken parts.

—

But anybody, provided he stops long enough to consider, can understand the reason for Saint Patrick's popularity. In the first place he deserved his saintship. Perhaps a resume of his life might not be out of the way to those who pay homage to him without having time to look up his history or write a club paper on the subject. Almost as many cities clamor to be called his birth-place as contended over Homer. He died in Down, Ulster, this is certain, in 493 or 495. His original name was Succath or Succeath, meaning "valor in war," but he was not allowed to keep it. Taken prisoner in war and carried into Ireland at the age of sixteen, he was renamed by one of his masters "Cotharig," denoting four masters to whom he had been sold. After making his escape from his masters, he became converted, was re-christened by Patricius, the pope and determined to devote his life to the conversion of the Irish people.

—

He must have had wonderful perseverance, for he succeeded. Learning flourished, prosperity followed in his foot-steps, and all Ireland is dotted with localities named for the blessed Patrick. And yet there were other saints just as persevering, to whom the Irish erected no monument. The reason for this at the same time settles the question of the good saint's birthplace. There can be no manner of doubt about it; Patrick was an Irishman born, and it was the smoothness of his tongue, the quickness of his wit, the knowledge of how to mould his people, that made him such a success as a saint that he became their patron.

—

Joking aside, if the real truth were known many more would sport the green ribbon on St. Patrick's day than do. There are many and many of us who have a strain of Irish blood, perhaps unknown to us, diligently concealed, but of which we should in reality be very proud. There are people who boast of English blood because they think it makes them something very desirable—aristocratic perhaps—God save the mark! There are others who refer to their strain of German blood and mention the good qualities it is supposed to give its possessor. Still others refer proudly to their Scotch blood and recite the catalogue of virtues it is supposed to entail. But mention the Irish and see the blush! The only ones who acknowledge it willingly are those who bear the marks so plainly on face or tongue, that it is impossible to conceal it. Yet why should they.

—

When I look around the circle of my friends, and pick out the pleasant part of their dispositions, I am pretty likely to attribute this to a bit of Irish blood. The more geniality, good fellowship, carelessness of the morrow and its troubles, the surer am I that at some time or other, some member of their family dwelt on that Emerald Isle where snakes are not, and people manage to be happy under any circumstances. And since these points are so desirable, why should they take such trouble to conceal their origin? Hurrah, say I, for Saint Patrick, and for all wearers of the green and may their number double!

—

Miss Browning, our excellent librarian certainly deserves public commendation for the new rule recently inaugurated which permits each holder of a card to take out two books on a card, providing but one is fiction. There are many club members and students in this city who will rise up and call Miss Browning blessed for this act. It will have a good effect, I prophecy, on the kind of reading indulged in by many of the library's patrons. They will want to make use of their privilege and take out two books. Since they can take but one of fiction, they will make a choice of solider reading, and may by and by cultivate a taste for better books in this way. Our library has steadily improved during the last few years, and every step towards further improvement is heartily appreciated by the Indianapolis public.

MISS EMMA VIRGINIA PEARSON. (See page 11)

—

Out in Seattle, Wash., there is a new society known as the Klondike widows. The membership is limited to those who have sweethearts and husbands who have gone to the gold fields. If many more Indiana people start Alaska-ward, our women will be organizing a similar society. We have almost every other kind of club why not a club of Klondike widows? It will at least have the recommendation of novelty.

—

Debating societies used sometime to discuss the momentous question "Is ridicule the test of truth?" without ever arriving at any satisfactory conclusion—one upon which it would not do to base arguments at all future times. Now while ridicule may not be the test of truth, several trials have proved that it is at least a very efficient weapon in putting a stop to some very silly practices. Admiring women used to send slippers to their pastors on Christmas until his study was filled to overflowing with these useless gifts. This custom was made light of in so many satires and newspaper jokes that the women after at least ten years of such ridicule took the hint and left it off. A shoe dealer is authority for the statement that this practice has almost ceased and that when ministers want slippers they must go and buy them. Ten years or more seems a long time in which to wage warfare, but it is consoling to know that victory will eventually crown one's efforts.

—

The rage for Klondike has caused the Klondike party to descend upon us. While it is in one way a relief to have something new in the way of entertainment, in another, it is not. There were those who for instance after several seasons of "Floral Love Tale" had begun to be able to guess at least half the puzzle and to stand some slight chance of winning the prize. But now, they must abandon flowers and turn to nuggets. The unfortunate guests are given picks, shovels, and bags in which to put the gold, and are set out on the search for the nuggets. A prize in some sort repays the sufferer for his efforts.

—

Speaking of prizes, have you ever noticed how the person whom one does not want to get the prize always wins it at one's party? That's what the ladies say anyway. They have preferences and they want their own dear friends to win the prize they have selected with such care. Of course some hateful women that they just had to invite invariably gets it, and keeps the party from being the success it should have been.

—

Mr. Charles Jewett, of New Albany, who presided as toastmaster at the dinner given by the State University Alumni, during the holidays, is one of the finest toastmasters in the State. His flow of wit and eloquence is irresistible.

—

Mr. J. W. Fessler is one of the recent acquisitions of the Dramatic Club. If Mr. Fessler devotes himself to histrionics as ardently as he has devoted himself in the past to politics, the dramatic club may look to their laurels.

—

Mr. Fessler's friends say that in the past, he was a woman hater and avoided society. Of late, he has become kinder in his views of the gentler sex, and is now frequently seen at social gatherings.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

The Indiana Woman

An Illustrated Weekly Family Journal

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ECHOES

From the Convention of The Indiana Association of Photographers.

One of the features of the convention was enthusiasm, and who could wonder? What man interested in his profession could walk about among the exhibits indicative of the great advance in photographic methods, and of the increasingly artistic taste of the photographer without becoming enthusiastic?

All the efforts of the photographers recently, seem to have been directed towards keeping their photographs from looking like photographs. They have been greatly assisted in this by the new processes, and by their growing artistic taste. How many photographers present at the convention could remember without a blush of shame, those earliest products of their skill—the highly polished card, the smile of the sitter, with head imprisoned in the tripod! Today, they are both artists and photographers, and he must supply as much skill in posing as they do in mechanical work.

The enthusiasm was well directed, too The photographer, it was evident, came to learn as well as to exhibit. There was rivalry, of course, but it was good natured, and each was willing to take points from his neighbor, who excelled him. All were eager to listen to the papers, too, and gather from them the information gained by experience.

"What do you think of the photographers in comparison with other convention delegates?" was asked a veteran visitor of conventions of all kinds.

"They compare very favorably," was the reply. "In the first place, the officers are thorough business men, and I was much pleased with the quiet yet thorough way in which they attended to their business. The sessions were called promptly to order, and the business rapidly transacted. The papers were of a high order, too. The delegates themselves were fine looking men, a distinct improvement, if I am not mistaken, over the photographers of years past."

"What do you like best about it?" was asked a pretty young woman who was among the visitors on Friday afternoon.

"It's all lovely," said she, "but I think the most satisfactory part to a woman is the thought that she can have such a lovely likeness of herself made for nothing in comparison with the price of an oil painting. Another is that the photographs of her friends are so artistic, even though the subjects photographed are not pretty, that she can decorate her walls with them instead of having to conceal them in a hideous photograph case," and she clasped her hands in delight as she looked around at the young women "taken" as Mater Dolorasas and Nuns, and in dainty evening gowns, each of which would afford, when attractively framed, a most beautiful adornment for her walls.

What the photographers themselves thought about it was shown in the awarding of prizes, which was as follows:

The Jones prize cup, for which about twenty Indiana photographers competed, was won by George Holloway, of Terre Haute. The other prizes awarded were as follows:

Special Prize—To photographers outside of Indiana. One picture sixteen inches or larger—F. W. Guerin, St. Louis, first; F. Nyemetz, Chester, Pa., second.

Two pictures, thirteen inches or larger—D. Gilbert, Frankfort, first; C. R. Reeves, Anderson, second.

Six pictures, thirteen inches or larger—A. L. Reeves, first; J. H. Clark, Indianapolis, second; Pike & Harter, Muncie, third.

Twelve pictures, Paris panel to thirteen inches—C. W. Longdon, Huntington, first; Parker Willis, Crawfordsville, second; J. H. Clark, Indianapolis, third.

Eighteen cabinets—Wallace Redding, Columbus, first; C. W. Longdon, Huntington, second; A. Hennberger, third.

Six views, architectnral or landscape, seven to twelve inches—H. Heine, Valparaiso, first; J. W. Van Trees, Indianapolis, second.

Six interiors, eight inches or larger—J. W. Van Trees, first.

Special to photographers in towns of less than 5,000 population, twelve cabinets—G. P. Parrott, Warsaw, first; E. C. Towinkle, Knightstown, third.

Employes' class. three cabinets from negatives unretouched and three cabinets from the same negatives retouched—Wesley Hirschberg, Anderson, first; L. Willis, Crawfordsville, second.

For amateurs, six pictures, any size, any subject—J. L. Leeper, Ft. Wayne, first; John Wocher, Indianapolis, second.

Rating class: To all exhibitors in class J receiving rating of 65 per cent., a bronze medal will be awarded. Competitors in this class can not compete in any other. H. P. Dexheimer, Marion, first; F. D. Sullivan, Kendallville, second; H. S. Stephens, Rushville, third; George W. Smith, Elwood, fourth.

Mr. Hirschberg of Anderson, who took the first prize in retouching was probably the youngest professional at the convention. He won the prize last year, also.

The officers of the coming year are:

George C. Holloway, Terre Haute, president.

C. W. Longdon, Huntington, vice-president.

J. H. Clark, Indianapolis, second vice-president.

W. O. Nicely, Bloomington, Secretary.

Frank Lacey, Indianapolis, Treasurer.

Ben Larrimer, Marion, and Frank R. Barrows, Ft. Wayne, trustees.

The photographs of ten years ago are caricatures compared with this latest work of the photographer, who seems to have combined all the advantages afforded by modern materials with carefully trained artistic perceptions. If the gathering together in conventions tends to still further elevate and improve the photographers' art, THE INDIANA WOMAN hopes for frequent and lengthy sessions of the Photographers' Association.

RUTH REEVES. (See page 11.)
Daughter of C. R. Reeves, Muncie.

MISS RUTH LOWENBERG. (See page 11.)
Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Lowenburg, Huntington, Ind.
Photograph by Tobias & Conkle, Huntington, Ind.

MISS LITTLE OF EMPORIA, KANSAS. (See page 11.)
Photograph by C. R. Reeves, Muncie.

ADDIE'S BURGLAR.

By W. STRATTON SMITH.

Mad—yes, that is the word for it. I was mad. And I think Nell must have seen it in my eyes, for she clung to me and seemed strangely anxious to dissuade me from going out.

"No, not again, Harry," she urged, laying her hand on my arm; "you've walked enough for one day. Have patience a little longer, surely something must turn up soon."

But even her pleading was of no avail in my then frame of mind. Patience! The word fell on my ears with hollow mockery. Had I not waited six weary, agonizing months, and always with the same result? And now I was desperate. Patience!—with the sight of that bare room and Nell's white, pinched face always before me? I shook her off almost roughly as I reached for my hat.

After all, mine was a common experience—too common, alas! I was not the first to discover that, though it is a very simple matter to lose one situation, it is by no means so easy to gain another.

When, five or six years before I succeeded in obtaining a post in the choir of one of the leading churches in the Metropolis, I thought it a very splendid thing. So did Nell, and when I arrived in London I had my bride with me. Not so our parents, and by way of emphasizing their displeasure at our marriage, they had carefully abstained from any further communication with us.

Nevertheless, we were happy. True, my salary was only a modest one, but augmented as it was by a few guineas from private engagements here and there it sufficed for our wants, and those of the girl baby who had come like a gleam of sunlight into our lives; and we asked nothing further.

Then, like a thunderbolt, came my dismissal. The whole details of the affair I never clearly understood. I was too indignant. I gathered that a certain influential member of the congregation had complained that I was inattentive during the service, or something equally trumpery and false; but the fact that I was being offered my next month's salary in lieu of notice was painfully distinct.

When I learnt, a week later, that a nephew of the same influential gentleman had been appointed to the vacant position, I realized more fully the precise nature of the transaction, and that even in matters pertaining to religion right does not always take precedence of might. It was an abrupt interruption to our blissful life. Since then it had been one long endeavor for fresh employment, to be always met by the same crushing, disheartening reply. It was the same in every grade; the market was overstocked with applicants.

Friends! I had few or none. With my connection with the choir ceased the other engagements—and so the weeks had gone on. I tried as a clerk, messenger, anything—I believe I would have accepted work as a dock-laborer had it been offered me. Now, our money was almost at the last shilling; we owed two weeks rent (which our landlady, good soul, said we were not to bother about), and, as if to crown all, the child fell ill. I could bear it no longer.

Nell's eyes filled with tears. "Harry, be careful——" she whispered, and then she stopped. What was it she feared? She knew—and I knew. I took her in my arms kissed her, and dashed hurriedly from the house. I could not trust myself to look at her any longer.

Revenge!—ah, that was it—revenge—! The very pavement seemed to echo the word. Why should he be rolling in wealth and luxury while we starved? I walked swiftly, looking neither to left nor right, till I came in front of a big house—his house. Its profile stood out clean and sharp against the background of sky.

I opened the gate and walked up the broad avenue. What was my purpose? I scarcely knew—I had not stayed to analyze it. I was only conscious of one great feeling that dominated all others—a dull, dogged thirst for vengeance—vengeance of some sort against the man who had ruined us.

And then my heart gave a wild jump: the gnawing pain gave way to a fierce sense of exultation, an overwhelming joy. By some unaccountable chance the front door was slightly ajar—the carelessness of a servant, perhaps. That decided me. It was midnight—there was nobody about—I gave it a slight touch, and—oh, joy!—it yielded. Stealthily as a cat I stepped inside, closed the door behind me, and listened. All was silent as the grave; surely a special Providence watched over me.

MISS BLANCH E. (HALL) MORRISON. (See page 11.)
Prize Photograph by Pike & Harter, Muncie.

Now my desire should be gratified. He had robbed me of everything—position, honor, happiness; I would rob him in turn. Nell's white cheeks and the baby's hacking cough should get better at his expense; it would be a fit retribution.

I kicked off my boots in silence, and began to ascend the wide stairs. Creak! In an agony of fear I stopped lest I had been heard. For the first time the terrible nature of my position if I were discovered flashed across me. But it was only momentary, and I went on again. Which room? However, what mattered it? I turned the handle of the nearest.

It was a bedroom, and a young child lay there, wrapped in that deep sleep which is only given to children. The golden curls were tossed into endless confusion, and one little arm lay bare on the coverlet, where it had been thrust out when she last turned over. A night-light shed a soft radiance throughout the room, which seemed to my fevered brain to be filled with a heavenly sense of calm and security.

I sat down in a chair at the side of the bed, and watched the sleeper. The light breathing was as regular as possible, and she never once stirred. And then I thought of my own little girl at home, and the terrible sorrow and humiliation it would be to her in after years to think that her father was a burglar—a criminal.

A criminal—I shuddered at the ugly word. Yet that was what I was in intention, if not in deed. Even now she might wake at any moment, and rouse the household with a frightened scream. I trembled all over as I thought of the consequences to myself, and the great drops of perspiration stood on my forehead. But I was saved. The innocence of a little child had conquered me; and I crept out of the room on tip-toe, fearful lest I should disturb anyone. All my recklessness had vanished: a nervous apprehension reigned in its stead.

On the landing, an odor of smoke assailed my nostrils. A vague presentiment crossed me. I halted—undecided. Again that odor; and this time an unmistakable puff of smoke came up through the banister from below. I ran down. To my horror, the back part of the house was in flames.

"Fire! fire!" I shouted, at the top of my lungs, and then fled down the avenue at full speed. Twenty or thirty yards round the corner I met a man in evening dress. I hurriedly gasped my tidings to him.

"Where?" he asked.

"There, there; that big house there," and I pointed with my finger.

"Good heavens, it's mine!" I heard him say; and then I flew on for the engines.

When I got back all was confusion. The flames had by this time got such a hold that it was clear nothing could save the house. The firemen were directing their operations to prevent the conflagration spreading, and bringing out such articles of furniture and valuables as they could.

A group of figures stood huddled and shivering together in one corner; they had been rudely awakened from their slumbers, and were but thinly clad. Each was asking the other who had given the alarm, but none knew. I did not enlighten them—then. Suddenly a frightened whisper went round: "Where's Addie?" Then a woman set up a hysterical weeping, and wrung her hands violently. "My child! my child!" she wailed.

The child—they had forgotten the child. I rushed frantically to the door, and strove to force my way in. Impossible: dense volumes of smoke were pouring out, and where the banisters had been was now a sheet of flame. No man living could penetrate that wall of fire.

"A ladder, quick!" I shouted, hoarsely. One was brought in a trice, and reared against the side of the house. I went up first, a fireman following.

I had tied my handkerchief across my mouth, but it was but a poor protection. The smoke was choking. I staggered back, and should have fallen but for a timely grasp from behind. A second attempt was more successful, and a faint cheer reached me from below as I managed to crawl in through the bath room window.

Luckily the fire had not caught this part yet. Crawling on hands and knees, through the dense atmosphere I went, my eyes smarting, and the tight sensation at my chest growing tighter every second. Many times I thought I should have to give up, but I fought stubbornly inch by inch, and at last reached the room where she slept.

I caught up the precious burden in my arms, wrapped it in a blanket, kissed it once tenderly, and prepared for the return journey. All this time the child slept serenely on. If it had been bad before, it was ten times worse now. I could feel that the hair had been singed off my eyebrows, and they smarted terribly. Still I persevered, groping my way blindly on. One last despairing effort—I dragged myself heavily across the bath room, and felt a pair of strong arms clutch me; I remembered no more.

When I came to, the man whom I had met in the street was standing over me. Then, and not till then, did it dawn on me that I had made a mistake. I had entered the wrong house; he was not my enemy.

"You saved my child; how can I thank you?" he said brokenly. "I can't say all I feel now; come and see me in the morning," and he slipped a card into my hand. I looked at the name a second time; it was that of the chief musical impresario in London.

That was the beginning of better days for us. I called on him the next morning (I was too poor to let any foolish pride stand in the way of such good fortune), and told him the whole wretched story, not sparing myself in one detail.

"You say you can sing," he said, when I had finished. "Try that," and sitting down at the piano, he played a few bars of symphony. It was the tenor air from "Faust."

It was my chance, and I took it. My voice was out of condition from lack of practice. I was weak with the excitement and strain of the night before, but I sang as I had never sung before.

"I'll see what I can do for you," was his comment at the conclusion. And he did. He procured me as many engagements as I could take. Since then my career has been one of entire prosperity, and I have ascended the ladder rung by rung, until now I look down from a height which I never dared dream of in the old days.

Every year, on her birthday, I send a present to a friend of mine, now rapidly growing into a tall, graceful young lady. On it is inscribed: "From Addie's burglar." But I shall always think of her as a little child, with fair clustering curls, when she saved me from temptation.

Schoolmaster: "What is the best time to pick apples?"

Scholar: "When the farmer is looking the other way and the dog isn't around."

POINTS BY PYKE.

GEORGE C. HOLLOWAY,
Terre Haute, President I. A. of P.

Attica has a Library Association. This organization was effected by the Ladies' Historical Association of Attica, a branch of the Boston Home Culture Society, and by their energy and perseverance, they have already collected a library of 1000 volumes, consisting of books of history, biography, essays and fiction.

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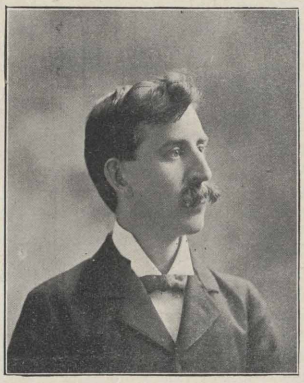
The officers of the association are Mrs. R. Levor, President; Mrs. Will Ziegler,



C. W. LONGDON,
Huntington, Vice-President I. A. of P.

Secretary; Mrs. A. M. Rupert, Treasurer, and Mrs. Brown, Librarian. The membership fee is only one dollar, and those not members, may rent a book for ten cents a week. Altogether this library association is something of which Attica should be proud.

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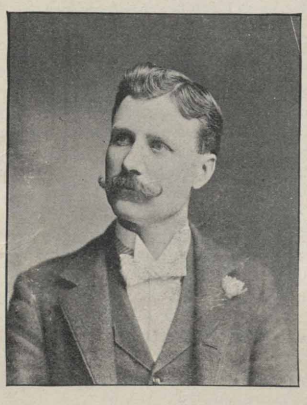
At one of the colleges of this state a ladies' fraternity recently gave a "smoker." The girls were aroused to envy by the fun the boys have had at their



J. H. CLARK,
Indianapolis, Second Vice-President I. A. of P.

smokers, and determined to go and do likewise. This sounds alarming, but the cigars smoked are said to have been made of chocolate candy and so the little lark did no harm.

—

It is now fashionable to have one's photograph made on one's dinner plates, and all the four hundred have hastened to have their likenesses painted on delicate china. One plate shows milady in evening dress, another in skating costume, and another in her reception gown and so on.

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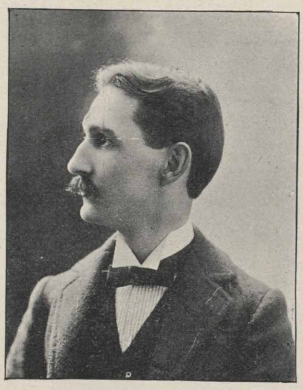
As soon as too many other women followed her example milady hastened to dosomething which the poorer ones could not do. Two or three New York society women have had themselves pictured in stained glass windows which then were placed in their beautiful homes.



W. O. NICELY,
Bloomington, Secretary I. A. of P.

The program for the May meeting of the Indiana Union of Clubs will soon be out. The program for the Western Association of Writers is now being prepared for the June meeting at Warsaw.

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There is lots of fun poked at the Western Association of Writers by those who are not in it, but it doesn't seem to have much effect on its members. They continue to go to Warsaw each year, and seem to enjoy themselves as much as though no one were making sport of them.

—

On the nineteenth of May the 110th general assembly of the Presbyterian church will celebrate the 250th anniversary of the adoption of the Westminster standards at Winona. Rev. R. V. Hunter is the chairman of the committee. The most interesting feature of the convention will be the exhibit of articles of historic value possessed by the various churches, and the assembly is already considering the making of a permanent home for these relics at Winona.

—

At Bloomington, Indiana the friends and husbands of the ladies of the missionary society of the College Ave., M. E. church entertain the ladies each year at a "Gentlemen's Coffee." Every detail of decorations, of supper, and the serving which is done by the gentlemen, is as carefully carried out as though the ladies themselves were in charge. Needless to say, this novel entertainment is thoroughly enjoyed, both by the entertainers and those entertained.

—

It is interesting to note that the modeling of hands, which has become a society fad, originated with an Indiana girl, Miss Meb Culbertson of Richmond, whose picture adorned these pages last summer.

—

A Welshman who, it has been predicted, will be eventually one of the world's greatest singers, was a very short time ago, working in a tin plate mill at Anderson, Indiana. It was discovered not long ago that he had a wonderful voice, and his friends at last induced him to go to Chicago and have his voice tested by experts. He is now in New York being trained by noted teachers.

—

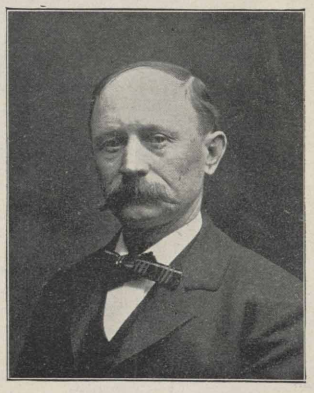
If too much money thou hast got,
And how to spend it knowest not,
Three courses I
Would bid thee try—
To run a play, a paper, or a yacht.

—

Miss Harriet Noble's Hand-book of Literary Art, mentioned before in these columns, should be in the hands of every club woman. There is an infinite amount of club labor wasted because of the difficulty found in studying literature without a guide. Miss Noble's book furnishes this guide. It is not conjecture on her part, either; it is the outcome of years of English teaching. Indiana should be proud that she has a woman who could write so useful a book. And she should be proud enough to buy the book.

—

What ideas men have of the management of women's clubs! One Indianapolis man laughs as though it is a rare joke, whenever he thinks of his wife's club having a platform upon which the President and speakers sit. And the other day when she happened to mention that the leader of conversation went forward and took her place upon the platform, he laughed the louder. If she was going to talk, he said, she might just as well stay in her seat and talk. Why should she go forward and sit upon a platform? And he can not be convinced that women must be elevated to be impressive.



FRANK LACEY,
Indianapolis, Treesurer I. A. of P.

STRAY TALES.

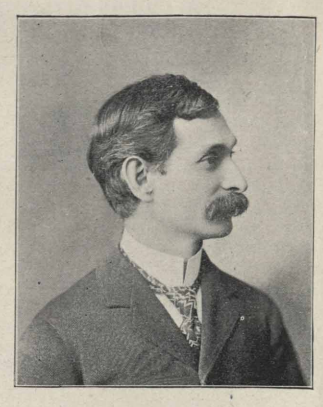
Just how the following tale got out is a mystery. It is positive that she didn't tell it. Whether he did or not, I leave to the reader to guess.

They had gone together for a long time and he had lavished lots of his hard earned salary on her in the way of long stemmed roses, and candy, and carriages and seats at the opera. At last they became engaged.

About ten days after the engagement, came the May Festival, of which they had talked long and enthusiastically. He was to take her the opening night.

She wore a beautiful white evening gown, white gloves and shoes, and was as pretty as a picture. It was rather cool, but she threw only a little boa around her neck, thinking that the carriage would be sufficient protection.

He arrived, in business suit and car-



FRANK R. BARROWS,
Ft. Wayne, Trustee I. A. of P.

riage–less. They went down in an open street car, and sat in miserable seats far back in the balcony. It rained as they went home and her clothes were spoiled and she took cold. He said nothing about a season ticket.

She didn't sleep a wink all night and at daybreak she wrote him a note. She had been accustomed to having things done in style, she said, and if he couldn't treat her so, they would better declare the engagement off.

That night as she sat sullenly in the parlor, she heard a cab drive up. She rushed to the door and saw that it was one of the most elegant carriages in the city. Down stepped a man in livery, bearing in his hand a silver tray which he presented her. On it, lay all the notes she had written her lover and all her gifts tied up with wide American Beauty ribbon, through whose loops was thrust a heavy long stemmed, perfect rose!

He had broken the engagement in proper style.

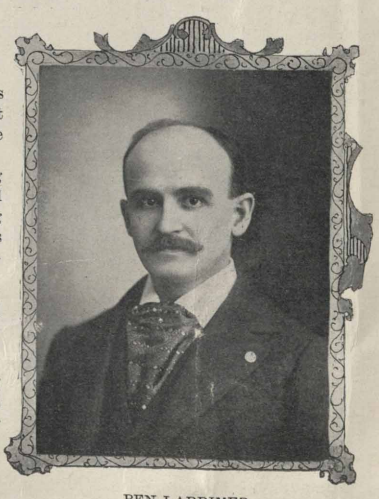
Now, who told the story?

—

This story comes from Hartford City: An old lady who attended one of the religious meetings at the U. B. church yesterday settled a question which has worried scientists for the past decade. The old lady was giving in her experience. She said: "Brethren and sisters, I have made a great discovery; I can tell you, brethren and sisters, where natural gas comes from."

Having a great desire to know the origin of the great phenomenon known as natural gas, one of the members asked the good old lady to explain herself.

"It comes direct from hell," replied the old lady. "I know it does, because it's too hot to come from any other place."



BEN LARRIMER,
Marion, Trustee, I. A. of P.

MISS HOUSE. (See page 11.)
Prize Photograph by Pike & Harter, Muncie.

THE STAGE.

NEXT WEEK AT THE THEATERS.

AT ENGLISH'S OPERA HOUSE.

At English's next week appears a variety of interesting entertainment. On Wednesday night March 16, Stuart Robson will appear in "The Henrietta," on Thursday night, March 17, Madame Scalchi, and her splendid company, and on Friday night Donnelly and Girard, in "The Geezer."

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There will be nothing at the Grand Opera House next week.

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AT THE PARK THEATER.

"Blue Jeans" will be given at the Park Theater next week, on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, by a fine company. A Thursday matinee will be given at the Park by Fulgora's Star Specialty Company.

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STUART ROBSON IN "THE HENRIETTA."

There have been few better plays written than Bronson Howard's "The Henrietta," which made the fortune of Stuart Robson, and which is to this day the best drawing card he ever had. It is, therefore, with a redoubled interest that the appearance of this comedian in the famous play at English's, Tuesday night is greeted In these days of short-lived productions, when the best plays outlive their usefulness in two or three seasons, the inexhaustible drawing power of "The Henrietta" is the best test of its merit. One of the lessons it teaches is that a clean comedy of merit, founded upon an American theme, by an American author, is among the compassable things in the field of dramatic authorship. It is not necessary to resort to the French garbage-box for amusing material; there is plenty of indigenous material for the dramatists if they will only find its resting-place and unearth it. Mr. Robson's wife known in the past as May Waldron, has resumed her characterization of the Widow Opdyke. In addition to Mrs. Robson will be seen Thomas S. Wise, Edwin Holt, Ernest Lamson, John Webster, John Wooderson, Lida McMillan, Edna Brothers, Gertrude Perry and others.

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Madame Scalchi, one of the greatest contraltos of the age, will sing an aria from the "Huguenots," and among other things, the famous song "The Lost Chord." Mme. Bernice Pasquali, the soprano, Mlle. Du Bedat, Sig. Pasquali, the great tenor, and Sig. Alberti.

"The Dead Heart" which will be given at English's tonight, by James O'Neill has been a marvellous success this year. Five years ago, Irving presented it most successfully in London. Soon after, James O'Neill produced it in Chicago. The action is laid during the storms period known as the French Revolution, which lends itself better to presentation on the stage than any other epoch in history. During the progress of "The Dead Heart" will be seen the noted cafe Jocrisse, one of the most famous of restaurants in Paris one hundred years ago. An exact reproduction is given of the Conciergerie prison in which so many unfortunates languished in deep despair. The most notable stage view will be that of the Bastile, which with the Tower of London has gone down into history as one of the two most famous prisons in the world. Correct and beautiful scenic paintings of the three places have been made for Mr. O'Neill by Mr. John A. Thompson of Boston, while all the costumes in the production were made by Maurice Hermann of New York, whom the Herald of that city calls the Worth of America. Everything employed on the stage is carried by the organization, and in the scene illustrating the storming of the Bastile, 50 people will be employed. The supernumeraries will be drilled in true soldier style in order to avoid the usual confusion attendant upon the use of this gentry on the stage.

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"The Geezer," Joseph Herbert's laughable extravaganza, is announced for the last two days of next week at English's by Donnelly and Girard, the popular team of comedians. For ten years this pair of fun-makers have been making honest laughter. In the "City Directory" they amused us for a time, then came "Natural Gas," and "The Rainmakers," in which they were quite as grotesque and quite as laughable. Now they bring "The Geezer," which is claimed to be by far the funnies, of any of their production. The play is full of comedy, funny situations, witty sayings, new songs and catchy music. with Donnelly and Girard in the roles of Li Hung Chang and Two Hi, respectively

The play pictures Nellie Fly an American newspaper correspondent on a trip around the world. When she visits Pekin she seeks an interview with the Emperor of China, and finds Li Hung Chang, making preparations for a trip to America, where he goes to secure an American heiress to wed the Emperor, hoping to use her millions to replenish the depleted coffers of the Empire.

His arrival in New York where he is handsomely entertained by his countrymen of Chinatown, his success in securing by public advertisement the sought-for heiress, and his speedy departure for home are the principal scenes.

They bring a company comprising forty people, a car-load of scenery and beautiful electric effects, and handsome costumes. Donnelly and Girard have not visited this city in years, their time being taken up with long engagements in the larger cities. "The Geezer" burlesque was first produced at Weber & Field's New York music hall as a travesty on "The Geisha," and seems to have been a very pronounced success.

Notes on the Revolutionary Societies

Some time was devoted at the D. A. R. convention, recently held in Washington, to the discussion of the Continental Hall, which will be erected in Washington to be used for the display of the large number of revolutionary relics that will come into the possession of the society, and for the annual gathering of the Congress. The congressional aid is to be sought in providing a site for the building. It was determined to give $5,000 out of the general fund of the society to that already on hand for the project and individual contributions were promised sufficient to make the grand total to date of the Continental Hall fund about $12,000.

Among the many things accomplished by the society since its organization was mentioned the reclaiming from neglect the forgotten graves of hundreds of revolutionary soldiers. These have been marked, and on Memorial day they honor them with appropriate ceremonies. Historical days are celebrated in such way as to make them memorable to the rising generations. Many chapters have offered prizes to the students of universities, colleges and schools for historical essays. The chapters are doing good work, it is said, in this direction. The New York chapter, one of the largest in the national organization, has endowed a chair of American history in Barnard college, and a competitive scholarship open to the members of the New York city chapter. The successful competitor is entitled to pursue for two years the highest course in American history, and to receive from the chapter $250 each year.

The daughters of Pennsylvania have had placed in their keeping by the proper authorities the banqueting room in old Independence hall, which they have restored, and which stands today as it did when old liberty bell rang out the good tidings of independence. They have also preserved the old block house in Pittsburg, the site of old Fort Duquesne, which they now own

We are frequently asked concerning dates of founding of the patriotic societies. The Daughters of the American Revolution was organized in the city of Washington D. C., October 11, 1890; the Daughters of the Revolution was founded in New York city on August 20, 1891; Dames of the Revolution, organized in 1896; Mount Vernon Ladies' association, having the care and direction of the Washington estate at Mount Vernon, founded in 1854 and the Daughters of the Holland Dames, organized to promote and cherish the memories and virtues of the early Dutch colonies.

The Colonial Dames of America, founded in New York city, May 23, 1890, was the first of the patriotic societies organized by women.

A notable meeting of the organizations of the Sons of the Revolution and the Sons of the American Revolution was that held in St. Louis, in celebration of Washington's birthday.

The reunion was held in Christ church cathedral (Episcopal), 1,200 members of the societies being present.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Tuttle presided as president general of the Sons of the Revolution for Missouri and the address was made by Dr. Nichols of the Second Presbyterian church. Handsome programs in book form with lettering in blue and red and outlined in the same colors contained the service for the occasion, which was a grand ceremonial worthy of the father of his country, and the honored society which is perpetuating the patriotism of which he is so distinguished a figure.

Crawfordsville has a new chapter of the D. A. R. which celebrated its organization and Washington's birthday on Feb. 22, at the home of Mrs. E. B. Thompson on College Hill. The decorations were entirely in the national colors and many handsome flags and banners festooned the walls. The rooms were lighted by red, white, and blue candles and a very pretty effect was produced. Quite a number of relics of colonial days were displayed among others an autograph letter of Gen. Washington, this being the property of Mrs. Thomson's father, Dr. J. F. Tuttle. A musical program was rendered, all the songs being of a patriotic character and Mrs. H. H. Ristine read the poem "Dorothy." In the dining room, which was handsomely decorated, refreshments were served, the favors being small silk flags. The entertainment was not only unique but was one of a most pleasant and enjoyable character.

MRS. CHARLES BUSCHMANN. (See page 11.)
Prize Photograph by J. H. Clark, Indianapolis.

LIFE IN NIGHT PHOTOGRAPHY.

NIGHT photography, so termed because pictures are taken out of-doors at night by either gas or electric light, has been the novelty of the year. This method of photography is not really new, several attempts at such work having been exhibited at various times at the larger exhibitions in England during the past few years.

The writer exhibited a picture entitled "A Wet Night," at the London Salon last year. It was an attempt at reproducing the impression of a rain storm in an asphalted street, illuminated by electric lights. Every one, no doubt, has been struck with the picturesqueness of the wet streets on such a night. The picture has been actually taken during a downpour of rain near midnight. The exposure lasted over half an hour.

It is due to the splendid efforts of Paul Martin, of London, which he exhibited in the shape of twelve lantern slides at the 1898 Royal Photographic Society Exhibition, and for which he was awarded the much coveted medal, and for his unselfishness in publishing his mode of procedure in several very interesting articles in Amatrue Photographer (London) that the branch of photography has become more popular, and has found many new adherents.

Mr. Fraser, of the Camera Club of New York, was the first American to take up the work on similar lines to those laid down by Paul Martin, with the difference that while the latter exposed most of his plates a short time during the departing daylight and finished up at night, Mr. Fraser exposed most of his work actually at night. A full account of his working methods can be found in The Photographic Times, April 1897.

The writer having begun his experiments last year, as before mentioned, continued them during the winter of this year, and has but little to add to the working instructions already given by these gentlemen.

Nevertheless, there are certain matters to which attention might be called.

Most of the night scenes thus far exhibited are more or less topographical, with but little attempt at real picture making. The novelty of these effects is oftentimes mistaken for true artistic merit, and although not denying the merits and many interesting qualities of such photographs, one can not but realize, after having seen several of them together, that the impression conveyed is one of the sameness, although the subjects presented may vary considerably. This is but natural, considering the conditions under which most of the photographs have been taken.

We question whether, after the novelty of such photographs has worn off, their merits as to pictorial value will stand the test of time. There may be certain exceptions.

Nevertheless, we believe that this branch of photography opens up certain possibilities which have not as yet been attempted. We refer to the introduction of life into these scenes. The illustrations mentioned in this article are the first experiments made by the author in this line, and he is fully convinced that they are but the first steps to a most interesting field of work.

The exposure of these negatives, which were made on double-coated non-halation plates, with no extra backing as Mr. Fraser is wont to use, was but 58 seconds.

The negatives are fully exposed, notwithstanding the exceedingly short exposure which was made entirely at night at about 9 p. m. This shortening of the exposure makes it possible to include life in night photographs of this character, thus increasing the possibilities of picture-making.

Paul Martin's work shows an entire lack of halation around his lights, which, although speaking well for his technical skill in mastering the photographic bugbear halation, is a decided shortcoming from a pictorial point of view. We do not wish to say that halation galore improves night work in which the illuminating source is included, but a certain amount of it certainly gives a more sincere and picturesque rendering of the object itself. Especially on rainy nights, and these are certainly the most thankful for the night photographer, all those who have studied the subject carefully will see a bright glow around the lights themselves. Why eliminate them in the pictures?

Those interested in this branch of photography will find that subjects like these are best reproduced by means of lantern slides, for by this method only, it is possible to preserve the luminosity of the original scene.

Prints are always more or less disappointing, and process reproductions still more so.—Alfred Stieglitz, in the American Annual of Photographs and Photographic Times Almanac.

What Should The Photographer Study?

All of us who study photography with a view to artistic expression in whatever direction, feel the necessity for continuous study. Primarily there is the study of the science. This is never learned. But what are we to study in the interest of the artistic developement of photography?

I take it that here, as in all other arts, there are three main elements of study in the service of expression which we distinguish from the mechanical or scientific agency of expression. One of these, we may say here, is represented by the work of other photographers. Many artists whose expression is narrow are insufficiently acquainted with what is going on in other fields. They fall behind the "procession," and few, even among geniuses, can afford to swing clear of the procession. We all need its momentum. Every photographer should know what other photographers have done and are doing. Photography is a new art, in which the possibilities of expression expand daily. No one who practices it can, like a student of literature, for example, shut himself up and live on the classics.

Another element of study is other arts. It is not enough that we study the best photographs. We must study the best pictures—the best pictorial expressions of life, however they may be made. The wise painter studies photographs. The wise photographer will study paintings—not that the artist in one field may steal the effects of the other, but that he may enlarge his faculty for expressing ideas, which are the essence of art. A photograph that "looks like a painting," is as intolerable as a painting that looks like a photograph; yet one art may catch hints from the other.

But chiefly in this art as in all others, we must study Life. The proportion of art in any picture, painted, etched or lens-drawn, is represented by its element of Meaning. If the critics are right in finding increasing facility in expression throughout all the arts to-day, with too little meaning, an increased knowledge of life becomes imperative with every conscientious artist—life in its minutiae as well as in its philosophy. Painting or photographing pictures without meaning is like talking without saying anything, a useless noise. A photograph of a landscape should say some thing about the landscape, and a photograph of a figure should be a comment on the figure. Otherwise neither is art, but only a mechanically fixed reflection.

ALEXANDER BLACK.

NOTES.

To produce effect of a snow storm, make a thin solution of India ink and water; dip a small stiff brush in this solution and spatter it on the negative, taking care that the spray strikes the negative at the proper angle to give the effect of snow falling; do not hold the brush too close to the negative, as the spray is finer and is distributed more evenly if held at a distance.

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When not in use the lens should always be kept covered with its cap. If dusty, clean the glass with some old soft linen or chamois leather, but never with cotton or silk. Ignorance of this fact has ruined many fine lens. The flange or collar of the lens tube is fastened to the front part, or the front board of the camera, and the tube containing the lens either screws or slides in this collar. It is generally removed when the camera is packed up, rolled in tissue paper, and if small, placed inside the body of the camera for safe keeping and carriage. Some cameras are made with a front board reversible, which places the lens inside the camera when packed, and will not jar or rattle; this is a convenience.

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Care should be taken that the light is placed as not to shine in the lens; it is well usually to place the light a little to one side and above the camera.

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To make a paste for mounting take one ounce of starch, eight ounces of water. Mix and heat over boiling water until turned, then add one-half ounce of glycerine. The paste so prepared keeps well in the warmest weather for about ten days, and in winter, an indefinite time.

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In combining figures with a landscape view, appropriateness must be observed, and this is a fine test of one's artistic powers, and is an excellent school in art composition. Figures which are not appropriately dressed, appropriately occupied, appropriately placed, might with much better taste, be left out of the scene entirely.

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When an amateur is on an extended trip and wishes to reserve the development of his plates until his return, one of the best receptacles for the exposed plates is their original box; the transfer from the holder to the box and vice vers, may be effected in an ordinary room at night, by drawing the curtains and making the room as dark as possible. In placing them in the box, take the two plates from the first holder and place them face to face with a piece of white tissue paper between the films, around these wrap a piece of paper (orange colored paper is the best, as it is to quite an extent non-actinic,) and write on each side the nature of the view, length of exposure, etc. of the plate; place them in the box and treat those in the second holder in a similar manner. When the box is filled, cover and wrap in paper, and write on it the word "exposed."

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Moving objects, such as animals in motion, yachts on the river, or railroad trains, may be taken with the "drop shutter" and the results will appear as if they were standing still.

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Instantaneous photography possesses a fascination peculiar to itself; the amateur feels a peculiar desire to take "something" and if that "something" be an animate object, unconscious of his presence, so much the better, and with what a thrill does he see his first "snap shot" develop up, whether a railroad train, trotting horse, or a man hurrying along the street, whom he has transfixed with one foot on the ground, the other in the air, and his whole figure in an attitude that the original would repudiate and declare that he never assumed such a position, were the proof not against him.

IN ERROR.

She sat alone, her fingers twitching nervously.

Shifting shadows flitted about the room; shadows of the woman caused by the flickering of the fire. Sometimes they raced along the white ceiling; sometimes they dodged about the pictures on the walls, or hid themselves under the great mahogany table. Though she had sat here for nearly an hour she had not rung for a light. Comfort sometimes lurks in shadows.

Besides, Death was in the house. Even now she could hear the muffled tread of the doctor's feet as he paced the room above.

Suddenly these footsteps ceased, and she wondered if the man—this man who had loved her so madly, so vainly—was dead. She fancied she saw the doctor closing the wild, staring eyes of the dead man. The thought made her shiver.

Suddenly the door opened and the doctor entered.

"Well," she gasped.

"There is no hope," he said. "Half an hour is all I can promise. Won't you go up at once? He is constantly calling for you. Soon he will be unconscious—and then——"

"Does he know?"

"No; it is better not."

The woman pulled herself together. She had never loved this man; but who would refuse a favor to one who is dying?

With weary steps she walked upstairs. She entered the sick chamber. A night-light burnt in an incessant tremble by the bed-side. At the far end of the room the man's sister wept.

The woman knelt down by the side of the bed. She placed her cool hands on his hot brow. His hungry eyes opened.

"Ah! you have come," he said feverishly.

"Hush, dear," she said. "You must be quiet; the doctor says so."

The word "dear" burnt her tongue. But he was dying; she could afford to be generous.

"Am I to—die?" he gasped, presently.

"No, no!" she said hurriedly; "you will not die. You will live—live for my sake."

"That's it!" he exclaimed excitedly. "I am going to live! None but the dying knows what life is. Green fields and sweet air and——"

She silenced him.

Presently he opened his eyes again. "Ah! how I love you," he choked passionately.

She bent her head and kissed his burning cheek.

"Ah!" he sighed; "you love me at last, sweetheart?"

"Yes, yes!" she said. "Try to sleep."

"You will—marry me—when—I get better?"

"Yes, dear," she said. When you get better."

He sighed and dropped into sleep.

She felt relieved. The intensity of the situation had almost overwhelmed her. As for the promise, God would not count it. The doctor had said this man was to die.

Doctors sometimes make mistakes.

This one did.

LITTLE MARY.
By Miss Ada Newby. Entered for contest.

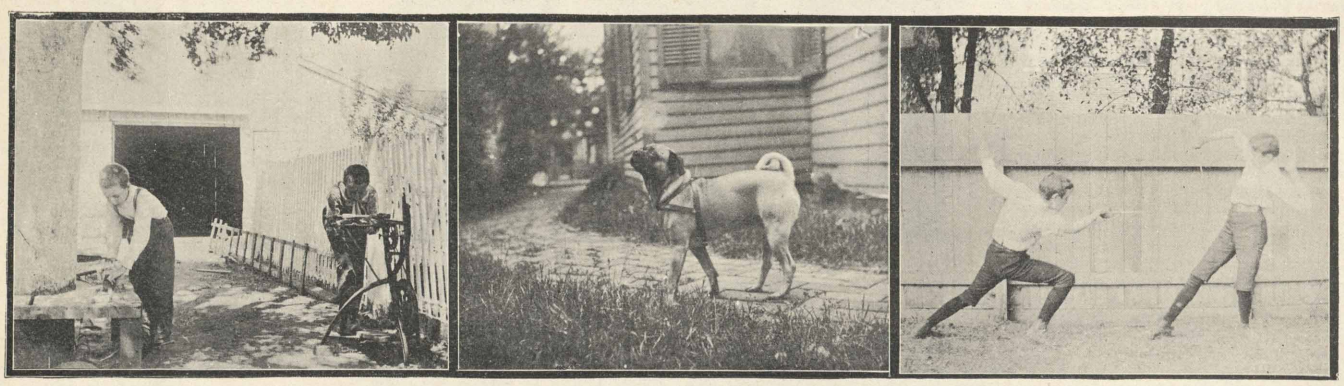
A JOLLY PAIR.
Flashlight by Mayburn Simmons. For contest

LITTLE GRANDMOTHER.
By Gussie F. Brown. Not for contest.

TAKING A REST.
By H. L. Fleming. Entered for contest

"AIN'T HE PURTY?"
By Scott Voss Smith. Entered for contest.

JUST IN THE PLAY.
By H. L. Fleming. Entered for contest.



INDUSTRY.
By Lillian Morgan. Entered for contest.

"REY."
By Miss Ada Newby. Entered for contest.

SAVAGE THRUST.
By Roy McElwee. Entered for contest.

ABOVE THE ISLAND AT BROADRIPPLE.
By Robert L. Kaylor. Entered for contest.

HID AMONG THE LEAVES.
By Miss Nell Woodworth. Entered for contes

A YARD OF DUCKS.
By Miss Nell Woodworth. Entered for contest

Mrs. Sewall's and Mrs. Coffin's Violet Luncheon.

Mrs. Elmer C. Sewall and Mrs. A. W. Coffin gave a violet luncheon Thursday afternoon at the home of the latter, for Mrs. D. H. Niles, Mrs. A. C. Tousey, of Tacoma, Wasb., and Mrs. C. E. Coffin. There were three sets of name cards presented to the guests during the course of the luncheon. On the first were hand-painted violets; the second set bore quotations, while loops of violet ribbon held in place a bunch of natural violets on the third. The old-fashioned castor was revived by filling the receptacles for the various bottles with violets and entwining the whole with smilax. The ladies present besides the guests of honor, were: Mrs. D. W. Coffin, Mrs. L. W. Fletcher, Mrs. F. M. Herron, Mrs. E. H. Dean, Mrs. George Catterson, Miss Sallie and Lillie Reeves, Miss Florence Coffin, Mrs. Ed. Seguin, Mrs. Ferd Mayer, Mrs. Will Scott, Mrs. Fred Gregory, Mrs. J. J. Appel, Mrs. S. D. Pray, Mrs. Harry Gates.

—

Miss Mamie Jenkins's Recital.

Miss Mamie Jenkins whose picture appeared in THE INDIANA WOMAN last week, gave a piano recital Wednesday afternoon before a large audience at the Propylaeum, assisted by Miss Josephine Robinson. Miss Jenkins is a brilliant young pianist and played a difficult program with the certainty of touch and correct reading. The pianist took every number in rapid tempo, but sustained each perfectly to the end, showing her skill and finished technique. Miss Jenkins sits well at the piano and plays without apparent effort, both commendable in a player. Power in the left hand was shown in the Chopin "Polonaise, Op. 53," and delicacy in the "Spinning Song," by Mendelssohn, and the "If I Were a Bird," by Henselt. The "Berceuse," by Chopin, was tender and full of sentiment, and the "Gavotte," by Sgambati was forceful. Her last selection was the Greig "Concerto in A Minor, Op. 16." Miss Jenkins brought her program to a climax with the difficult composition, which was admirably supported by Mrs. S. L. Kiser playing the orchestral parts on the second piano. The entire program was committed to memory by Miss Jenkins. The audience was appreciative, showering her with applause and presenting her with flowers. Miss Robinson made her first apperance in public since her return from New York, where she has been studying. She was warmly greeted and sang "O Don Fatale," from "Don Carlos," by Verdi. Miss Robinson's voice, a deep contralto, has evenness of quality throughout its entire register, and all the variety of tones in the famous composition were not too many for the singer in sustaining this evenness. In response to a hearty recall she sang a serenade.

—

Mr. John Fox Jr.'s Reading at English's Opera House.

An event of unusual interest especially to literary and club people will be the visit of Mr. John Fox Jr., of Kentucky next week. Mr. Fox who will be the guest of James Whitcomb Riley, while in the city, will be given a reception by the Century Club at their rooms in the Denison House on Wednesday afternoon from 4 to 5 o'clock and will be entertained by friends on Thursday. On Wednesday evening Mr. Fox will give readings from his own works at English's Opera House. The program will include a talk about the mountaineers of Kentucky, whose literary interpreter Mr. Fox has become through his splendid work in the magazines, also selections from his novel the "Kentuckians" and readings from his book of short stories "Hell fer Sartain," which attracted the attention of critics and literary people and in a measure prepared them for "The Kentuckians," which has been discussed more than any other American novel that has appeared for a long time.

—

Indianapolis Kappa Club.

A "Kappa Club" consisting of all the Alumnae and Associate members of the Kappa Kappa Gamma fraternity in Indianapolis has been organized. At a former business meeting, by-laws were adopted, and officers elected. Six different chapters of the fraternity were represented. There are seventy-five Kappas in the city. The first social meeting of the club will occur Saturday, March 19, with Mrs. Thomas M. Basson, 2221 College Avenue. All Kappas in the city are earnestly requested to be present.

—

Mrs Theodore Stein's Card Party.

Mrs. Theodore Stein entertained eighty ladies at progressive euchre last Thursday afternoon in a very delightful manner. Mrs. Stein introduced a new game of euchre which has been played with great success in all the large cities of the East.

The rules of the new game are:

No lone hands.

No head table.

Five points only are played at each table and no one moves until all are finished.

Winners progress and change partners, moving by contrary progressions. Remaining players cut for deal.

Mrs. Stein's parlors were decorated with spring flowers, the mantel in the second parlor being banked with ferns and hyacinths. Assisting Mrs. Stein were Mrs. Mummenhoff, Mrs. Oscar D. Bohlen, Miss Marie Mummenhoff, and Miss Fanny Marten.

The Riley Symposium.

James Whitcomb Riley went all the way from Indiana to Kansas City, to attend the first annual banquet or Riley Symposium, of the Hoosier Club, at the Coates House He was met at the station by a large number of former inhabitants of the malarial marshes of the Wabash. Three tables extending the entire length of the dining-room were occupied by members of the club. At the head table sat Mr. Riley at the right Judge L. C. Slavens, president of the club and toastmaster of the occasion. When the excellent menu was disposed of, Riley told in his inimitable way of "Armazindy" and "That Old Sweetheart of Mine" and "How He Got To Thinkin' o'Her" and "What the Wet Water's a-Sayin' of" and other things out of the depth of his sweet and tender soul. Every Hoosier was doubly proud that he or she had the good fortune to be born in the State that produced the harper of a thousand heart strings. And when it was all over every Hoosier gave this farewell in his own tender words: "Good-bye, Jim, take keer o' yourself."

—

Miss Alta Young of Logansport, who has been visiting in this city, has returned home.

MISS ETTA WEED. (See page 11)
Prize Photograph by J. H. Clark, Indianapolis.

People and Events.

The Irvington Tuesday Club observed Guests' Day on Tuesday at the home of Mrs. C. W. Harvey in Hunter avenue. Mrs. Harvey was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Anna Harvey and Mrs. James Banning. The house was decorated with palms. Miss Harvey presided at the table in the dining room where pink ices, cake and candy were served. Assisting in the dining room were Mrs. Joseph Hunter, Mrs. Charles Cross and Miss Elizabeth Powell. Mrs. J. E. Pounds read an interesting paper on "The Heroines of George Eliot."

At 8 o'clock on the the 28th of this month will occur the marriage of Miss Florence Bayle of Lafayette, and Mr. Charles Gray, of this city. The ceremony will take place at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Anna M. Bayle, 120 North Seventh street, Rev. James H. W. Blake, rector of St. John's church officiating. Miss Bayle has a large circle of friends in this city, and is a most charming young lady. Mr. Gray is connected with one of the railroads entering Indianapolis.

Mrs. W. A. Sullivan, 716 Fletcher ave. gave a masquerade party for her little daughter Mabel, Thursday eve. The parlors were decorated with cut roses in vases. Carnations and ferns were used in the dining room. About fifty children were entertained. All unmasked at nine o'clock when an elaborate lunch was served. Several prizes were awarded in the different games.

Little Margaret Estelle Recker, whose picture adorns our cover this week is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gustav A. Recker. In the picture she wears the costume of a German peasant girl, which part she took in a Tableau of All Nations for the benefit of the Children's Mission some months ago.

Song service at the First Baptist Church next Sunday evening. Arthur Preston, organist and musical director. The quartette and soloists are: Mrs. A. W. Posey, Soprano; Miss Genevieve Shaffer, Contralto; Chas. W. Parker, Tenor; Arthur D. Gates, Basso and a chorus of fifty voices.

Mr. and Mrs. Shane entertained a few of their friends Friday evening. Mr. Beejamin J. Scoville, the elocutionist, was present and gave some very interesting recitations. Mr. Scoville has left for Cleveland, Ohio, where he will visit a short time and then go to Buffalo, N. Y.

Society will be interested in the appearance of Richard Mansfield at English's next week. He will appear as Dick Dudgeon in his wonderful new play, "The Devil's Disciple."

Misses Jennie Rodenmiller, Minnie Spring, Amelia Grassow, Laura Dewald, and the Messrs. W. R. Watson, Charles Holtman, J Lavary and Harry Ruckelhaus, have formed a Cleveland Cinch Club.

Mr. Arthur P. Preston will go to Delphi next Tuesday to give an organ and vocal recital at the Delphi Baptist Church. He will be assisted by Miss Amy L. Jacobs, pianist.

The engagement is announced of Mr. J. C. Sipe and Miss Mabel C. Brown, daughter of Mrs. Helen Brown, 2508 N. Capitol avenue. The wedding will take place in June.

Mr. and Mrs. Foutz have removed from this city to Denver, Colo. Miss Grace Foutz is now visiting in Newcastle. She will shortly join her parents in Denver.

Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Ireland, now of Attica, but formerly of Indianapolis, have come to Indianapolis for permanent residence.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Breckinridge formerly of Knightstown have come to this city for permanent residence.

Mr. W. E. Jeffrey and daughter of Newcastle, who have been visiting in the city, have returned home.

Rev. J. Cumming Smith conducted chapel services at the State University on Tuesday of this week.

Miss Ethel Anderson, of Logansport, who has been visiting relatives in the city, has returned home.

Mr. John E. Martin, Jr. the brick contractor, and Mrs. Martin are riding '98 Cleveland wheels.

Miss Anna Nicholas of the Journal, read a paper before the Tuesday Club of Richmond this week.

Judge and Mrs G. L. Reinhard are in the city, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Virgil A. Lockwood.

Miss Maude Carmichael of Bloomington is visiting her sister, Mrs. L. K. Willis of this city.

Miss Menzies and Miss Juliette Menzies of Evansville, are visiting friends in this city.

The brothers Eugene and Adolph Pfafflin have both purchased Cleveland Racers.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry B. Smith gave a box party at English's Opera House, Monday night.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Stafford have taken possession of their new home in N. Illinois street.

Mr. Lennard Mitchell of Newcastle has come to this city for permanent residence.

Mr. William A. Jaeger, of the "When" has ordered a Cleveland Road Racer.

OUR PICTURES.

Mrs. Charles Buschmann whose portrait by J. H. Clark appears herein, is a clever and accomplished woman. She is a musician of some ability, has made some study of language, and excels in art, especially in china painting. She has done exquisite work in this line, having decorated many pieces of china, both for use and ornament. The picture which is in costume represents Mrs. Buschmann as Martha Washington, a part she took in an entertainment given on Washington's Birthday. Next week we will publish two more pictures of Mrs. Buschmann which were prize photographs by Clark at the Photographers' Convention.

Miss House whose picture in costume appears in this issue is a talented young woman of Muncie, a member of the Catholic church choir. She was born in Belgium, and came to this country when quite young. She recently took the part of Messenger in "Egyptia" which was given at the Grand Opera House at Muncie.

Miss Emma Virginia Pearson, whose picture appears on page 3, is a charming and talented young woman of this city, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George C. Pearson. Miss Pearson is a graduate of the State University, and a member of the Kappa Alpha Theta Fraternity.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Harris whose pictures appear on page 10, were recently married at the Denison House. They have just returned from their wedding journey which was most delightfully spent in New Orleans at the "Mardi Gras."

Little Miss Ruth Lowenberg, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lowenberg of Huntington, Indiana, is a charming little maid who has already made quite a reputation by her decided histrionic ability.

Miss Etta Weed is a talented musician. She is the sister of Mrs. M. F. Cox. She has just returned from an extended visit with friends in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania and New York City.

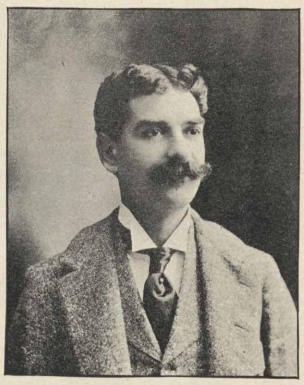
Miss Blanch (Hall) Morrison of Muncie, whose picture appears in this issue is a member of the Jessie Hall Opera Company, and is considered one of the finest vocalists in Muncie.

Little Ruth Reeves, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Reeves of Anderson, is a charming little maid of six summers who already displays considerable musical ability.

Miss Little, of Emporia, Kansas is prominent in social circles of that city. She is a handsome young woman who excels as a pianist.

The Art Decorating Co., Grand Opera House Block, will have a formal opening of their beautiful new store this evening. Messrs. Miller, Walters and Tyner who compose the firm were formerly employed by Eastman, Schleicher & Lee and are thoroughly capable of catering to the most exacting tastes. They extend a cordial invitation to all to come and see their fine line of domestic and imported Wall Paper, Carpets and Draperies. They announce that they will carry the finest goods in their line in the city.

Miss Sadie Hizerodt of Tipton, Indiana, is spending a few weeks in the city.



MR. AND MRS. HENRY HARRIS.

Miss Kate Dahn is in Logansport the guest of Miss Nellie Kuhn.

Mrs. Dr. Coughlin is visiting Mrs. J. A. Murphy in Richmond.

Mr. George M. Cheney has returned from Logansport.

MUSICAL.

Italian and Rudersdorf method of singing. Recognizing the fact, that superior advantages are necessary to one's musical education, I have secured a studio in Chicago, where I will devote part of my time to pupils who prefer living in the city. Extra inducements to parties who desire to teach, as this method strengthens weak voices and makes harsh, over-taxed voices sweet. While those of mature years can easily learn to sing, children's voices carefully and artistically trained. Steinway Hall is a rendezvous for some of the greatest musicians in the United States, and such associations are not to be ignored. Voices tested free. MARY M. SHEDD, Talbott Block, or 611 Steinway Hall, Chicago.

We know of no preparations for beautifying the complexion so reliable and harmless as those made after Lubin's celebrated formula. Used as an adjunct to judicious massage, they will remove all blemishes and render the skin soft and white. To this add the finely manicured hands with tapered fingers and polished nails and we have a beautiful woman's most prominent attraction. Address your orders for home treatment to MESDAMES MANLOVE & HAMILTON Toilet Specialties. Massage and manicure parlors, 238 E. Pratt street.

TO ADVERTISERS—THE INDIANA WOMAN is in a position to make your name familiar to thousands of the best people in Indianapolis and Indiana. THE INDIANA WOMAN is in a position to give you better returns for the money than any other publication in Indiana—providing you have goods of merit.

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New Goods Daily

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Special Sale LADIES' GOLD AND GOLD FILLED WATCHES.

Watch our window for Bargain Sales.

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A Speialty this week
Sterling Silver Novelties.
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Established 1853.
Sole Agents for BUTTERICK PATTERNS.

Those Happy Summer Cycling Days Will Soon be Here

We are all ready for them now with our snperb line of wheels. They include those thoroughbred

VICTOR $50, $75 $100
LENOX $45 and $59 and
NAVARRE $25 and $35 Bicycles

'Tis the finest line of wheels you ever saw.

Perhaps you are going to ride your old wheel—if so you'll want it fixed up and put in shape for the summer campaign. OUR REPAIR SHOP is the place for that—It is the most complete repair shop in the city. Lowest prices.

NOTE—Mr. Willis the well-known bicycle instructor has been engaged by us for the season of 1898 and will be at the service of our patrons.

—Bicycle Department, New Basement.

WHITING'S STATIONERY PETTIS DRY GOODS CO. EASTMAN'S CAMERAS

Cleopatra's Shapely Hand

Never wore as beautiful gems as we are showing. We've just finished a number of handsome rings; also, several fine diamond pendants. Come and look at them. It's a treat.

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will always be remembered because, no matter how much the price has been reduced, from year to year, the quality has improved each season.

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Removed to old 15 Indiana Avenue, Indianapolis.

DRAFTING AND CUTTING SCHOOL
THE BAZAAR
(OVER HAERLE'S)
Ladies can have Patterns cut to measure for Dressmaking at home.
See next week's ad. for hair store.

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(285 feet above Lake Michigan)

DR. HORACE WARNER'S SANATORIUM, LaPorte, Ind.
Mental diseases, nervous exhaustion and kindred afflictions. A restful home. All the modern improvements. An educated lady physician, Beulah Prindle,, M. D., is an addition to the medical staff. Terms Reasonable. Write for particulars.

Dr. Wm. B. Fletcher's
Sanatorium
For Treatment of Nervous and Mental Diseases.
124 NORTH ALABAMA STREET
Special Treatment of Diseases of Women by DR. MARY A. SPINK.

Indiana Clubs and Their Work

EDITED BY HARRIET WALRATH KITTS.

ON CRITICISM.

CHAPTER 2.

Since criticism concerns beauty as well as defect, the club critic who confines herself to fault-finding has manifestly a one-sided conception of the term, and the requirements of her office. Granted that the defects far outweigh the beauties; as much the more then should the rare excellence be pointed out and commended. A little judicious and discriminating praise might work wonders; while the practise of awarding it would surely prove a healthful mental and moral exercise. The depth to which she had carried her researches, the interest she was able to inspire in her subjects, the soundness of her logic, the purity of her language,the manner of delivery—all these are excellencies that a critic should find praiseworthy.

Adverse criticism must necessarily claim the greater attention—if we were all beyond crudeness, possible error, ignorance, literary clubs would fall into "innocuous desuetude."

But mispronunciation should be made of the least importance, whereas generally it receives the greatest if not the sole attention. The so-called "critic" is ever with us, who reports,after listening for two hours to the papers and discussions of a score of members, the incorrect pronunciation of four or five words whose errors, oftener than not, depend upon the precise shade of mind to be given to o short, or caret a. Such a criticism as this is a farce even though it be preceded by the familiar flattery that "the session proved so interesting, and the speakers so clever, that it was impossible to listen critically," etc., etc. Too minute an attention to pronunciation usually ends disastrously, as the best authorities are apt to differ—although if a club has adopted a standard, no controversy should be permitted to arise.

Of far more importance is the study of words themselves. A nice discrimination is the use of of synonyms is a rare accomplishment, and one that should be cultivated. The English language, rich in synonyms, is shamefully abused; for it must be remembered that synonyms are words of similar but not identical meaning. There is perhaps no more common error than the in-correct use of words; that is, the selection of a word which does not convey just the meaning which was intended. This is a wide and profitable field for the club critic.

Mistakes in grammar rarely occur in the reading of a paper among club people, but in conversation their frequency is astounding. As one of the objects of most literary clubs is the ability to talk well, the critic should keep a sharp watch, and report all conversational errors. It is an odd fact but a true one, that timidity or embarassment in a speaker, is sure to be evidenced in the disagreement of her nouns anp verbs; and though under normal conditions, her grammar is flawless, she will unconsciously committ egregious blunders of this kind. To have her attention repeatedly called to them, in the privacy of the club, will put her on guard—it will do more, it will soon place her at her ease. First to know a thing, and then to be able to tell it simply, naturally, gracefully—that is good speaking—that is art, and we firmly believe it is an art which it is within the province of literary clubs to acquire.

MARTHA E. HUTCHINGS-GRIFFITH, M. D.
President of the Twentieth Century Club of Crawfordsville.

PEN PORTRAITS.

Mrs. W. J. Baird, president of the Eggleston Club of Vevay, is the editor of the city's oldest newspaper, the Reveille. She is a woman of rare tact and executive ability, fitted equally well to preside over a club meeting or edit a paper. She was formerly Miss Sallie Hedden of New Albany.

—

Mrs. Marion Griffith, secretary of the Eggleston Club of Vevay, is gifted with a ready pen which is in constant demand at club functions. Very recently the "Eggleston" enjoyed an "Open Session," for which she wrote a song and chorus, taking for her theme the club motto, "Interviews so frequent and so pleasant, must grow to something more." A friend writes of her: "She is quiet and unassuming, content to shine in the home circle, while her husband, Hon. Marion Griffith, member of Congress from this district, fills his appointed place in the legislative halls at Washington."

—

Martha E. Hutchings-Griffith, M. D., president of the Twentieth Century Club of Crawfordsville, was born and reared among the picturesque hills of Jefferson County. Her school days were those of the Civil War. She began the study of medicine in 1864, and was graduated with high honors from the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, in March 1870. At this time it was considered such a highly improper procedure for a woman to study medicine that she pursued her course in secret for many months. When her ambition finally did become known, many of her former friends treated her with scorn and contempt. She began the practice of medicine in Madison, Indiana, under many difficulties, owing to the prejudice which existed against women who presumed to enter the professions. In 1871 she removed to Montgomery County, where she has since resided. She is today one of the best physicians in the city of Crawfordsville. Though necessarily a very busy woman, Dr. Griffith finds time to help along other causes that have for their object the good of humanity. She is interested in all the charitable and philanthropic movements of her city, and is chairman of the executive committee of the Public Library Association, of which mention was made last week in these columns.

—

Mrs. Louisa D. Layne, treasurer and first president of the Twentieth Century Club of Crawfordsville, is one who might be called a self-made woman. She was born in Michigan, and left motherless at the tender age of six. Her fathes did not long survive his wife. He entered the army during the Civil War, where he endured such exposures as completely shattered his health Thus orphaned in early childhood, Mrs. Layne was left to secure for herself an education and a livelihood. "The struggle has sweetened her nature," writes a friend. "The one thing that endears her above all others to her friends, and they are many, is her charity. Her love for humanity is great; she is a devoted wife and mother, and a charming hostess. She is a very busy woman also, but no one ever asks her assistance in vain." She was one of the originators of the "Twentieth Century," and was its first president. She is progressive, and has labored hard to secure for the club that for which it was organized—the ability to express thoughts with care and accuracy.

THE EGGLESTON CLUB OF VEVAY.

The Eggleston Club of Vevay is singularly fortunate in the possession of a godfather, who is none other than the distinguished author whose name it is proud to bear. The organization was born in October 1891. At the christening "many names were suggested—French, Indian, poetical. local, etc.," writes a member, "but finally 'Eggleston' was chosen unanimously, in honor of the eminent Doctor, whose childhood home was Vevay. Many incidents and characters of his most popular novels are drawn from real life in our little city, and surrounding country. 'Eggleston' was a fortunate selection, and we have never ceased congratulating ourselves upon the inspiration that gave us such a happy choice. Our name has been an Open Sesame to many favors from the distinguished author. He has presented us with all his books, a large steel engraving of himself, and has offered to assist in the purchase of his old home for a club house.

MRS. LOUISA D. LANE,
Treasurer of the Twentieth Century Club of Crawfordsville.

The skeptic, if a chance one still lives who speaks sneeringly of women's clubs, branding them as a fad or worse, must be convinced of his error, if he reads these or other club columns and if he is a reasonable being; for again and again and again is it proved that these organizations are the result—not the cause—of woman's eager desire for knowledge, for mental culture, for usefulness. Listen to the key-note once more—it rings true: "A few progressive ladies of Vevay, realizing the necessity of intellectual growth, and noting the lack of mental culture where reading without discussion was indulged in, conceived the idea of a woman's club, the object of which should be mental advancement."

A study of the "Eggleston's" constitution and by-laws reveals several interesting and unusual points, in regard to one of which our correspondent writes: "The most unique feature of the club is its mode of election, and it claims originality on this score, notwithstanding the trite saying that 'there is nothing new under the sun:' Sec. VI, provides that the membership shall be enrolled in alphabetical order and printed in six divisions. Beginning at the head of each list, the president shall be chosen from the first division, the vice-president from the second, the next highest officer from the third, and so on until the six offices are filled. The executive committee shall consist of three members, the acting vice-president who shall be chairman, and two ex-presidents in the order in which they have served, the second ex-president to hold over during the succeeding year. Sec. VII, states no one shall hold more than one official position at one time except the vice-president. The term of office shall expire with the year." Whether or not the entire plan of election would be wisdom for all clubs, there are two points which are certainly to be recommended: the first is in giving the vice-president a definite duty and thus making of her something more than a figure-head; and the second is in making use of the ex-presidents in the policy of the club. If any one member is qualified more than another to be of service, it is she who. as the chief officer, has thought and planned and worked for the club throughout the whole year.

The "Eggleston" advocates rotation in office as "absolutely necessary to the life of a club. New officers have new ideas and new ways, new personal attractions and mental magnetism; and advancement follows the line of work, as year after year we make the changes." The present brochure, which suggests the club colors, rose, pink and white, provides for three social occasions, one of these being the annual banquet, and three business meetings. Music receives conspicuous consideration. Three numbers are arranged for each regular meeting, while a "musicale" was given in November, and a musical and literary program at the February "open session."

The club motto is an aphorism, taken from Eggleston's "Roxy:" "Interviews so frequent and so pleasant must grow to something more." Membership is limited to thirty; the club has recently become affiliated with the Indiana Union of Literary Clubs.

Its officers are:

Mrs. Sallie H. Baird, president.
Mrs. L. H. Craig, vice-president.
Mrs. J. S. Griffith, secretary.
Miss Florence Pleasants, corresponding secretary.
Mrs. Susan Scott, treasurer.
Mrs. B. D. Smith, auditor.

The executive committee is: Mrs. Laura H. Craig, Mrs. S. O. N. Pleasants, Mrs. Alice Shaw Barnett.

PROGRAM OF THE EGGLESTON CLUB OF VEVAY.

OCT. 7.—President's Day. Music, Addresses, Paper—Our Town, Music.

OCT. 21.—Ancient America, The Great Voyage of Columbus, Nansen the Explorer.

NOV. 4.—The Story of the American Indian—History, Manners and Customs. Character sketch—Pocahontas. The Cliff Dwellers.

MRS. W. J. BAIRD,
President of the Eggleston Club of Vevay.

NOV. 19.—7:30 p. m. Musicale with two papers—on Folk Song and Sacred Song
DEC. 2.—Settlement of Virginia. Captain John Smith. Prominent Women of the American Colonies.
DEC. 16.—The Beginning of New England. The Pilgrim Fathers. Pemaquid.
DEC. 30.—Business Meeting.
JAN. 13.—What the Quaker Did for the New World. The Quaker City—Representative Women of the Bible.
JAN 27.—Building of the Ship Constitution. Recitation—Old Ironsides. The North-west and its Heroes.
FEB. 10.—The Stamp Act and Boston Tea-Party. Benjamin Franklin. Dr. Schliemann at Mycenae.
FEB. 24.—7:30 p. m. Musical and Literary Program.
MAR. 10.—King Philip's War. The Ancient City of Mexico. The Mound Builders.
MAR. 24.—Business Meeting.
APR. 7.—Roger Williams. The Salem Witchcraft. The Literary Study of the Bible.
APR. 21.—Colonial Pioneers. Pioneer Romance. Pundita Ramabai.
May 5.—American Revolution, Its Causes. The Winning of Independence. Pictures of the Past.
MAY 19.—Business Meeting.
JUNE 30.—Annual Reception.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY CLUB OF CRAWFORDSVILLE.

There is nothing pleasanter to know about clubs than their signs—their reason for being, for the "reason" is invariably, as we have said before, a result-not a cause. The story of the "Twentieth Century" of Crawfordsville is perhaps unusually interesting. We will try to tell it. A few seasons ago a large number of studiously inclined women who felt the need of refreshing and improving their minds in literature and history, decided to undertake a four years course of Chantanqua work. But one after another through various reasons, dropped out of the class, until at the beginning of the fourth year, but two remained, Mrs. Louisa D. Layne, and Miss Macie Spruhan. But the smallness of their number did not deter these two energetic women from continuing their course; they met regularly on Friday nights just the same, first at the one home, then at the other, until it was completed.

In pursuing the plan laid down in the Chautauqua Magazine, which had been their guide, one department devoted to "Current History and Opinion," had commended itself to them in a specially attractive way. They felt first a desire, then a determination to continue this portion of their work, that they might keep in touch with the progress of the world. Then the idea of a club presented itself naturally, for with the wish to know, came the desire to discuss—the longing to talk with others intelligently, and to receive the stimulus of many opinions. So the two looked around for congenial spirits. One was found in the person of Miss Eliza Spruhan who had completed a Chautauqua course the previous year, and another in Miss Martha E. Griffith, who had begun to study with them, but was unable to continue. Several others were asked to join, and a meeting was held at the home of Dr. Griffith, Oct. 30, 1896. A committee consisting of Mrs. Ella Warner, Miss Sallie Harney and Miss Eliza Spruhan, was appointed to draw a constitution and by-laws, officers were elected, and the "Twentieth Century" sprang into existence.

"The club is composed chiefly of busy women," a member writes. "It meets always in the evening, because most of its members are employed during the day. It is also composed of brave women. One of the leading purposes is to acquire ease in talking in public. Members are certainly to be congratulated in their success therefore, for some of them who at first could not control their voices when speaking, nor keep their paper from shaking when they were reading aloud, have become quite "at home" in the club room. The club is very enthusiastic and industrious and quite cosmopolitan. For this reason the program committee was instructed this year to arrange a varied program. It has been decided that the work shall consist of two subjects, literature and political history; that this shall be varied from year to year; that the United States shall receive chief consideration first; that there shall be evenings devoted to the discussion of some current topic; and that from time to time lectures shall be arranged."

The "Twentieth Century" is especially fortunate in having beautiful club rooms. These are enjoyed free of charge through the courtesy of the officers of the Supreme Tribe of Ben Hur,—may their tribe increase! It is limited to fifty, and the membership is nearly full. It meets once a fortnight, and on Fridays, and is a most flourishing, healthy condition in spite of the day.

Its officers are:

Dr. Martha Griffith, president.
Mrs. Ella Warner, first vice-president.
Mrs. Nettie Wright, second vice-president.
Miss May Warner, secretary.
Mrs. Louisa Layne, treasurer.

The executive committee is: Miss Macie Spruhan, Mrs. Mattie Dyer Britts, Mrs. Mayme Cotton, Mrs. Esther Wilhite.

The program committee is: Miss Mary Helen Spilman, Mrs. Clara Calvin, Miss Hannah Muhleisen, Miss Agnes Chamberlin.

PROGRAM OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY CLUB OF CRAWFORDSVILLE.

Oct. 1.—Alaska and the Klondike.
Oct. 15.—Sesame and Lilies: John Ruskin, Kings' Treasuries, Queens' Gardens.
Oct. 29.—Our Hoosier Poet: Character Sketch, Reading—"Old October." Sovereignty of the Constitution
Nov. 12.—Edgar Allen Poe. Makers of the Constitution.
Dec. 3.—An Evening with Dickens: Gad's Hill, David Copperfield. Recreation—Impersonations of Character.
Dec. 17.—Our Law Makers.
Dec. 31.—Watch Meeting.
Jan. 14.—Some Modern Authors: Hamlin Garland, J. M. Mitchell, Thomas Hardy.
Jan 28.—Review of lecture by T. DeWitt Talmage—"The Bright Side of Things." Our President—His Powers and Duties.
Feb. 11.—George Eliot. Current Topics.
Feb. 25.—Our Diplomatic Service. Our Consular Service.
Mar. 11.—Lecture—"George Eliot's Women," by Prof. Milford (Wabash College.)
Mar. 25.—Lord Tennyson, "In Memoriam."
Apr. 3.—The Advance of Art in America. Our Judiciary.
Apr. 22.—President's Day.
May 6.—Business Meeting. Current Topic.
May 20.—Wonderlands of America. Reminiscences.

WITH THE CLUB EDITOR.

Irvington is considering plans for a local federation; so also is LaFayette.

Our thanks, please, to the Terre Haute Gazette, for papers containing a very full and satisfactory account of the local federation's first "annual."

One of the pleasures in store for delegates who attend the coming convention of the Indiana Union of Literary Clubs, will be a paper read by Mr. William Forsyth of Indianapolis, on "Art, where we are and whither bound."

The required reading for the present season in the "Twentieth Century" of Crawfordsville, includes: Sesame and Lilies, David Copperfield, Amos Judd, Tess of the D'Urbervilles, Daniel Deronda and In Memoriam.

The "Twentieth Century" numbers members who have achieved more than local reputation. Among them may be mentioned Miss Imogene Brown, the artist, whose picture, "The old swimmin' hole," attracted much attention, and called forth a deal of favorable criticism last year at the Indianapolis art exhibit; Miss Mary Watson the musician, who studied for some time under the very best masters in Berlin; and Dr. Martha E. Griffith, one of the oldest, if not the oldest practicing woman physician in Indiana. Another member, Miss Eliza M. Spruhan, one of the club's organizers, is an attorney-at-law.

The latest jewel added to the "Indiana Union's" crown is the Bachelor Maid's Culture Club of Ladoga. The recent detailed account of this unique and splendid organization which appeared in these columns, took the bachelor maids completely by surprise. The charming letter of appreciation and thanks which we received from the chief bachelor maid quite took our breath—we aren't used to it. She wrote—she did, indeed!—that the club had made many friends through our kindness, and that it had been called upon to organize a similar society in a neighboring town.

The "Eggleston" of Vevay, has adopted as authority Shattuck's Woman's Parliamentary Law. It believes thoroughly in club responsibility, and advocates fines as gentle reminders of duty. Article V provides that "There shall be a fine of one dollar for failure of papers assigned on printed program. Also, a fine of twenty-five cents for non-fulfillment of duties otherwise assigned by printed program. Also a fine of five cents for absence except for sickness or sickness in family" The two other articles which we quote from the by-laws are interesting and suggestive. Article III: "Members may bring friends to the regular meeting of the club by the payment of five cents for each visitor." Article VIII: "Any member may be granted a leave of absence upon request, the time to be limited at discretion of the club. A member having been granted a leave of absence shall be exempt from all duties except papers on printed programs."

IN THE CLUB WORLD.

Well known philanthropic women of Philadelphia, are co-operating with the Board of Education in establishing free night cooking schools for women. These will be entirely free of expense, and are designed to teach poor women who are too busy in earning their daily bread to attend during the day.

The New Century Club of Utica, N. Y., one of the most influential organizations of the Empire State, and one which owns a beautiful club home, very recently held a reception in honor of Mrs. Alice Ives Breed, of Lynn, Mass., who is now the vice-president, and may another year be the president of the General Federation. Invitations were accepted by prominent club women in Syracuse, Rochester and all over the central part of the state. Immediately after the reception, Mrs. Breed left for Boston, where on February 28, she sailed for China and Japan. She expects to return in June in time to attend the General Federation. Mrs. Breed is a fine example of the best type of club women. She is energetic, accomplished, affable and a capable leader, but her home duties have not been neglected. She has been the mother of seven children, five of whom are now living. She made such a favorable impression upon the club women of central New York, during her short visit in Utica, that it is safe to say a solid vote will be hers from that section, at the Denver election.

MRS. MARION GRIFFITH,
Secretary of the Eggleston Club of Vevay.

THE INDIANAPOLIS TRAINING SCHOOL.

There are many who have the mistaken idea that the I. T. S. in a way, is not working up to the usual standard of high school work, and that the industrial part of the institution overshadows the classical and literary department.

But were they to visit the school at any time and listen to some of the recitations, they would be convinced that the regular high school studies are not neglected in the least, but are just as thoroughly taught as they are in any high school. As a proof of this: All our State Universities and those of Chicago and Michigan after careful observation, now admit graduates from this school without examination. The faculty are of the best that can be secured.

As the high school studies are not neglected for the manual training, so the studies in the latter are not in the least interfered with by the regular high school course.

Besides the regular recitations there are other lessons which every pupil must learn. Be prompt;—is a rule that is rigidly enforced. Independence,—no pupil may receive help on any of studies except that he receives in the class. Neatness,—an untidy paper is often thrown into the waste basket. Perseverance.—A pupil is expected to complete that which he may begin, if it takes a week. And lastly, politeness—well those who have visited the school can best tell.

One word about the equipments. Each department has the most complete and modern appliances; no expense has been spared in fitting the school out. Every day new additions are received. The reference library is especially well selected. Over one thousand volumes of standard fiction, science, history, and language books are contained in it; several encylopedias, dictionaries, etc; beside the following magazines: Century, Harper's, Scribner's, Review of Reviews, New England Magazine, Youth's Companion, Harper's Weekly, Public Opinion, and others. Most of the books have been obtained with money from various school entertainments. The rental library consists of over two thousand volumes which are rented to the pupils.

Once a year, toward the close of school, is visitor's day. The recitations are carried on in the usual manner and those visiting the shops are presented with souvenirs made by the pupils. Last year, over two thousand visitors were present during the day. Many were surprised agreeably and all expressed their hearty belief that the school was accomplishing much.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

The senate continues in its patriotic excitement and after the re-electlon of Senator Allison to the office of secretary, the bill to declare war against Spain was passed by a large majority. Those opposing this bill attempted in every manner possible to delay it and even went so far as to establish and fill the office of janitor and custodian of the senate. The senate heaped the honor of this great office upon one who possessed the qualities and abilities of both sexes. The fortunate Senator proved to be Senator Morgan of Alabama, well known about the school as Miss Isabel Jones, but who, before he acquired his feminine traits was named Harold.

Headed by Miss Donnan, the Oratorical Association is making heroic efforts to arouse the institutional spirit and raise a large crowd to attend the State High School Oratorical Contest at Richmond, on the twenty-fifth of this month. Many persons are around with lists getting the names of those who are going, so as to get as cheap rates as possible. If you have not signed some list do so at once.

Miss Donnan, Miss Rankin and several other teachers will act as chaperones for the girls who go to Richmond.

The pupils of Miss Dye's room and as many more of their friends as could find even standing room within, were delightfully entertained last week by some selections from the "Flying Dutchman," exquisitely rendered by Mrs. Fremont Swain.

Mrs. Charles Brown of Bloomington, Ill., used the first fifteen minutes in an instructive talk on music in room D. last week, illustrated by some charming selections from Schumann.

Last week the '99 class came forth decked in their lately chosen Class Colors of white and "American Beauty" red, thus representing the Class Flower and white, the High School color. Although the combination is beautiful, yet it is to be lamented that they chose colors so much like those of the I. T. S.

The '99 class did not follow the '98 class by selecting three colors. It seems that the '98 class is not only to be the first tricolor class but also the last.

Among the teachers present at Mr. and Mrs. Hufford's reception for the Senior classes last Saturday were: Mr. Doty, Mr. Trent, Mr. McMillen; Miss Love and Miss Shaw.

Many High School pupils are looking forward to Prof. Brenneke's party for his Wednesday night class, which will soon occur.

The Botany class is already looking forward to its spring outing with Professor Martin. Last year the class went to "The Shades of Death." The place for this year has not yet been decided upon.

INDIANAPOLIS CLUB CALENDAR.

Monday, March 14. Indianapolis Literary Club. "Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson compared," Dr. J. L. Thompson.

Monday, March 14. Monday Afternoon Club. With Mrs. Fleener. Business meeting, Annual Election, Conversation, Current Events.

Monday, March 14. Minerva Club. "The Debt of the Puritans to the Netherlands," Mrs. Frank Morrison, "The New Spirit and Roger Williams," Mrs. Wildhack; conversation, "The New England Customs as portrayed by Hawthorne and other Writers," Mrs. Jennie L. Ballenger, leader.

Tuesday, March 15. Century Club.

Tuesday, March 15. Sanitary Association. Report of Hospital and Dispensary committee. Report of Literature of Sanitation committee.

Tuesday, March 15. Fortnightly Literary Club. "Some Phases of Library Life," Miss Eliza G. Browning; "The Making of Books," Mrs. David Gibson; Book Review, Miss Margaret Smith.

Wednesday, March 16. Matinee Musicale. "Recent American Music," first division.

Wednesday, March 16. Parlor Club. 7:45 p. m. With Mrs. O. J. Dearborn. Henry V. "King Henry V," Mr. John C. Ingram; "The Kings Brothers," Mrs. Preston C. Kelsey.

Thursday, March 17. Mary K. Denny Coterie. Edmund Burke, Alma P. Allen; William Pitt, Anna Mavity; Charles Fox, Lucy L. Powers.

Friday, March 18. Woman's Club. "A Picturesque Pioneer," Mrs. Smiley N. Chambers; "Early Days in Indianapolis," Mrs. Julia M. Moores; "Conversation on the Papers," Mrs. Edward F. Hodges, leader.

Friday, March 18. Philomathean Club, with Mrs. Richie. "Consolidation," leader Mrs. Richie.

Saturday, March 19. Magazine Club, Mrs. E. P. Brown. "Carlyle" Mrs. Maurice Albrecht; "Underlying Ideas," Miss Bella Bruce; "Noteworthy Sayings," Mrs. M. N. A. Walker; "Style," Mrs. Fanny Winchester.

SOME LATE AWAKENINGS.

Wagner was at first condemned, Gounod's "Faust" was hissed on the opening night. Bizet died, it is said, heart-broken by the abuse which the critics gave to his "Carmen." In our own city and generation Eleonora Duse was at first rejected, the critics sneered at Mme. Melba on her debut at the Metropolitan. Mascagni was greeted with scorn, yet his "Cavalleria Rusticana" became one of the most successful works of modern composition. Reginald De Koven had a hard fight. Sousa's "El Capitan" was mocked in the newspapers. No actress has ever been more reviled than Mrs. James Brown Potter, yet she is now the chief actress in London.—Hilary Bell in New York Press.

All this is true but, why does not Mr. Bell add the names of Julia Marlowe, Julia Arthur, Nat Goodwin, Sol Smith Russell and others to the list of those long scoffed at by New York, yet finally "discovered" by the astute metropolitan critics and public? That Mr. Bell, along with Mr. Dithmar, Mr. Fyles and the other New York critics who rank above the level of Alan Dale and his followers have found it necessary at times to reverse their decisions does not, of course, lessen respect for their recognized ability and fairness. It is simply added evidence of the freakish nature of the New York public which necessarily reacts upon the critics and their verdict from year to year less valued in the other large cities of the country.

—

Last week, in commenting on the decision of Minnie Seligman to give a dress rehearsal for the exclusive benefit of the critics, says F. E. McKay, I remarked that it is much more of a strain upon a player to appear before a handful of people than it is to play to a crowded auditorium. When I went behind the scenes after this dress rehearsal at Proctor's Theater on Sunday evening, I found Miss Seligman seated on a divan on the stage in a very limp condition, while several members of her supporting company were fanning her vigorously. "I had no idea" she said, "that it would make me so nervous to play to such a small audience. Toward the end of 'Comedy and Tragedy' I felt so faint that I could scarcely hold myself together, and if the curtain had not rung down at just the moment it did I would have given a very realistic stage fall that was not planned by W. S. Gilbert.

—

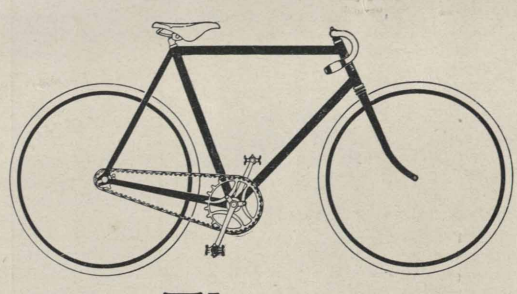
Mr. James O'Neill's fine voice and stalwart figure are admirable endowments for the virile character of "Virginius." In the sacrifice scene he has made a radical change from the customary. Instead of taking a knife from a butcher's stall, he suddenly seizes one in the belt of Appius and plunges it instantly into Virginia's bosom. The change shortens the suspense of the scene and removes some of its horror.

—

EDNA WALLACE HOPPER'S FUTURE.

Mrs. Edna Wallace Hopper will sever her connection with the operatic forces of De Wolf Hopper May 1. She has several plans in view for next season. A prominent American playwright has written a comedy for her, and though the names in the cast may not be mentioned now, it is a certainty that Mrs. Hopper will ultimately be starred in the play by an important American manager. She received only the other day a flattering offer to join Mr. Mansfield's company next season. It was regretfully declined. The marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Hopper will be dissolved within a few months.

We wish our society and club notes to be as complete as possible, and will spare no expense to make them so. Our readers will greatly assist us by sending in social and club notes, or telephone 1077 and our society reporter will call for information.



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Trains Arrive Indianapolis—3:30 a. m., 7:45 a. m., 2:35 p. m., 4:37 p. m.
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ETHEL.—What?
KIND UNCLE.—Away.

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SHE—Yes; they say there's a fool in every family. Don't you think so?
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$15, $10 and $5

These prizes will be awarded by three competent judges, experts in the art of photography.

The pictures will be published for **20** consecutive weeks, at the end of which time the contest will close. They will then be divided into three classes, first, second, and third. On the first Saturday after the contest closes, all pictures in the first class will be published; on the following Saturday the pictures in the second class, and on the third Saturday, all pictures in the third class.

In the next issue will appear the names and photographs of the prize winners together with the prize winning pictures.

OPENING THE CONTEST.

These valuable articles on photography will begin in the issue of January 8, 1898. Remember they are written by men who understand their business. The contest will begin in issue of January 15, 1898 and end in the issue of June 4, 1898. Enter now as it takes some time to make the plates and you have the privilege of entering three different pictures all at the same time or at different times during the ten weeks of the contest.

For further particulars call at office of INDIANA WOMAN, 49 N. Illinois St.

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Easy—Brother Bobby: "What are your initials, Mr. Nicely?"

Mr. Nicely: "J. B."

Brother Bobby: "That's funny. I heard sister say last night that you was 'E. Z.'"

—

Mother (to her boy slipping down the balusters): "Willie, what are you doing there?"

Willie: "Making trousers for orphan boys."

—

First Woman (over the fence): "Mrs. Jonks told me yesterday that she was the most miserable creature breathing."

Second Woman: "Just like Mrs. Jonks. Always trying to outdo her neighbors."

—

Jack: "It's a selfish world; the people who own railroads think nothing of running over a poor man's horse."

Ted: "Yes; and the man who is rich enough to own a horse runs down the poor fellow on a bicycle when he can manage it."

Jack: "And the poor fellow on the bike runs over the poor pedestrian."

Ted: "That's it; and the poor pedestrian stumbles against the poor cripple who goes on crutches."

Jack: "That's the way: and the cripple spends most of his time jamming his crutches on other people's corns. Ah! it is a selfish world, as you say."

—

"Oh! John, dear, isn't your Uncle George dreadful?"

"What's up now?"

"Why, I called at his office today and he was talking to one of his clerks upstairs."

"Nothing unusual in that."

"And, John, he told the poor man to go to——you know where, through the speaking-tube."

"And so the old man was gathered to his fathers?"

"Well, you could hardly call it gathered—dynamite explosion, you know."

—

"How that child does yell."

"Yes, it was born in a squall."

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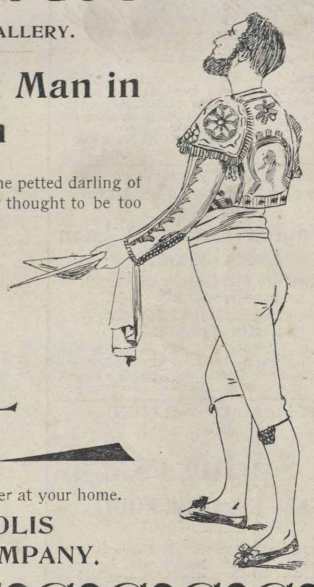

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Saturday Afternoon, March 19, 1898.

The Indiana Woman

CORNELIA GOE.

An Illustrated Weekly
Published by
E.E.STAFFORD Indianapolis

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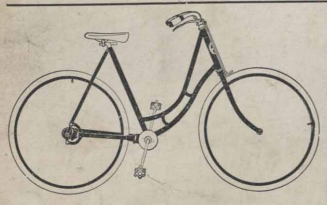

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Amateur Photographers See Page 15

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The Indiana Woman

Vol. V. Indianapolis, Saturday Afternoon, March 19, 1898 No. 18.

WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG

One of the most amusing things connected with the threatened war with Spain is the assumption by every American that the United States will win. The Spaniards are a weak, miserable, comic opera sort of race; the United States is possessed of Saxon strength, has $50,000,000 appropriated to carry on the war, has able generals, in short "the ships, the men, the money, too. "Consequently there is no question as to who will be the victor when the war is once on. So great is our opinion of our valor that already, a great many kind-hearted Americans are beginning to pity the poor Spaniards. It is well to remind such citizens that the Spaniards may be pitying the American for the same reason. True, the odds are all against Spain. The Spaniards have no support in Europe, they have no money, they seem to have very little of anything. But the students of history will remember that the United States was once in a similar situation, and was confronted by a nation possessed of the strongest navy in the world, and yet that navy and that nation were defeated. Such an incident might possibly be repeated. Let this great big country remember the example of China, defeated by little Japan, and not be in too great haste to bring on a war, just because it feels that it can whip Spain with one hand.

—

While I have not strong enough words to express my sympathy for the oppression of the Cubans and my detestation for the Spanish methods of warfare, I feel that there is something to be said for the Spaniard, nevertheless. For years the Spaniard of the past, he who planted colonies in this country before the Englishman approached its shores, has received all the obloquy that the historian and poet could cast upon him. This has all been put into the school histories and our children have been brought up with the idea that the first Spaniards that came to the New World were blood-thirsty villains, utterly devoid of conscience. Within the last few years, a few historians have gone back into the past and have discovered that this early view of the Spaniard is utterly wrong; that the Spanish cruelty was as nothing compared with that of the enlightened English settler; the English settlers in this country murdered the natives after they had taken their land from them, while the Spaniard settled down among the Indians and converted them to the Catholic religion. Mr. C. F. Lummis and Bandelier are two historians who have taken up the defense of the Spaniards and as they offer substantial proof of all that they say, it is to be hoped that their statements will soon be wide spread. It is some trouble to change the school histories so often, but it is criminal to inculcate blind prejudice and hatred of a race in the youth of the land, when the prejudice and hatred are undeserved.

—

The Spaniard is somewhat to blame for our notions of him. He has shut himself up at home, and has not cared at all what the rest of the world thought of him and his doings. His customs, his traditions are altogether different from ours; his literature, by which we would become better acquainted with his character, is almost inacessible to us because so little of it has been translated. If we were familiar with many of the really noble bits of literature that have come from the pens of Spaniards, we should no doubt have more respect and consideration for the race. As it is, we probably judge the race from its worst side, and are altogether ignorant of the real Spaniard.

—

If it comes to war, we may become very familiar with him, good, bad and indifferent,—that is if General Weyler makes that famous march of his across the United States!

—

This really sounds very unpatriotic, and if this journal circulated widely among men, I should ask the printer to "pi" it before it went to press to save my unworthy neck. But as it circulates among the sex which is not supposed to do the fighting, I shall allow it to appear in print. Since women are really the controllers or rather the moulders of public opinion, it may be that some of my fair readers will take up the study of the Spaniard in their clubs, and discovering that he is like another individual, "not so black as he is painted" will endeavor to convince their fathers, husbands and brothers of the fact. And thus—through them, war, and possible defeat may be averted!

—

Another testimonial to the culture of Indianapolis. The Century Publishing Company has selected our city as the scene of its prize competition. Ere long a large portion of Indianapolis will be racking its brains over the forty prize questions, and the gray matter of a thousand brains will be raised a few notches higher.

—

What sort of a summer recreation are the people going to select who have been exhausting their brains in the study of whist this winter? Will it be some lighter game of cards, or will it be old-fashioned out-door games or will it be golf, or summer novels? Some relaxation they must have, and what it is to be I am anxious to know. Perhaps some newspaper manager will offer a prize for the best suggestion for an antidote for too much whist.

—

It may be golf, but it will not be long until some one offers a prize for an antidote for too much golf, if the craze increases. There is another thing I know for a certainty, too, and that is that if some of the magazines do not stop the publication of golf stories, especially those by Mr. John Kendrick Bangs, the game will be dead as a door nail in another six months. The most indulgent public is not going to stand everything, and the publishers and editors may as well understand this first as last.

—

Talking about editors, I wonder what idea the Harper's have as to short stories. For some time, magazine editors have been spreading out over the country for the benefit of possible contributors, the information that the most acceptable short stories were those of about two thousand words. All the young writers who are sighing to have their stories appear in the magazines straightway bent themselves to the arduous task of condensing a tale into those limits. Imagine then their chagrin on discovering that all the Harper's Magazine short stories are not short stories, but long stories, seven, eight or nine thousand words long. While this is hard on the "condensed writer" it would not be so bad for the reader if there was anything in the story, but to read, and read and read through six thousand words before coming to the point of the story is rather too much, even for a magazine reader. There was the "Sixth Sense" for instance a story recently published in Harper's Magazine, whose plot was unique and clever, but whose effect was literally ruined by the length of time it took the writer to tell his story. Several other writers have recently experienced a similar difficulty, and the Harper's have evidently either been blind to the failing or have become convinced that a long, short story is better than a short, short story.

—

"A pretty how de do" is this raised by the W. C. T. U. over the temperance question in the colleges. The Princeton Inn was the beginning of the trouble, and since then it has seemed necessary to investigate all the colleges. Just how carefully this investigation has been carried it is difficult to learn, but in some way or other the W. C. T. U. have become convinced that Columbia College is a worse den of iniquity than Princeton, and that Harvard is even worse than Columbia. Now the Indiana people, determined as usual to keep up with the procession, have been trying to make out the State University as a spot where the flowing bowl is also frequently indulged in. The ladies forget that the majority of the students who attend the State University are not gilded youths by any means, and that while other scruples might not prevent them from looking on the wine while it is red, the ordinary bill of fare for a "banquet" is sufficiently expensive, to make wine an impossible luxury.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

Photo by Potter. MRS. HERMAN SAYLES. (See page 11.)

The Indiana Woman

An Illustrated Weekly Family Journal

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E. E. STAFFORD,
KATE MILNER RABB, Editor.
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[Entered at the Indianapolis Post-office as second-class matter.]

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The Indiana Ceramic Association.

[Extract from a paper read by Miss Katherine Sickles, club historian, at the January meeting.]

The first step toward the organization of the Indiana Ceramic Association was taken January 1897, knowing that like every other cause the ceramic art in the state could be built up only by a united effort of those most interested.

Mrs. Hadley had long cherished an earnest desire to form an association of workers along this line but previous to last year her time had been so occupied by teaching and other art work that she could not carry out her ideas. As soon as more leisure came she consulted with fellow teachers and others interested in china decoration and invited them to meet with her for the purpose of talking the matter over. The following ladies therefore met at the home of Mrs. Hadley on January 2, 1897:

Mrs. Orndorff, Mrs. Day, Miss Reynolds, Mrs. Welch, Miss Welborn and Miss Palmer.

Mrs. Hadley was chosen president and Mrs Day, secretary. Each one present gave her views on the best way of organizing and conducting the club, and also gave the names of such ladies as she thought might wish to become members, and invitations were extended to ladies in the city and different towns in the state.

MRS. A. L. ORNDORFF,
Vice-President Indiana Ceramic Association.

The second meeting of the association was held January 13th at Mrs. Hadley's at which there were twenty-one present; these included Mrs. Aurilla V. P. Adams of Shelbyville, Mrs. Charlotte Logan of Connersville, Mrs. Jennie Kinney of Peru. Mrs. Hadley stated clearly the object of the prospective art club and also appointed a committee to draw up the constitution and by-laws. The following officers were elected:

Mrs. Hadley, president.
Mrs. Orndorff, vice-president.
Mrs. Day, recording secretary.
Mrs. Wilcox, corresponding secretary.
Mrs. Welch, treasurer.
Miss Palmer, assistant treasurer.

The initiation fee was fixed at $1.00, and 10 per cent. on all articles sold at the club exhibits.

The association has a membership of eighty-three ladies, nineteen of whom are residents of other towns through the state; it includes Mrs. Lewis Stubbs and Miss Bessie Whiteridge of Richmond, Miss Stubbs of Ft. Wayne, Miss Edith Adams, Miss Major, Miss Jeffers, and Mrs. Johnson of Shelbyville, Mrs. Mary Dancer, of Rushville, Miss Lizzie Pattison, of Falmouth, Miss Kops and Miss Groves of Logansport, Miss Wetherell and Mrs. Logee of Connersville.

The association meets the second Wednesday of each month at the home of one of the members. The June meeting is an open meeting at which an address is given by some one interested in the work. Last year an instructive paper was read by Mr. Brandt Steele; this year the address will be given by Miss Elizabeth Nicholson. Each month, after the business of the club has been attended to, the program is carried out. A paper is read by one of the members on some subject connected with ceramic art, and this is followed by conversation on the same. The meetings are not only pleasant but very instructive. Among the many excellent papers prepared for last year could be mentioned the ones read by Miss Welborn, Mrs. Stubbs of Richmond and Mrs. Thrasher of Frankfort.

It would be unreasonable to hope that any year, and especially the first year, might pass without its trials. Many difficulties have been experienced by the officers, yet all feel that all practical matters have been managed successfully and that much interesting matter relating to ceramic art has been brought before the club. It is the hope of the club that its past and future may serve to confirm in it the elements of true success and throughits exhibits it hopes to win the approval and confidence of the public; it is its desire to keep pace with the newest and best ideas both as to method and fitness in decoration, and to this end it is its intention to have a talk occasionally from some eminent authority.

The officers for the present year, elected in January, are:

Mrs. Alice Ross Hadley, president.
Mrs. Amelia L. Orndorff, Mrs. Aurilla V. P. Adams, and Mrs. Lottie H. Logee, vice-presidents.
Mrs. Laura Holtz Day, recording secretary.
Mrs. Nanay G. Roberts, corresponding secretary.
Mrs. Sarah E. Welch, treasurer.
Miss Edna Christian, assistant treasurer.
Mrs. Elizabeth Eichrodt, historian.

MRS. ALICE ROSS HADLEY,
President Indiana Ceramic Association.

MRS. LAURA H. DAY,
Rec. Secretary Indiana Ceramic Association.

MRS. NANCY R. ROBERTS,
Cor. Secretary Indiana Ceramic Association.

MRS. SARAH E. WELCH,
Treasurer Indiana Ceramic Association.

INDIANAPOLIS CLUB CALENDAR.

Monday, March 21. Indianapolis Literary Club. "Public Opinion," William P. Kappes.

Monday, March 21. Irvington Tuesday Club. "Victorian Statesmen," Mrs. J. H. Moorman; "Selections from Dickens," Mrs. Sarah W. Blount.

Tuesday, March 22. Century Club.

Tuesday, March 22. German Literary Club. Spielhagen, Miss Corinna Robbins; Conversation, Mrs. Clemens Vonnegut, Jr.; Music, Mrs. William Goetz.

Wednesday, March 23. Inter Nos Club with Mrs. C. W. Gorsuch; "The Betrothal of Evangeline," Miss Rose Diller; "Original Story," Miss Alta Roberts; Solo, Miss Eora Mann; "Influence of the Magazine in the Taste of the People," Mrs. Ella Weakly; Song, Miss Winnie Fessler; Selections from "Snow Bound," Miss Eora Mann and Miss Amy Champe; Music, Miss Bessie Brown.

Thursday, March 24. Portfolio Club. "The New in Art," a paper by Mr. F. C. Steele. Committee on entertainment, Mrs. McGibeny, Mr. and Mrs. Bohn. Music in charge of Miss Bertha Schellschmidt.

Thursday, March 24. Mary K. Denny Coterie. "Victoria and Her Court," Elizabeth Olcott; "English Women's Position at Court and Morals, Etiquette and Pastimes," Anna F. Buchanan; "Bank of England," Kate Buchanan.

Friday, March 25. Woman's Club. Election of officers.

Friday, March 25. Friday Afternoon Club with Mrs. Hobbs. "Clara Barton, Annie Wittenmeyer and Mary A. Livermore," Mrs. A. Hitt; "Work of Red Cross and Sanitary Commission" (brief sketch), Mrs. S. E. Hadley; Discussion, "The Additional Horrors Caused by War Were Woman's Work Omitted"; Leader, Mrs. I. S. McBride; Roll Call, Patriotic Poems by Women.

Friday, March 25. Irvington Fortnightly Club with Mrs. Jutt. "American Universities," Mrs. Alice Gist; Conversation, "Early Education," Mrs. Rosa P. Richardson, Mrs. Ella H. Billings.

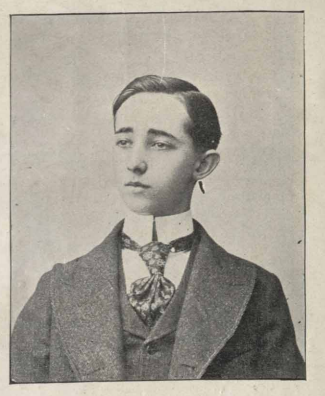
Saturday March 26. Rosemary Club. "Friendship of Literary men," Miss Mary Foster; Conversation, "H. C. Bunner and Brander Matthews," Miss Elizabeth Hough.

Saturday, March 26. Sketching Club. "Decoration in its Relation to Ceramics," Jessie Daggett; "Local Ceramics," exhibitor, Bessie Warne Ryker.

Saturday, March 26. The Amateurs. Miss Isabel Haas. Lessons 13, 23.

The Indiana High School Oratorical Association.

The Indiana High School Oratorical Association, which held its first contest in this city last year, will hold its second meeting at Richmond, Indiana, on March 25, 1898. The high schools which will participate in the contest are, Richmond, South Bend, Portland, Madison, Plainfield, and Indianapolis. The president of the association is an Indianapolis boy, Mr. Frank W. Spencer. The president of the Indianapolis High School Oratorical Association is Paxton Hibben. The Indianapolis representative is Claude G. Bowers, who has an enviable reputation as an orator. His oration at the February commencement, on "Our Huns and Vandals," was considered one of the finest efforts ever heard at a high school commencement.



CLAUDE BOWERS.

The program of the contest is as follows:

I.—Madison. "Cuban Independence," George E. Sherlocke.

II.—Indianapolis. "Hamilton the Constructionist," Claude Gernade Bowers.

III.—Plainfield Academy. "Death, a Punishment for Crime," Florence A. Greene.

IV.—Richmond. "America's Attitude toward England," Juliette Hollingsworth.

V.—Portland. "The Dangers of Vast Fortunes," J. Edward Jellison.

VI.—South Bend. "The Worship of Mamon," J. C. Lock.

Unbounded enthusiasm prevails among the High School pupils who have the utmost confidence in their orators' ability. "On to Richmond" is the motto, and several hundred have arranged to make the trip. The ladies who have consented to serve as chaperones are:

Mrs. Theodore Wagner, Mrs. T. E. Hibben, Mrs. J. N. Rogers, Mrs. George Pangborn, Mrs. Ira B. Bugbee, Mrs. Thomas Taggart, Mrs. John Carey, Mrs. Charles Hanson, Mrs. W. H. Blodgett, Miss May Brown, Miss Emma Donnan, Miss Marthens, Miss O'Hare, Miss Love, Miss Laura Donnan.

Boston club women have established the "Woman's Club House Corporation," which is planning a seven-story structure for the use of clubs of the city and state. Stock to the amount of $12,000 is already subscribed. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has been made president. The basement and ground floor of the building will be rented for store purposes; and several halls of various sizes will add to the income. The club quarters will contain all the rooms that could possibly be required for club purposes, including an assembly hall seating 1,000 people, kitchen, dining-room, etc. A roof garden will surmount the whole.

The Young Woman's Christian Association of Rochester, N. Y., has as finely equipped a gymnasium as has the Young Men's Christian Association. It is patronized by hundreds of Rochester girls.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

THE heat and passion and strife of the day had passed and now the cool, gray twilight was creeping down the Maryland hills and across the meadows, stained and scarred with battle. Along the river the night-birds were already beginning to call in soft, plaintive notes to one another; the wind sighed wearily among the reeds and tall sedge grasses.

Yet, sadder to hear than wind or bird, were the moans of the wounded whom that last wild charge had left behind; sadder even to see than the still white faces of the dead, were their pain-darkened eyes lifted in mute appeal to the sky while they waited in keen anguish of mind and body for the sunrise of this world or the dawning of the next.

The young spring moon hung low in the west, where the last faint crimson glow was paling and one who watched her thought wistfully that even so she must hang above the pine-clad mountains of his beloved Vermont.

He was only a boy. Something of the trusting innocence of his childish years still lingered about his pale young mouth. But the look of joyous freedom that should have been there too was lacking. Instead were great weariness and pain and longing.

Only a boy, and this his first battle. That morning as they lay waiting in the trenches, every faculty alert, life had seemed so good, so desirable a thing for those who were young and brave and strong. He had watched their colonel ride up and down and thought that some day, he, too, might sit a horse and wear a gleaming gold eagle upon his shoulder. . . . , and now it was twilight, and the battle was fought and won and he was lying here on the damp, cool sod with a ragged hole in his breast, from which the warm blood trickling down had stained his blue coat darkly with crimson. The gray-haired colonel had fallen with a word of command on his lips. Many a cheek had paled as he went down and for an instant the whole regiment faltered visibly. Then on—on as one man, straight against the solid wall of gray. How they fought! Like gods rather than men. The boy felt a faint stir along his feeble pulses at the remembrance. At first the enemy had stood immovable, sternly resisting. Then little by little they fell back, every inch of ground yielding a forced accession, until, wavering, uncertain, they broke into confusion and victory was again in the hands of the north.

But, ah, the hiss of the bullets, the sullen growl of the cannon belching forth fire and smoke and destruction, the loud shouts of command, the shrill, frightened neigh of the horses, the groans of the smitten, and above all the thin clear notes of the bugle lifting themselves out of the confusion of sounds—one moment to be keenly alive to all this, the next to fall in the midst of sudden, rushing, overwhelming darkness with a bullet in one's breast!

A single star came out beside the moon—a tiny point of light that trembled timidly against the opalescent west. So still was it that one could hear the waters of the river lapping lazily against the stones. The boy moistened his parched lips with his feverish tongue. Then he felt about for his canteen, found it and lifted it feebly. It was empty and yet it had never before been so heavy to his hand. He let it fall despairingly and closed his eyes to keep the quick hot tears from escaping down his cheeks.

"Watah, massa—watah?"

He looked up. Standing beside him was the wretchedly-clad figure of an old negro bending under the weight of a back-load of canteens. His jaws were toothless, his gray wool protruded in in tufts through the ragged crown of his hat, he mumbled when he spoke and his eyes rolled frightfully, but to the wounded boy he looked a very angel of mercy.

"Yes," he said faintly.

The old man stooped with difficulty, lifted the canteen and swung it upon his shoulders.

"Wait," the boy whispered, "I will pay you."

He drew forth a little worn morocco purse and tried to open it, but it slipped from his fingers. The old man unfastened the simple clasp. Within were a folded paper or two, scraps of home-letters maybe, a lock of silken brown hair lightly sprinkled with gray and a single gold dollar. The boy put the money into the negro's reluctant hand.

"Take it," he said, "and bring the water soon—oh, very soon."

The old man shambled awkwardly away and the boy dropped his head to one side and closed his eyes.

Deep purple shadows began to drift across the battle field. The line of woods beyond the river became little more than a dark blur upon the landscape. Another star came out, another and another still until the sky was all a-tremble with them. The boy stirred in his slumber, moaned and awoke.

In the distance a shadow seemed to detach itself from the other shadows, to move forward, to become a distinct shape. And presently one could discern the rude outlines of a human figure bowed beneath a heavy burden. Nearer and nearer it came and now there could be no mistake. It was the old negro with his backload of canteens.

The boy waved his hand and tried to shout. It seemed an eternity before the old man saw him and hurried forward.

"Dat you, Massa," he mumbled. "Ise been a-lookin' fo' yo'. Pears lak I couldn' des recomember which uns wuz yo, ennyhow. Heah's yo' watah." He fumbled among the canteens and finally lowered one. The boy drank eagerly and while he was yet drinking the negro moved on.

And now the star shine was the only light on the battle field. The sweet spring night had settled noiselessly down and the wind blowing lightly across the water brought faint, cool, delicious odors from the fresh meadows beyond. The boy lay with face upturned to the sky across which the milky way trailed its filmy length. He had been trying to count the stars one by one but the effort had made him drowsy and he now lay in a gentle languor that was neither sleeping nor waking.

The day with its exciting scenes had faded from his mind. He saw only the rugged mountains of Vermont, and the pretty white village nestling in the valley through which the wild little river hurried on its way to the sea. Always splashing, foaming, bubbling, and yet the boys knew of many a good swimming hole along its banks in the shaddow of the overhanging willows. And the long quiet street where the old men and children gathered in the cool of the day, and the brown school house with its rosy-cheeked mistress and flock of unruly lads and lasses. The long wooden desks were covered with names rudely carved by penknives in restless hands. His name was there. And the church with its dim, cool interior, and the leaf shadows which the maples cast through the blinds upon the floor; and his mother's house, with the orchard and well sweep, and his mother herself with her pure, pale face and silken brown hair lightly sprinkled with gray. Poor mother, how lonely she must be to-night without her boy! He could see her as of old sitting in her little low chair with the shaded lamp upon the table beside her and the Bible open in her lap. And Edith, his bright, tall sister whom he had always thought more beautiful than anyone he had ever seen, she would be kneeling at the window with her folded arms upon the low broad sill and her head upon her arms, gazing out into the night and thinking of him. Now the years swing suddenly backward and he was a little child again at home. The late northern spring time filled all the river valley and the orchards were laden with fragrant bloom. Under the great apple tree by the old well sweep he was being swung by Edith. How delicious it all was—the sweet, liquid sunshine, the perfume of the apple blossoms, the weightless white petals drifting down upon his head, the free, swift motion of the swing and his tall, strong sister with her laughing brown eyes and bright rebellious hair. How green the grass was—no is, and the skies how blue. Just look, Edith, there is never the filmiest rag of a cloud to mar their perfectness! Now higher—higher—higher still, straight up among the boughs where the brown bees are humming. Ah, he can go no higher. He is sinking earthward slowly—slowly—slowly. He shuts his eyes. His sister's gay laugh rings in his ears.

"Edith!" he cried——"Mother!"——

And the star shine falls tenderly upon his young dead face.

MRS. CHARLES BUSCHMANN. (See page 11.)
Prize Photograph by J. H. Clark, Indianapolis.

MRS. CHARLES BUSCHMANN. (See page 11.)
Prize Photograph by J. H. Clark, Indianapolis.

"I see that Timmins is getting out another novel."

"Hystorical or histerical?"

POINTS BY PYKE.

Ginn & Co. (Boston, Mass.,) have just published a new book by Miss Charity Dye of this city; it is entitled "The Story Tellers Art," and is intended as a guide for High School teachers of English. As Miss Dye has embodied in it the experience of years of faithful work in this line its value to teachers need not be dwelt upon. THE INDIANA WOMAN hopes it will have the success it richly deserves.

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If I am not mistaken, it will prove extremely useful to club workers and especially to those clubs which devote themselves to fiction. The teacher and the student are instructed in its pages as to the best method of analyzing a work of fiction, its plot, characters, etc. This will be of special value to clubs like that described not long since in our club department, which devote themselves exclusively to the study of works of fiction.

—

Indiana has many clubs with many names. Some of them appropriate, some of them eminently unsuitable. From Southern Indiana comes the notice of an "Unter Uns Club." The name may be appropriate but it can not be said to be euphuistic.

—

Mr. V. H. Lockwood of this city will address the law school of the State University next month on "Patent Law and Copy-rights."

—

Some one who has not been attending card parties this winter has asked Pyke if the Indianapolis ladies have worn their hats at card parties this winter as persistently as they did last season. Pyke does not know as he has not been invited to ladies' card parties but he thinks not, for this reason: Whist has been the fad in our city this season and whist requiers such a clear brain that the woman whist player is sensible enough not to over heat it by wearing a heavy velvet hat laden down with plumes.

—

The Central Christian Church is to be congratulated on its new pastor, Rev. Mr. Philputt. Mr. Philputt made a reputation for himself in this state which he has sustained since going to Philadelphia. He is not only a fine pulpit orator but what is better, a sincere Christian.

—

It cannot be denied that Indiana is decidedly in the lead when it comes to culture. There is nothing so difficult that its people fear to undertake it. Among the other intellectual achievements of recent months is to be noted the production of Racine's "Athalie" in French by the Lafayette students, and the production of a Latin play by the High School pupils of Marion.

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By the way, there seems to be a perfect craze these days for amateur theatricals. Every town has at least two dramatic clubs among the grown people, and one or two among the children. Not satisfied with this, some of the purely literary clubs have taken to giving plays occasionally. At this rate we shall probably soon have a state Union of Dramatic clubs and a National Federation. It is to be hoped that the amateur stars will not quarrel among themselves as do the professionals.

—

A most interesting occurrence at Fort Wayne recently was the presentation by the Jewish children of the Purim, a series of character poems in four acts and tableaux. The Purim, it will be remembered, is the ever interesting and dramatic story of Queen Esther. The entertainment was given under the direction of Rabbi Cohn. Many handsome costumes were worn and the affair was a complete success.

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Mrs. F. W. Flanner and children of this city, who have been spending the winter at their home in Paola, Florida, will leave Paola in about five weeks, to spend some time in Jackonville and St. Augustine. Our pages will soon contain another contribution from Mrs. Flanner descriptive of life in a Florida village.

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This joke comes from a friend of Pyke's.

JAMES R. HENRY. (See page 11.)
Prize Photograph by J. H. Clark, Indianapolis.

AT THE SOAP MAKER'S.

Mrs. Solomon Stingstein:—"Quick! Solomon, quick! Hand me der bottle of olive oil! Rachel has swallowed some concentrated lye!"

Mr. S. Stingstein:—"Wat's dat? Olive oil,—concentrated lye? Olive oil? Not much! Ve don't waste no fine toilet soap dot vay. You shust pour a little plain every day lard down her troat."

—

Miss Charity Dye has had a class in Plymouth Institute this winter in Browning's "The Ring and the Book." At the last lesson the class surprised Miss Dye by presenting her with a beautiful opal ring, and a book made by themselves by writing on manuscript leaves various favorite quotations. Thus Miss Dye received both a "ring" and a "book" as a souvenir of the pleasant hours spent in the interpretation of the master.

—

Wabash College is to return to the sensible custom of having speeches made by the Seniors at Commencement, instead of by some notable whom no one wants to hear. This year Messrs Cory, Chrisney, Duncan, Given, McClure and Mitchell have been selected to represent the class.

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Here is a verse they are singing in "The Ballet Girl" in Boston. The song is a duet, by the way, one singer supplying the first and another the latter part of the name of the person being satirized:

Ministers at court, they say,
Sometimes last a single day,
Single day,
Day.
Always send them marching home,
When they take to slinging loam,
Slinging loam,
Loam.
Day.
Loam, loam, loam—
De Lome, of course, De Lome.
He's a boom, boom, boom;
He's a Madridistic boom.
Though the Minister walks Spanish
From our Presidential room,
He'd consider it far better,
Had they simply burned that letter,
With a boom, boom, boom, boom, boom.

PYKE.

STRAY TALES.

Actors and actresses are always anxious to see others of their profession act, for from the great actors, they learn many useful lessons. But as they are themselves almost always at work during the season it is not always possible for them to see others.

Miss Ethel Browning of this city, with the Otis Skinner Company, had been for some time most anxious to see Julia Arthur, who has risen to fame—and it is to be hoped, fortune, through her lucky hit in "A Lady of Quality." Not many weeks ago the Otis Skinner Company was in Baltimore at the same time that Miss Arthur was there. Miss Browning studied the hours and found that her only chance to see Miss Arthur was to leave from her theatre at the close of the first act, and return at the beginning of the third act of "Prince Rudolph," in which two acts she took part. Several times she went over the route behind swift horses, with her watch in hand timing herself accurately. Then, having obtained Mr. Skinner's permission, on the evening selected, she hired a careful driver, and leaving her theatre as soon as the first act was over, she hastened to the other, several blocks away. There she succeeded in seeing one act of "A Lady of Quality," and hurried back just in time to change her costume and take part in the third act of "Prince Rudolph." It was a nerve-straining experience, but she felt repaid for her effort.

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The other day a man went into a lawyer's office and waited long and patiently for his coming. When he appeared he followed him into his private room and was closeted there for three quarters of an hour. Presently he came out, and left the building; close behind him came the lawyer, flushed and indignant. "There," said he to a friend who was in the outer room, "that fellow came here and asked me for some advice. It took three quarters of an hour to give it to him, and when he got up to go, he said, 'Well, I don't want to take up your time for nothing, here's a nickel; go and get yourself a cigar.'"

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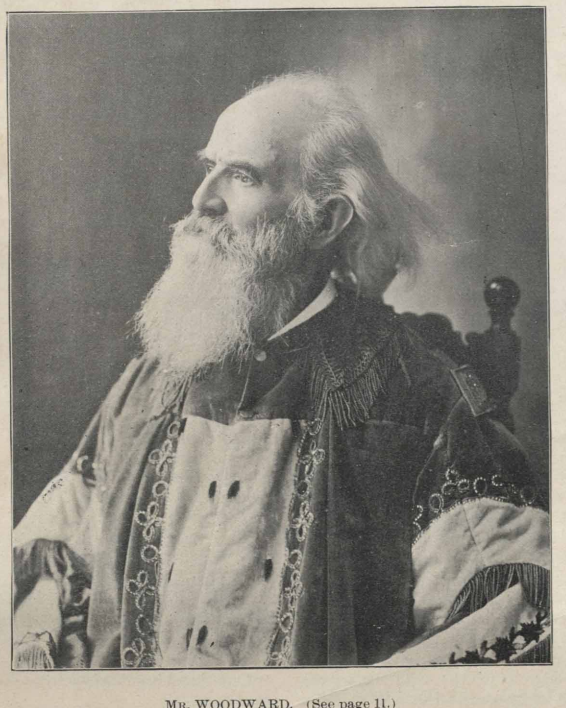
We are to have another six-day bicycle race by "ladies!"



MR. WOODWARD. (See page 11.)
Prize Photograph by J. H. Clark, Indianapolis.

MRS. BESSIE (MILLIKAN) TAYLOR. (See page 11.)

THE STAGE.

NEXT WEEK AT THE THEATERS.

AT ENGLISH'S OPERA HOUSE.

The one night engagement of Richard Mansfield next week is an event in the theatrical season. We have had so few really fine attractions this winter, that we should feel thankful for this really great event before the season closes.

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Mansfield's new play, "The Devil's Disciple" is by Mr. Bernard Shaw in whose "Arms and the Man," Mansfield has appeared before. "The Devil's Disciple" should be of especial interest to Americans. It is filled full with ideals and idols, and Mr. Shaw amuses himself royally through three acts abolishing the one and smashing the other.

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The action takes place in New Hampshire in 1777. This gives Mr. Shaw a chance to introduce a lot of grim old hypocrites who preach theology and practise uncharitableness and other sins. The year gives him a chance also to represent the British soldier in his most unheroic attitudes, and to apply to George III various epithets, among which "pig-sticker" is mild.

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Dick Dudgeon a jovial young rebel, which part is taken by Mansfield, is looked upon as the devil's disciple by his Puritanical mother. In the opening act Dick returns to his home from a life of merry roistering, to take possession of the greater part of the family fortune. The mother, furious that her husband has not disinherited her scapegrace son, gives him her curse. Anthony Anderson, a Presbyterian minister, hearing that Dick is in danger of being hanged as a rebel by the British, invites him to his house. The minister is called away, and Dick is thus left to enjoy a pleasant tete-a-tete with Judith Anderson, the minister's young wife. Their tete-a-tete is interrupted by the entrance of King George's soldiers, who have come to arrest the minister. Dick is sitting in his shirt sleeves. The soldiers, consequently, mistake him for Anderson and Dick goes off to be hanged. The minister, returns home to find his wife in a swoon. When she recovers she tells him that "Dick" Dudgeon, the ne'er-do-well, with whom he left her, has been captured by General Burgoyne's soldiers as a rebel, they having mistaken "Dick" for the parson. When he hears this the good pastor immediately calls for money, a horse, swears like a trooper, and hastes away for all the world like a coward, so that his wife begins to despise him and to love the heroic Dudgeon who has allowed himself to be arrested in the minister's stead. Remarks the perverse Mr. Shaw:

The part played by the husband, whom you have been misled into calling a villian, is altogether heroic. When he calls for his horse and rides off, his wife thinks he is running away to save his life, because she is a silly, romantic creature. The critics, being also silly, romantic creatures, think the same. What he actually does is to raise the countryside, organize resistance to the "Continentals" (the English,) and force Burgoyne next morning to treat with him and release "the D. D.'s." The point is, of course, that when the same emergency comes upon the two men, the devil's disciple shows the instinct of a saint, and goes to martyrdom; whereas the pious minister throws off his black coat and acts like a practical man and a first-rate soldier. Here is the speech he makes in the last scene:

Anderson (to General Burgoyne).—Sir, it is in the hour of trial that a man finds his true profession. This foolish young man boasted himself the Devil's Disciple; but when the hour of trial came to him, he found it was his destiny to suffer and be faithful to the death. I thought myself a decent minister of the gospel of peace; but when the hour of trial came to me I found it was my destiny to be a man of action, and that my place was amid the thunder of the captains and the shouting. So I am starting life at fifty as Captain Anthony Anderson, of the Springtown Militia; and the devil's disciple here will start presently as the Reverend Richard Dudgeon, and wag his pow in my old pulpit, and give good advice to this silly, sentimental little wife of mine. Your mother told me, Richard, that I should never have chosen her if I'd been born for the ministry.

Richard.—Minister—I mean captain—I have behaved like a fool.

Judith.—Like a hero.

Richard.—Much the same thing, perhaps. But no! if I had been any good, I should have done for you what you did for me, instead of making a vain sacrifice.

Anderson.—Not vain, my boy. It takes all sorts to make a world—saints a well as soldiers.

Notes on the Revolutionary Societies

An extremely interesting account of the D. A. R. Congress at Washington by Mrs. James Fowler of LaFayette, who was a delegate from the General de LaFayette chapter, was published in the LaFayette Daily Courier of March 11. Mrs. Fowler told of the proceedings the Congress at length and in a most entertaining way. The number of chapters of the society she reports is 420. There are chapters in forty-five states, one in Paris, chapters in Naples, Samoa and Hawaii, with one under consideration in Mexico. There is a chapter of twenty-six members in Honolulu.

Mrs. Fowler nominated Mrs. Hatcher of this state for assistant historian general. She says: She was seconded by many, but none more beautifully than Miss Elizabeth Bryant Johnston. Mrs. Hatcher, as chairman of the house committee, was at the time superintending the printing of names on the bulletin board. Her youth made her a conspicious figure on the platform at all times. To quote from an evening paper: "Mrs. Hatcher, vice-president general from Indiana, is one of the prettiest women in the Congress, and one of the most reliable when one wants anything done quickly and well." To me it was beautiful to see Miss Johnston, a woman much older than Mrs. Hatcher, advance to the front of the stage and second so heartily the nomination I had made. She spoke of her youth, her energy, her enthusiasm, and said: "We need her on this board; we can't do without her, and what we want is more young Americans." With Mrs. Hatcher assistant historian and Mrs. Fairbanks one of the vice-presidents, Indiana will be well represented on the next national board.

Mrs. Fairbanks entertained the Indiana delegates at dinner during the Congress.

At a recent meeting of the Paul Revere Chapter, D. A, R., in Boston, Dr. Edward Everett Hale adviced the members to go to the corner of State and Exchange streets and stand on the spot where the Boston massacre took place, then go home and agitate to their kinsmen the matter of placing a copper plate in the sidewalk which shall tell the story of that great event.

New Albany has just organized its first chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. The organization met two weeks ago. Miss Mary Cardwill has been appointed Chapter Regent of New Albany by the State Regent. It was an enthusiastic meeting of many of New Albany's most cultured women, who are eligible and are waiting to have their papers confirmed. Mrs. Cardwill is a journalist, and is well equipped to preside as Regent. Mrs. Sara H. Hinton, of Louisville, was invited to meet with the D. A. R. and to give them an informal talk. She is a member of the John Marshall Chapter. The meeting was enjoyable, and the air of true hospitality, the large number present and the dainty refreshments added to the success of the meeting. The decorations were flags, patriotic pictures and flowers. The chapter was organized with sixteen members. The State Regent suggested as the name of the New Albany Chapter "George Rogers Clark." That matter has not yet been determined.

Last month the N. Y. City chapter of the D. A. R. presented their popular Regent, Mrs. Donald McLean, with a most beautiful token of their esteem and appreciation. This was a laurel wreath of solid silver. The wreath, of silver laurel leaves linked with laurel berries, a cluster of the flowers forming a medallion, can either be worn as a crown, as an ornament or as a corsage ornament for full dress.

The famous old Charter Oak, of which Connecticut is very proud, is not only kept in remembrance by the pages of history, but through its descendants, the most prominent of which can now be seen in Bushnell Park, at Hartford. This is believed to be the largest and most thrifty seedling of the Charter Oak that now exists. It is a white oak—a species famed in all ages for its strength and durability—of fifty years' growth, and gives promise of continuing for several hundred years to come. It measures forty-five feet in height, thirty inches in largest diameter at the surface of the ground, and eighteen inches through the trunk, three feet from the ground, while the branches extend over a radius of from eighteen to twenty-four feet. In 1847 Samuel Whitman, a well-known citizen of West Hartford, when a young man fresh from Yale, was out botanizing, and picked up a few acorns underneath Charter Oak. These he afterward planted in a flower-pot. Two coming up, they were carefully tended, and subsequently set out in a nursery near the young man's home. One having developed very finely, was offered to the park board and accepted. It has received the best of care, and its acorns have been sent to all parts of the country, and some good-sized grandchildren now occupy posts of usefulness in various places of prominence. From a box of acorns a Norwich woman is now raising seedlings to present to fellow-members of the "Daughters of the Revolution." The mate to the oak in Bushnell Park was set upon the green in West Hartford, and soon after died, leaving no progeny. With so many descendants of the old Charter Oak in existence, the line is not likely to become extinct.

The Indiana Chapter of Daughters of the Revolution will send to the annual meeting of the Society in Boston, April 25, the State and Chapter Regent, Mrs. J. C. Tarkington; Vice-State Regent, Miss Voss; chapter delegate, Mrs. Will Tarkington; alternates, Miss Romaine Braden, Miss Artena M. Chapin, Mrs. Theresa Smith and Miss Virginia Minor.

MISS ETTA WEED. (See page 11)
Prize Photograph by J. H. Clark, Indianapolis.

MAKING EXPOSURES.

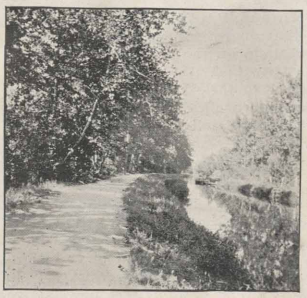
By CHARLES P. McDOUGALL.

IT is not at all remarkable that photography has become so popular in the last few years. It is a most natural consequence, for we all love pictures; all of us, from the simple rural folk who make the large plush-covered photograph album the chief attraction of the parlor table, to the art students who spend their lives among the master pictures of the world. Recently, the manufacturer has developed photograph cameras and materials to such an extent and made their use so simple, that any one with a little brains and an eye for the beautiful, can make photographs.

Yes and most amateurs, with care and thought can make pictures. Usually the beginner, after having read hurriedly the little booklet on "how to make pictures," and seeing the statement, that for snap shots the subject must be in strong sun light; will take this mysterious, little, black box out in the yard, stand some member of the family up in front of it, and press the button. The subject of the picture is, more than likely, so placed that the sun is shining directly into his or her face and the face is squinted into the most awful contortions. The rising amateur then proceeds to have the plate developed and printed. Lo! there is the beloved member of the family on paper. The amateur can take photographs and his happiness is complete. Very often he will snap everything possible until he has, perhaps a hundred photographic excuses. Then it is an old story and he is ready to stop.

The way to make photography interesting, is to work with an ambition to make each picture better than the one taken before. The beginner should make it a point to observe the work of others very carefully, and it is even a good plan to try to make a picture exactly like one he has seen. By so doing he can see the contrast between his finished picture and the one he wanted to make, and observe the points in which his picture is lacking. In taking a picture, one should not only have in mind the determination to take a certain person or place, but the idea should be to have a picture of the subject, under the most attractive conditions possible; and the best effects cannot be secured without careful attention to composition and lighting.

We often see pictures of people and as we look at them we say they are not good; that they are not true to the subjects. As to the truth we are mistaken, for the camera will never lie. If we observe closely, we will see that the eyes, the nose, the mouth, in fact every feature is represented and they are like those possessed by the subject. What then is the matter? More than likely, the lighting. If we place an orange directly in front of a light, it will appear almost flat, but if we place it at the side or below, a beautiful shadow is formed, which gradually fades into light so that every curve of the orange is shown and it has the appearance of being round. This is just so with a face. To bring out the beauty of the features, the light must be so placed, that each feature will stand out at its best. It will be noticed that flash light pictures usually make people look pale and ghostly. This is because the light is directly in front and no shadow is formed to bring out the features and give life to the face. Figures placed in direct sunlight will have very strong light and very harsh shadows and this will never make a good likeness. To get the best portraits out of doors,



ON THE TOW PATH.
By Charles P. McDougall.

the subject should be in shadow but near enough to the light so that it can be reflected into the faces; or the pictures can be taken on a cloudy day when there are no harsh shadows. But both these conditions require time exposures.

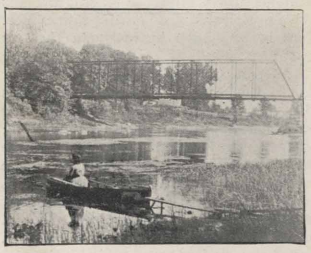
It is a good plan to learn as soon as possible to make time exposures, for then one is master of the situation at all times. The possibilities of snap shots are limited to strong light and this means harsh light. Once I made a picture of a figure standing on the steps of a porch. The picture was made with a "snap shot" and when finished, the figure and the steps which were in the sun, were very white and the porch was almost black. The next day I placed the person in the same position at the same time of day and using my smallest stop, gave the exposure something over a second of time. In this picture the light was found to be uniform and good, and the back of the porch was as distinct as the figure in the sun. This brings up the subject of the use of stops in connection with time exposures.

"CURIOSITY KILLED A CAT."
Photo by Charles P. McDougall.

HOMEWARD BOUND.
Photo by Charles P. McDougall.

When there is great contrast to be overcome the use of stops will always be a help. We have a good example in the canal-bank north of the city, which is one of the first things every local amateur tries to take. Often when the pictures are made in the afternoon, it will be found that the water and the East bank will be good but the trees on the West will be so black that all detail is lost. I was asked not to send a Canal picture with this article but I will use just one to illustrate. The exposure was made about three o'clock in the afternoon on a very bright day, but instead of making a snap, I made a small stop and timed it, perhaps two seconds. This gave a more uniform lighting and gave time to expose the dark shadows to the left, which otherwise would have appeared black in the picture.

In composing a picture one should use plenty of time. Place the subjects in one position after another until the desired effect can be had, and a special effort



REFLECTIONS.
By Charles P. McDougall.

should be used to leave out all suggestions of "sitting for a picture." In the picture "Curiosity killed a cat," the boys do not appear to know a camera is near, but the fact is that in taking that picture, I gathered the boys off of the street and martched them, in high delight, for two squares to the Monument, where I was obliged to call the friendly aid of a policeman to help me get them in position and keep the spectators out of the picture. Take a half an hour or more to one picture, that you will like when it is finished, rather than make a half dozen snap shots in that time, none of which you will care to keep.

It is sometimes said that there is no choice in making a landscape that the picture can not be composed because the object can not be moved to the liking of the artist. It is true he cannot change the objects in a landscape, but he can move his camera so much that he can make or mar the beauty of his picture. Before taking a landscape one should look at it carefully from every point of view. It will often be surprising what a difference the distance of a few steps to the right or to the left will make in the picture. I recall one picture that I made three times before it suited me. Each time when looking at the finished print, I would find that I had included something that marred its beauty. I would then try it from a different point or in a different light. This was not because the subject was so valuable to me, but simply in order to see how near I cauld come to making something that could be called a picture, and to see the effect of the picture under different conditions.

The most valuable lessons I have had in photography are those gained in trying the failures over again, and comparing my own work under different conditions or different methods under the same conditions.

PORTRAIT PHOTOGRAPHY.

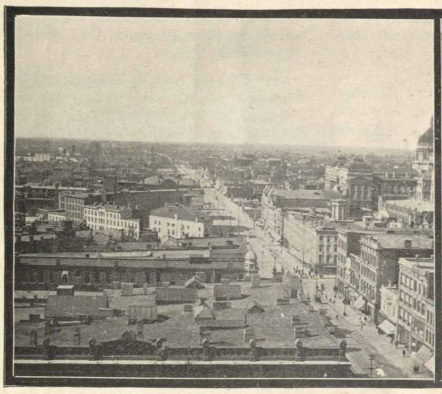
By W. H. POTTER.

REMBRANDT PROOFS.

These are platinotypes by the Willis and Clements patented process, and are produced by coating a suitable paper with the salts of platinum and exposing it under a negative until its details are fairly visible in the middle tints, when it is removed and finished by development in oxalate of potassium and fixed in a clearing solution of muriatic acid and water, 1 to 60. After three changes of the clearing solution and keeping the print well immersed for ten minutes in each, it is changed to plain water, running or frequently changed for twenty minutes or more and then allowed to dry.

If all the manipulations were properly performed the platinotype is permanent and withal a very beautiful portrait in black and white. However, if there be carelessness in the elimination of the iron with the acid bath and plain water to print with, it will in the course of time develop a rusty, discoloration which consequently degrades the purity of the whites and obscures the sparkle of the blacks. Hence the beauty and permanence of the tones depend on the skill and sincerity of the photographer. What mars the print at the time of delivery can be seen, but whether its permanency can be counted upon depends upon your confidence in the integrity of the man whose work it is. At any rate, do not accept flat or gray platinotype prints, nor on the other hand, chalky ones, that is with dead blackness and harsh whites, but only those with fine high lights, good middle tones, and liquid shadows, or fine sparkling blacks. For while it is considered the thing in Rembrandt proofs that all except the head should be more or less shadowy or lost, as that tends to center the attention on the face, the excuse for the being of the portrait, yet still what is subdued and lost should disappear in a liquid or sparkling dark-

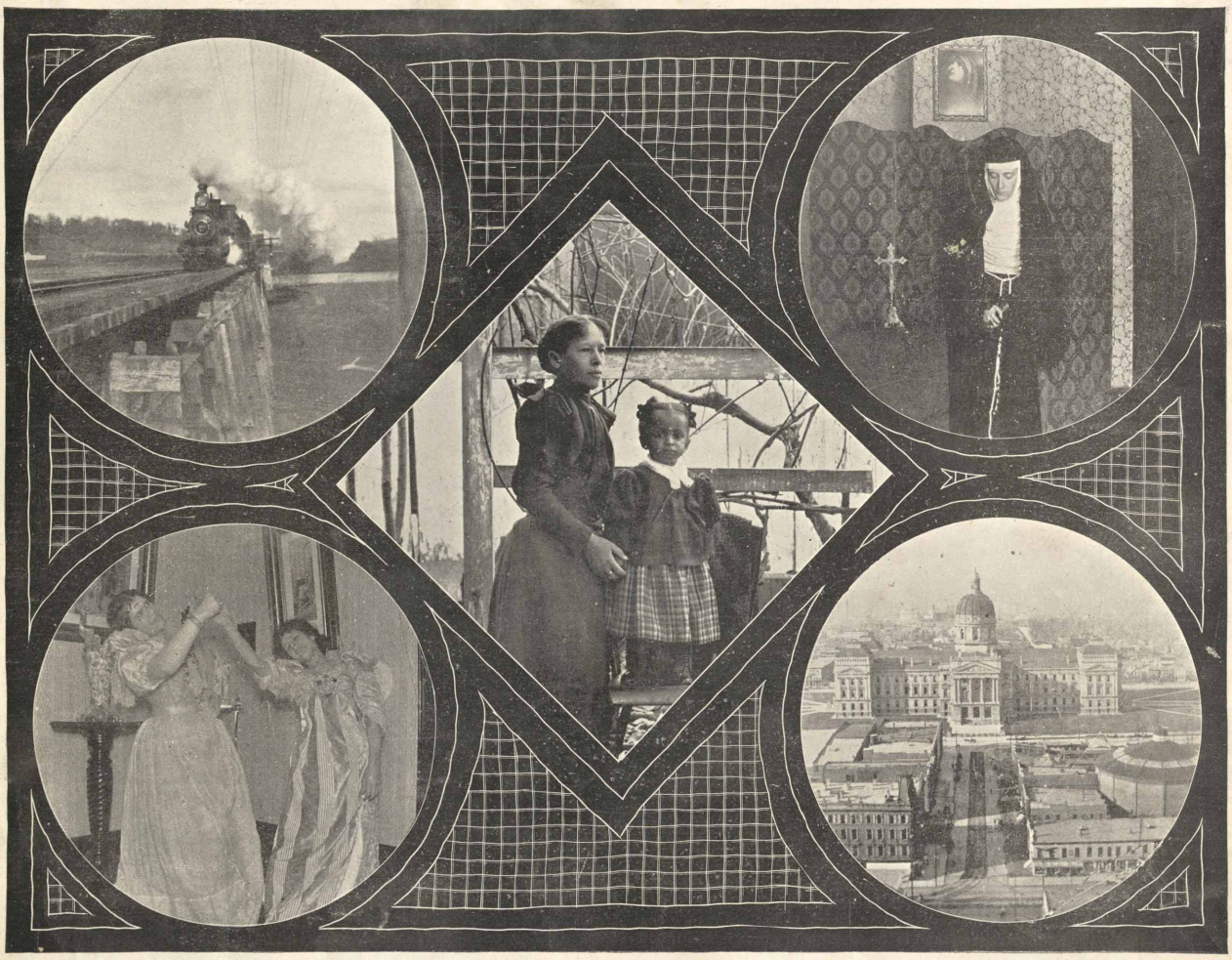
Continued on page 14.



LOOKING WEST FROM THE STEVENSON.
By Herman List. Entered for contest.

SCENE IN OGDEN CANYON, UTAH.
By Mrs. J. E. Pierce. Entered for contest.

OGDEN CANYON, UTAH.
By Mrs. J. E. Pierce. Entered for contest.



A MILE A MINUTE ON THE B. & O. S. W.
By J. A. Mendell. Entered for contest.

MINUET.
Flashlight by Mayburn Simmons. For contest

GRAND MAMMA'S DARLING.
By Geo. G. Hill. Entered for contest.

MEDITATION.
By Miss Gussie Brown. Entered for contest

STATE HOUSE FROM TOP OF MONUMENT
By Thomas H. Hanna. Entered for contest.

GROCERY AT LAWRENCEBURG, IND.
By J. A. Mendell. Entered for contest.

ON HOGAN CREEK WEST OF AURORA.
By J. A. Mendell. Entered for contest.

STATUE OF BRIGHAM YOUNG.
By Mrs. J. E. Pierce. Entered for contest.

This Week's Social Events.

Lent has not put a stop to the social gayety of which this week has seen its share. Many delightful small companies have been given throughout the week. On Wednesday, Mrs. L. W. Cooper, and Mrs. J. H. George gave a thimble party; Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Parkhurst celebrated their golden wedding with a reception and a dinner. The Century Club received informally in honor of Mr. John Fox, Jr., and Mrs. A. DeVay gave a beautiful dinner for Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Milburn. On Thursday Mrs. Elmer Gay entertained at cards, and a card party was also given by Mrs. William T. Dickson; Mrs. W. A. Applegate entertained at luncheon in honor of her daughter, Mrs. Cost, and Mrs. L. W. Cooper and Mrs. J. H. George gave a St. Patrick's Day party. Mrs. Stevenson's reception was on Thursday, also on the same afternoon Mrs. John Valentine Dittemore held her first-nuptial reception; on Friday, Mrs. Gates invited a number of her friends to hear Mrs. A. F. Potts read a paper on "Leisure," and Mrs. C. E. Coffin entertained at "hearts" in honor of some friends.

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Mrs. W. E. Stevenson's Reception.

Mrs. W. E. Stevenson gave a beautiful reception last Thursday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Daniel H. Chenoweth, formerly Miss Blanche Espy of Shelbyville, Tenn. Mrs. Fred Fox, formerly Miss Marie Oglesby, of Cincinnati, and Mrs. Thaddeus Houston, who was Miss Eva Mackintosh, three of the season's brides. In the parlors the assisting ladies were Mrs. Lockridge, Mrs. Mackintosh, Mrs. D. C. Griffith, Mrs. Henry Stearn, Mrs. I. N. Richie, Mrs. Frank Foster, Mrs. Robert Drake, Miss Kinder, Miss Henderson and Miss Hornaday, of Ohio. In the dining room the assisting ladies were Mrs. Ed Nell, Miss Robertson, Mrs. Willard, Misses Nelle and Sadie Mackintosh, Miss Emma Frank and Miss Dewenter. Punch was served by Ethel Smith, Lucille Herron, Edna Frank, Elsie McClam, Edith Griffith, Edna Stevenson, Mary Foster and Margaret Cook. In the decorations of the parlors palms and smilax in profusion formed an effective background for an artistic arrangement in vases of pink roses and carnations. In the dining room pink and green were the colors used, the assisting young ladies wearing gowns of white over green and white over pink. On the dining table was placed a handsome center-piece of drawn work over pink satin. Wide bands of pink satin ribbon and garlands of smilax were festooned from the chandelier. The mantel was banked with palms and potted plants. The brides wore their wedding gowns. Marone the harpist played during the reception hours. The ladies present from out-of-town were Mrs. Will Worth and Mrs. Oglesby of Cincinnati, Mrs. Clifford Piercy and Mrs. Gilmore of Greencastle. In the evening Mrs. Stevenson entertained the assisting ladies and a number of gentlemen at cards.

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Reception in Honor of Mr. John Fox Jr.

An informal reception was given Wednesday afternoon at the Century Club rooms in the Denison by the Century club in honor of Mr. John Fox, Jr. who gave a series of readings in the evening at English's Opera House. Spring flowers were used in the decoration of the rooms. Father Gavisk, the president of the club, introduced Mr. Fox to the guests. The other gentlemen on the reception committee were: Messrs. W. Fishback, J. L. Griffiths, Herbert Foltz and C. W. Moores.

Ices and coffee were served by the following ladies who also acted as hostesses: Mrs. A. F. Potts, Mrs. W. F. Elliott, Mrs. W. Fortune, Mrs. J. P. Dunn, Mrs. Evans Wollen, Mrs. J. L. Griffith, Mrs. C. W. Moores, Mrs. H. N. Brown, Mrs. H. Whitehead, Mrs. J. H. Holliday, Mrs Albert Rabb, Mrs. Herbert Foltz, Miss Shipp, and Miss Colgan.

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Church Notes.

The Lenten devotions at St. John's church will be at 7:30 o'clock on Wednesday and Friday evenings.

At Saint Peter's and St. Paul's Chapel the evening Lenten services are at 8 o'clock usually conducted by Bishop Chatard or Father Chartrand assisted by Mgr. Bessonies.

Saturday, March 19, is St. Joseph's day and is the occasion for great festivities in honor of him. St. Joseph is held in high reverence and esteem by all Catholics. Nearly all religious institutions as well as Catholic families either have statues or pictures of him in conspicuous places.

Mr. Geiger has made arrangements for Sunday evening organ recitals at Christ church beginning with tomorrow evening March 20. The second one will be given two weeks from that time. The regular services will be held omitting the sermon. After the offering the choir will march out as usual leaving in the chancel only those who are to take part in the recital. The program for tomorrow evening is as follows.

Pasterole—in F - - - - - - - - Bach
Hark, Hark My Soul - - - - - Holden
Quartette
Meditation— - - - - - - - Goltemann
Cello Solo, Adolph Schellschmidt
Far from My Heavenly Home - - Tours
Quartette
Adnante—Symophony in C Minor - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - Beethoven

Misses Reigger and Earhart, Messrs. Talbot and Geiger.

Schubert is the "master musician" for March in the Plymouth services, and with Beethoven, will be the subject of the musical program to be rendered there Sunday night.

PROGRAM.

"Jubilate" - - - - - - - - - Schubert
Quartette
"My Sweet Repose - - - - - Schubert
Mrs. Swain
"Serenade" (cello solo) - - - Schubert
Mr. Igleman
"The Wanderer" - - - - - Schubert
Mr. Steele
"Nature Adoration" - - - Beethoven
Mr. Van Wie
"A Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage"
- - - - - - - - - - - - Beethoven.

The quartette will be assisted by Mr. Edwin O. Igleman, cellist.

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People and Events.

Mr. and Mrs. Noah S. Joslyn, of Greencastle, have issued invitations for the wedding reception of their daughter, Miss Eleanor, who will, on Wednesday evening, March 26, be united in marriage to Dr. Robert Edward Lyons of the State University. The ceremony will be performed at 7:30 o'clock at 301 Vine street. At home cards read: "At home Thursdays, after April 20, 535 Walnut street, north, Bloomington, Ind."

RHEA CATHERINE KOONS. (See page 11.)
Prize Photograph by Pike & Harter, Muncie.

Miss Marie Fertig entertained the Now Club with a Japanese tea on Friday evening of last week. Misses Anna and Kate Morgan, May and Florence Robinson, Anna Bronker, Emma Robertson, Minnie Preston and Jessie Hoagland wore Japanese costumes. The assistants were Miss Lena Fertig and Miss Sadie Moore of Cincinnati Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hardie have issued invitations to the marriage of their daughter Nelle, to Mr. Charles Clifford Bosworth of Lexington, Kentucky, on Tuesday afternoon, March 29, at three o'clock, at their home, 1530 East Washington street.

An interesting event of the week will be the German play, "Der Huettenbesitzer," by George Ohnet, which will be presented by the German Theater Company of Cincinnati, on Friday evening, March 18, at 7:45 at the Grand Opera House.

Miss Ella Vickery of Evansville, who has recently returned from a several years' residence in Rome, Italy, will come next week to visit Mrs. W. J. Sisson. Mrs. Sisson will give several entertainments in her honor.

The following Indianapolis people went to Chicago this week to attend The Grand Opera. Mr. Adolph Schmuck, Mrs. John Sonntag, Mayor and Mrs. Taggart and daughters, Miss Florence Day and Mrs. Agnes V. De Vay.

Miss Frances Lux of Logansport, first soprano of the "Chimes" quartette, spent Sunday in Lafayette with Miss Julia Wade, and sang at the First Presbyterian church of that city on Sunday morning.

Mansfield will appear at English's for one night, only, Tuesday, March 22. The attraction for Thursday, Friday and Saturday is DuSouchet's amusing farce, "My Friend from India."

Miss Miona Newsom, who has been Superintendent of the customers' trimming room at Griffiths' Brothers during the opening, returns tonight to her home in Carthage, Indiana.

The marriage of Mr. C. N. Williams of this city and Miss Doll of Lafayette, which will occur on April 6, will be a quiet affair on account of the recent death of the bride's father.

The marriage of Miss Bessie Salter and Mr. Walter Hayes of Rochester, N. Y. is announced for Wednesday evening, March 23 at the family residence on West Tenth street.

Mrs. Charles N. Thompson has returned from a visit in Crawfordsville. On Thursday of last week, Miss Dice gave an afternoon company in Mrs. Thompson's honor.

Miss Maude Carmichael, of Bloomington, who has been visiting Miss Beryl Showers in this city, has been called home by the illness of her mother.

Mrs. Frank W. Wood and Miss Hetty Adams have issued invitations for a reception Thursday, March 24, from 2 to 6, at Mrs. Wood's home.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Louden and little daughter, of Bloomington, Indiana, are in the city, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Reinhard.

Mrs. Abernathy who has been the guest of Mr. G. G. Tarnne since their return from New York has returned to her home in Kansas City.

Mrs. William Haueisen, Miss Haueisen and Miss Adams have returned from Evansville, where they visited Mr. Otto Haueisen.

Mrs. Thomas, wife of Prof. C.S. Thomas of the State University, is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Thornton of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Jackson, of Crawfordsville, are in the city, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas McCarthy Harrison.

Mr. J. Robert Craig of Terre Haute, came yesterday to attend the dance of the Cleon Club at the Brenneke Academy.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Whitney, of Alexandria, Indiana, have removed to their former home, Louisville, Kentucky.

Miss Alice Fee has returned to her home in Bloomington after an extended visit with her brothers in this city.

ALIENE ELIZABETH JEANE.

OUR PICTURES.

Mr. Charles A. Woodward whose picture by Clark is presented on page 6, is a Royal Arch Mason and a prominent member of the G. A. R. and Ancient Landmarks of this city He is the father of the late Wilbur W. Woodward who was an artist of wide reputation, and Dr. S. G. Woodward who was in the Post Office of this city for several years. Mr. Woodward is seventy-five years old, but so hale and hearty that he enjoys nothing so much as a spin on his bicycle.

Mrs. Bessie Millikan Taylor, whose picture appears on page 7, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Millikan, who came to this city from Newcastle fifteen years ago. Mrs. Taylor, who is a talented musician and is very popular in her circle of friends, became the wife of Dr. O. S. Taylor about a year and a half ago. This picture was taken in her wedding gown.

Last week we presented our readers with a picture of Mrs. Charles Buschmann in the costume of Martha Washington, a picture by Clark which won a prize at the late State Convention of Photographers. Today we present two other pictures of this same lady, one a head in evening dress, and the other a head in the Martha Washington costume.

Little Rhea Catherine Koons whose picture appears on page 10, is the four year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William P. Koons of 800 East Main street, Muncie, Indiana. Although so young, the little girl already displays musical talent, and is noted for her remarkable memory. She is considered the most beautiful child in Muncie.

Mrs. Herman Sayles, whose picture appears on page 3, is too well-known in this city to need an introduction to our readers. Mrs. Sayles is one of our most beautiful young women. She is also bright and clever, and a skilled pianist. She has just sailed for Europe to join her brother, Thad Rich, the violinist, who is pursuing his studies there.

Mr. James R. Henry whose picture appears on page 6, is a man well-known through the state of Indiana. He is Cashier of the State Bank of Indiana, and Treasurer of the Indianapolis and Broad Ripple Rapid Transit Company. He is also a member of the Governor's Staff, and it is in this uniform that he appears in this photograph.

We call our readers' attention to the fact that the pictures by Clark published herein are prize winning pictures, and published as such, according to our announcement of week before last. They are fine examples of the photographers' art, and as such we commend them to our readers.

Miss Etta Weed whose picture, a prize winner by Clark, appears on page 7, has just returned from an extended trip through the East, visiting friends in Philadelphia, New York and other cities. Miss Weed spends many of her summers among her friends in the East.

Claude Bowers whose picture appears on page 4, is the representative of the Indianapolis High School in the Oratorical Contest at Richmond next week. He is an excellent orator, and is extremely popular among his associates and teachers.

By an unfortunate mistake, the picture of Mrs. Bessie Millikan Taylor which appeared in last week's issue was marked with the name of Miss Etta Weed. This week the pictures of both ladies are published.

Little Alice Elizabeth Jean, whose picture appears on page 11 is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Jean of Worthington.

The picture on our cover is that of little Cornelia Goe, of Irvington, a little maid of seven summers.

People and Events.

Rev. H. G. Griffin is spending a few days in Bloomington, with his parents Mr. and Mrs. William Griffin.

Miss Ida V. Smith has returned to her home in Lafayette, after a visit with the Misses Rankin of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Crowin Colvert, of Attica, who have been in the city for a few days, have returned home.

Mrs. C. U. Timmonds, of Hartford City, who has been in the city for several days, has returned home.

Mrs. William Edmunds has returned from a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Lindley, of Bloomington.

Miss Nellie Baker has returned after a visit to Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Anderson, of Crawfordsville.

Mr. and Mrs. Courtland Van Camp have issued invitations for a card party, Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Dr. Marvell and Mrs. John H. Johnson, of Richmond, were in the city last week.

Mr. William H. Deddrich of Evansville, is in Indianapolis to attend a State Convention.

Mr. Oscar Bosart is visiting in Bloomington, the guest of his aunt, Mrs. Julia Sheeks.

Mr. Bert Clark, of Lafayette, who has been visiting in Indianapolis, has returned home.

Mr. A. S. Reed and Mr. S. C. Kennedy of Crawfordsville, were in the city last week.

Mrs. Henry Schnull and Mrs. Bernard Vonnegut will go to Ashville, N. C., this week.

Mrs. W. F. Havens of the Soldiers' Home at Lafayette, is visiting her mother in this city.

The I. U. Glee Club will give an entertainment at Hartford City on March 25.

Master Vernon Hahn is in Marion, the guest of his cousin, Miss Lethald Hahn.

Miss Ella McGraw, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. George McGraw of Richmond.

Mrs. Clarence W. Cainer, of Richmond, is in the city, the guest of friends.

Miss Bertha Garret, of Hartford City, is in the city, the guest of friends.

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Special Treatment of Diseases of Women by DR. MARY A. SPINK.

Indiana Clubs and Their Work

EDITED BY HARRIET WALRATH KITTS.

ON CRITICISM.

CHAPTER III.

The office of critic is the only one in clubdom which has not developed with passing years. Perhaps the reason is not difficult to find: it is the only one which has been taken lightly. To report a half dozen words mispronounced has ever been the critic's conception of her duty. When she comprehends and applies the broad meaning of the term criticism, she will find her office no sinecure. It will tax her ability heavily to give to the club a really creditable report; but she should expect, and be expected to perform this duty as thoroughly as any other upon the program.

As the office—when rightly understood—is an arduous one; and as the practice it furnishes is a splendid one, it should be filled by members in turn, no one serving longer than one meeting. The plan, adopted by many clubs, of appointing a critic for the year, is assuredly not a wise one; for it not only places too heavy a burden upon one member, but it also fails to secure the greatest good to the greatest number. A club critic should have previous notice of her appointment the same as any other member upon the program. She is not to be blamed for superficial work, if she is notified at the beginning of a session that she must present a report at the close. She should be appointed at a previous meeting, or, better still, be regularly assigned in the year-book, which plan would serve the double purpose of giving dignity to the office. She should then make good use of the opportunity given her, by studying well the entire program it is hers to criticise, and thus qualifying herself to serve.

It is not probable that she will be able to return a discriminating report at the close of the session which she serves as critic, for she will find herself uncertain about many points—and the critic's report should never be hesitating or doubtful - better have none at all! The following meeting is then the natural and proper occasion for the critique, which prepared under these conditions, could but be one of the most helpful as well as the most interesting features of the day's program.

PEN PORTRAITS.

Mrs. Nora Hunter Applegate, president of the "A. D. O. U." of Connersville, was born in Bloomington in 1872. She is the daughter of the late Prof. D. Eckley Hunter, known in educational circles all over the state. In 1893 she was graduated from the Indiana State University in which she held an honor scholarship. While in college she was a member of the Philomathean Literary Society, and is a member of the Kappa Kappa Gamma Sorority. The two years following her graduation she was principal of the commissioned High School of Oxford, Indiana. Upon her marriage to Mr. Edward Applegate she took up her abode in Connersville, where she soon became a member of the A. D. O. U. club. Mrs. Applegate possesses in a large degree that not easily defined quality known as "tact," which is necessary to the success of a presiding officer.

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Mrs. Harriet Grout Banes, secretary of the "A. D. O. U." of Connersville, was one of the three organizers of the club, and its first president. She is a native of New York, where her early life was spent. She fitted herself for teaching, and upon her removal to Illinois became the principal of the Milan school. After her marriage she came to Connersville where she has since led an active life in business and literary circles. She one of those capable women who manage their own multitudinous affairs and yet always have time to lend a helping hand to others. To her efficiency as a presiding officer in the early life of the club is due much of its later success.

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Mrs. Helen Gerrels Masters, retiring president of the "Woman's Athenaeum," of Muncie, is a charter member of the club and one of its promoters. She was the club's first secretary, and later on its vice-president. In the local federation she served as first vice-president during the part year, presiding at the annual meeting during the absence of the president. Wisconsin is her native state, but her educational training was acquired in the Fort Worth University of Texas. Mrs. Masters is the wife of the principal of the Muncie High School. She is a woman of sterling qualities and affable manners, and is loved and admired by all who know her well.

MRS. HELEN GERRELS MASTERS,
Retiring President of the Woman's Athenaeum Club of Muncie.

MRS. NORA HUNTER APPLEGATE,
President of the "A. D. O. U" of Connersville.

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Mrs. Caddie Strawn Wood, retiring corresponding secretary of the Women's Athenaeum Club was born in Muncie, November, 1871. She was graduated from the Muncie High school in 1889 with honors, and was the youngest in her class. Her studies were continued for a year in the State Normal at Terre Haute. Upon her return she became a teacher in the Muncie public schools, and retained the position until her marriage. She is a charter member of the "Athenaeum" and has served the club in many capacities. In the High street, Methodist Episcopal church, of which she is a valued member, she is superintendent of the Junior League work.

"A DOZEN OF US" OF CONNERSVILLE.

Indiana club people never think of Connersville without experiencing a sense of tenderness, gratitude, and wonder, that the little city with its fifty-odd club women only, were able and willing to entertain so lavishly the seventh annual convention of the Indiana Union of Literary Clubs. Assuredly there were some practical business heads among them, for everything went off without a hitch of any kind. The "A. D. O. U." did its full share and furnished the local secretary besides, who will be remembered as Mrs. Josephine D. Fearis. Its president, Mrs. Maude C. Smolley will be remembered as a member of the local executive committee.

The club with the novel name was organized, May 5th, 1892 by Mrs. D. C. Banes Mrs. J. H. Fearis, and Mrs. S. N. Hamilton. This meeting writes a member "was the indirect result of a German class that existed during the winter of 1888-89. After the class had disbanded, Mrs. Banes and Mrs. Hamilton continued the readings at stated intervals, sometimes varing the program with general literature, and discussing the possibility of a literary club. They became thoroughly imbued with the desire for intellectual growth, so then when the three met together they had definite aims and went to work in an effective manner to perfect the organization, the object being 'a higher literary culture.' As this would be more work for the individual in a small club, it was decided to limit the membership to twelve. The name 'A Dozen of Us' was the suggestion of Mrs. J. E. Roberts who was one of the original dozen; and though we have since increased our membership we still retain the name for the sake of the early associations."

As has been mentioned previously in these columns, the Connersville clubs practice a bit of reciprocity that is commendable. Each of the four clubs—the other three are the Cary, Coterie and Clio—entertains all of the others once a year in what is called an "Open Club Day." The "Dozen," in conformance to this plan invited its sister organizations November first, to attend a parlor lecture, delivered by Madame Pauline Marriotte Davies of Purdue University, LaFayette, whose subject was "Crafts, Trades and Guilds of France." This lecture was part and parcel, so to speak, of the year's work, which is the study of France.

In addition to the "Open Club Day" two "Guest Days" are provided, in which each member is privileged to invite two friends; and a third social occasion is the "Annual Evening Meeting," in which the club husbands are specially interested.

The club occasionally brings to the city some good entertainment. The last occasion of this kind was an illustrated lecture upon the "Passion Play of Ober-Ammergau," delivered by Prof. Waldo, of Purdue University. The proceeds of this entertainment were donated to the city library.

The several presidents of the "A. D. O. U." have been Mrs. D. C. Banes, Mrs. F. T. Roots, Miss Fannie Newkirk, Mrs. J. G. Smolley, Mrs. J. H. Fearis and Mrs. E. Applegate. The club became affiliated with the Indiana Union of Literary Clubs in January 1893. At present the "Dozen" numbers two more even than a baker's dozen. Its colors are white and gold; its flower the chrysanthemum.

Its officers are:
Nora Hunter Applegate, president.
Letitia F. Little, vice-president.
Harriet Grout Banes, secretary.
Alice Shera, Assistant Secretary.
Fannie H. Newkirk, treasurer.

The executive and program committee is: Elizabeth C. Earl, Emma S. Wright, Lewis R. Johnston.

PROGRAM OF THE "A. D. O. U." OF CONNERSVILLE.

A YEAR IN FRANCE.

SEPT. 6.—President's Address. France, A Reconnoitre.

SEPT. 20.—Early History to the Beginning of National Life. The First Song Makers, The Song of Roland.

OCT. 4.—Chivalry. Review of "Joan of Arc" (Mark Twain.) Conversation—Steps by which France became a great European Power.

OCT. 18.—The Huguenots. Calvin. Conversation—Pulpit Orators, Massilon, Bossuet, Fenelon, Bourdaloue, Pere Hyacinthe.

NOV. 1.—Open Club Day. Industrial France, Conversation—Our Debt to France for Food and Fashion.

MRS. CADDIE STRAWN WOOD.
Retiring Corresponding Secretary of the Woman's Athenaeum Club of Muncie.

NOV. 15.—An Historical Resume of the Golden Age. Characteristic French Literature, Maxims, Fables, Plackards, Political Pamphlets, and Song.

NOV. 29.—Prime Ministers—L'Hospital, Sully, Richelieu, Mazarin, Colbert, Necker, Talleyrand.

DEC. 13.—Hotel de Rambouillet and its Successors. Portrayal of the Times (Madame de Sevigne.)

DEC. 27.—Annual Evening Meeting. French Fagot Party. Original Stories.

JAN. 10.—Guest Day. Women in History—Catherine de Medici, Marie Antoinette, Josephine, Eugenie. Women in Politics—Madame de Maintenon, Madame de Montespan, Madame de Berry, Madame de Pompadour. Conversation—Woman's Influence.

JAN. 24.—France as an Educational Center, Monasteries, French Academy, Military Schools, Convents.

FEB. 7.—Responses—Original Valentines. The Growth of the Theater. Sculpture.

FEB. 21.—The Last Days of Absolute Monarchy. Cathedrals and Chateaux. Napoleon—boy, man, lover, soldier, husband, emperor, exile. "Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica" (reading.)

MAR. 21.—Victor Hugo—Novelist, Poet, Politician.

APR. 4.—Scientists. Conversation—French Traits.

APR. 18.—Contract the American and French Constitutions. French Elections and Presidents.

MAY 2.—French Immortals. Influence of French Art.

MAY 16.—Guest Day. Symposium—French Artists. Conversation—Effect of Art upon Civilization.

MAY 30.—A Pre-view of the New Programes by the Executive Committee.

THE WOMAN'S ATHENAEUM CLUB OF MUNCIE.

The "Woman's Athenaeum" takes high rank among the clubs of Muncie, by reason of the wide awake progressive spirit of its members. It is always one of the first to enter into any project suggested by the local federation, and to perform well and quickly whatever it is assigned, is its prominent characteristic.

Until the year '92. no small literary society existed in Muncie. There was a large and flourishing musical organization, also a "Woman's" club of ample proportion and years; but the little study class which is today from its members and earnestness, the very life of clubdom, was yet unknown. The Athenaeum was among the first of this kind to spring up at Muncie, and it filled a long felt want. It was organized February 28 1894, by Mrs. McCarty, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Howard, Mrs. Masters and a few other energetic women who wished to study together. The register was limited to twenty-five from the beginning, as the members felt that study and discussion would be more profitable when members were few. The first corps of officers elected were: Mrs. Almira McCarty, president; Mrs. Helen Masters, cecording secretary; Mrs. Inez Bath, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Kate Kessler, treasurer.

The programs up to the present year, provided for study and research in literature and art. The present schedule, however, is an innovation in two respects; all topics are American and timely, and discussions by several members follow the presentation of the one subject which is assigned by brochure.

In a social way the Athenaeum enjoys an anniversary banquet which occurs the last Tuesday evening in February. For this occasion the entertainment is placed in the hands of a committee which does not divulge the secret until the proper and ripe moment. As each committee, vies with its predecessor in providing something unique and delightful, their anniversary functions are red-letter dates in the club.

This year the club has inaugurated a series of "guest days," which is to be recommended. It is in accordance with the reciprocity idea which is taking hold of the club world everywhere. Three such days are provided by the year-book, and they are designed to give members of other home clubs an opportunity to visit the Athenaeum. No special program is prepared—the regular order prevails; but members are all permitted to bring a guest.

The presidents of the Athenaeum have been: Mrs. Almira McCarty, Mrs. Lillian Holmes, Mrs. Helen Masters, and Mrs. Mary Howard. The club affiliated with the Indiana Union in 1896. Its colors are old-gold and white; its flower is the rose; its motto: "Yesterday is a remembrance, and To-morrow a hope; To-day alone is ours."

Its officers are:
Mrs. Mary H. Howard, president.
Mrs. Ida Watson, vice-president.
Miss Flora Harper, recording secretary.
Miss Fannie Lutz, corresponding secretary.
Mrs. Elizabeth Hickson, treasurer.

The literary committee is: Mrs. Mary H. Howard, Mrs. Minnie Searcy Wadsworth, Mrs. Almira McCarty, Mrs. Caddie Wood.

PROGRAM OF THE WOMAN'S ATHENAEUM CLUB OF MUNCIE.

FEB. 22.—Fourth Anniversary. Banquet.
MAR. 1.—Yellowstone National Park.
MAR 15.—The American Indian—past and present.
APR. 5.—Our Banking System.
APR. 19.—Great Industries of the United States.
MAY 3.—Guest Day. Wild Flowers of America. Flags and their Origin.
MAY 17.—Looking Backward vs. Caesar's Column.
SEPT. 6.—Sponge Gathering.
SEPT. 20.—The Rise and Fall of our Political Parties.
OCT. 4.—Guest Day. American Literature—Its Types and Character. Strides in Medical Science.
OCT. 18.—Technical Schools in America.
NOV. 1.—The Value of Drawing in our Public Schools.
NOV. 15.—Election of Officers. Our Congress.
DEC. 6.—The Advance of Science and Invention.
DEC. 20.—Guest Day. Music and Art. Result of Research the Common property of Nations.
JAN. 3.—Uncle Sam's Lighthouses, America's Life Saving Stations.
JAN. 17.—Birds of our Country. Signaling at Sea.
FEB. 7.—Alaska—Her Past and Future.
FEB. 21.—America's System of Weather Signals.

WITH THE CLUB EDITOR.

Mrs. Elizabeth Claypool Earl of the A. D. O. U. of Connersville was a member last year of the state program committee, of the I. N. L. C. She is a sister of Mrs. Virginia Meredith, of Cambridge City. She has served the Union in the capacity of president and chairman of the program committee.

The Woman's Athenaeum Club of Muncie, has had the honor of furnishing a president and a first vice-president in the local federation. Mrs. Lillian Richardson Holmes is the present president of the "Federal Club of Clubs of Muncie and Delaware County," and Mrs. Helen Gerrels Masters was last year's first vice-president.

At the last convention of the I. U. L. C. Mrs. Earl of Connersville offered the following resolution, which was adopted: "Resolved, That the president of this convention appoint a committee of five, of which she shall be one, to co-operate with the State Library Association in passing a law which will secure to Indiana a Library Commissioner, and this committee shall report progress at the next convention at Bloomington." The committee stands: Mrs Elizabeth Claypool Earl, Connersville. Mrs. Jacob P. Dunn, Indianapolis; Miss S. A. Catlin, Warsaw; Prof. F. F. Moran, LaFayette; Miss Merica Hoagland, Fort Wayne.

The "Woman's Athenaeum" of Muncie gave an entertainment recently for the purpose of raising funds, that was both novel and successful. It was a comic art exhibit; and among many other pieces were twenty-seven drawings loaned by McCutcheon of Chicago.

Preliminary announcements of the Bloomington convention, issued by the program committee of the I. U. L. C., of which Mr. Charles R. Williams, editor of the Indianapolis News is chairman, are already in the hands of all the constituent clubs. The programs themselves will be distributed within a few days. It is hoped that all clubs will discuss the various topics in their regular sessions at home, and thus be kept in touch with all the other clubs of the state and with the state body itself. In this way delegates will be better prepared for active participation in all convention discussions. Discussion is the life of a convention, and more than that, its reason for being.

MRS. HARRIET GROUT BANES,
Secretary of the "A. D. O. U." of Connersville.

IN THE CLUB WORLD.

The General Federation has adopted Mrs. Shattuck's "Woman's Manual of Parlimentary Law."

Illinois numbers "over 150 clubs" in her state federation; Ohio, 168; Indiana exactly 176 at the present moment and still a-growing!

A travelling library, to be made up by the contribution of one book from every member of the state federation, will soon be started out, by the women's clubs of Utah.

"Lend a Hand," is the trivial and schoolgirlish name of a very excellent club of Baltimore Women, whose object is "to promote any just and good cause in the state." Among clubs, at any rate, there is much in a name.

An international congress of medical women is to meet in London this year. This is remarkable—at least so says the New York Evening Sun—"considering the fact that it is only about 50 years since the fair sex broke into that profession, in search of a career and fortune."

The National Congress of Mothers will hold its second convention in Washington the first week in May. Among the prominent speakers promised, appear the names of several men—college professors and such. In view of the fact that the mothers have made a tolerable success of "bringing up" the world's babies thus far, the Indiana woman suggests that a "National Congress of Fathers' would be more to the purpose.

A significant paragraph of special interest to Indiana club people is the following, which is copied from a Wisconsin writer in The Club Woman. "Mrs. Morris voiced the sentiment of most advanced club women in adovocating the admission to the Federation of organizations composed of both men and women. The applause with which this suggestion was greeted, I take it, evidence that Wisconsin will before very long join her sister states, Illinois and Indiana, in this advance."

A delightful club for those who do not wish to undertake a stated line of study, but who do love to read and discuss fiction, is the Novel Club. Such a one exists in Cleveland, Ohio. Such a one did exist in Muncie, Indiana; but it caught the prevailing fever two years, ago and is now one of the great majority. The plan of the Cleveland club is simple. A certain novel is selected for a meeting. A paper not to exceed thirty minutes is read upon the life and works of the author; a second paper not to exceed fifteen minutes, upon the particular book selected; a general discussion upon points in the novel brought out by a committee previously appointed For instance; a novel recently read was Middlemarch. After the two papers were read, the following questions were propounded and discussed by the club:

Are the four characters, Dorothea, Celia, Rosamond and Mary Garth, types of womanhood, or is each the embodiment of a single trait?

Is Mrs. Cadwallader a caricature? Why are there no heroes in Middlemarch? It is to magnify the heroines of the story by contrast or to indicate inherent weaknesses in men's characters? Are there too many series of life-histories for a single, well united and well proportioned plot?

The objection is often urged that George Eliot does not allow her characters to interpret themselves by speech and action to a sufficient extent; is this true? Does the author moralize so much as to give offense or to interfere with the progress of the story? Is the tone of the novel depressing, uplifting or normally healthy?

By discussing such questions as these, the club endeavors to comprehend the inner purpose of the author.

Some of the novels read have been:

Mansfield Park, Heart of Midlothian, Shirley, The Newcome, The Lost Chronicles of Bassett, Rienzi, The Woman in White, Our Mutual Friend, The Cloister and the Hearth.

PORTRAIT PHOTOGRAPHY.

Continued on page 8.

ness, somewhat like nature's, in order that the imagination may have something to work upon and be interested in, by means of a speculation suggested by the picture and the portrait themselves.

'Tis an excellent process in that it is capable of very fine results, although no novelty, as platinotypes have been produced in this city for years.

Nevertheless, the public is more interested in results than in technique; and yet in portraits the question of permanency is of such vital importance and of such doubtful attainment, that those interested in the permanence of the counterfeit presentment of friends—and who is not so interested?—should have possession of some data for intelligent criticism of photographs, the only kind of criticism that will command respectful attention on the part of the photographer, and cause him if at all possible to meet the patron's just requirements. For crude remarks or assertive criticism without knowledge injures one in the estimation of the judicious and have no effect on the groundlings.

One must learn to see beauty or the want of it in art by understanding causes and tones and the modelling which makes even a plain subject interesting in a portrait that does justice to the sitter by presenting the best view to the best advantage in outline, and in light, and shade. In other words, all with few exceptions are sensitive to great and striking beauty, but all are not sensible of the subtile elements of contour and relative proportions to a type which make it so, especially the delicate phases and minor determinants that give individuality to the type of beauty personified. Then there are factors of beauty that play a much less conspicuous part in a portrait in black and white than they do in the presentation of the real person to the eye. As, for example, a fine complexion, youthful plumpness, and solidity of face and much else that does not depend upon absolute proportion. Now while all these are important in their chemical effect on the quality of the negative, and thus give a certain tone to the print, yet the great determining factors are the outlines and the relations of the features to each other, and their correspondence to the type of beauty recognized as such by the nation of which the individual is a member. Thus, the contour may be too long, too short, or too square, representing strength rather than beauty and added to these, the features may not be proportioned to the outline, or mass and so on.

Nevertheless, these are of the essence of the likeness and needs must be given with accuracy if not exactness in order to give individuality to the portrait. Hence, one must clearly distinguish between the defects of the sitter as a subject, and the faults of the artist in not making the most pleasing representation of his patron.

Now as every sane individual loves his own soul and would not exchange his own personality with the greatest personage it is reasonable to contend that no such person really desires to be flattered in his portrait, but only that his best view shall be presented in the best manner. Thus there are two sides to the portrait question also and that there be bad manners and downright ignorance displayed on both sides is both evident and lamentable. How many on either side can declare off-hand what constitutes for example, a type of American beauty? Or where is any particular profile fulfills or departs from that type? Therefore how can they on the one side make due allowances for the deficiencies of the subject or they on the other side be able to determine the best point of view, the best pose and the best scheme of light and shade that will inevitably produce the best portrait? Both sides can not be equally blamable, for "a wooden expression" or a stiff position however blamable the one side may be for bad lighting and the worst point of view. Would it not be best then, that both sides should intelligently comprehend the constituents of the perfection of the type, and the individual deflections from it, and let the artist be able instantly to see them and how best to conceal them by doing justice to the nearest approaches to the type?

"It was my duty to have lived the highest
It surely was my profit had I known it
It would have been my pleasure had I seen,
We needs must love the highest when we see it." (Tennyson.)

WHEEL WHIRLS.

The '98 Meet.

The 19th annual meet of the League of American Wheelmen will be held in Indianapolis, the week of August 8th. These L. A. W. meets differ from the usual conventions in that the members of this organization meet annually in August for no other reason than to have a few days diversion and determine the national racing championships. There is no business to be transacted; no election of officers and the attendant wire-pulling; no committee meeting or general assemblage. Everything is made subservient to the one great object of having a good time, "Enjoy yourselves" is the only watchword. The business pertaining to the control of affairs and election of officers, committees, etc., is done in February of each year by delegates elected from each State or "Division," as each state is called in League parlance.

The League membership in the U. S., is at present about 110,000, which is about 40,000 more than last year, when the annual meet was held in Philadelphia. At that time 15,000 league members registered at headquarters. It is safe to assume that many more will come to Indianapolis, due to the increase in membership and the city's central location. Many league members do not go through the formality of registering, so that the number actually in attendance is not definitely known. The great majority of the visitors, of course, are non-members, attracted by the racing and cheap rates. A conservative estimate would be at least 50,000 strangers in the city during the week of the meet. These, for the most part, come with money in their pockets and the desire to spend it. They ask nothing of the city but to furnish them the opportunity to amuse themselves and enjoy their visit. No free lodgings or meals are asked for or wanted; a day's outing, an all-night "smoker" and a good track are all that the meet committee is asked to provide in return for the many thousands of dollars which will be left in the city. Probably no other convention or meeting ever held in Indianapolis has given so great a return for the investment as will the L. A. W. meet.

A track second to none in the country is assured and work will soon be begun on its construction. It is the intention of the Race Committee to have three days of racing, on Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, the 10th, 11th and 13th respectively. The trial heats will be run off in the mornings, the finals and semi-finals in the afternoons making a continuous program each day beginning at 9 a. m. and ending at 5 p. m. A rough outline of the racing program calls for a prize list of $3.500. The fastest riders of both hemispheres will contest and the races will be international in character. It is expected to have one big handicap event with at least 100 starters.

All circumstances considered, it is safe to say that not only will this be the largest and most desirable meeting ever held in the Hoosier capitol, but it will also be the greatest in the history of the League of American Wheelmen.

The plans of the Meet Committee, of which D. M. Parry is Chairman, are not yet definitely settled but enough has been already suggested and outlined to insure the unqualified success of the undertaking.

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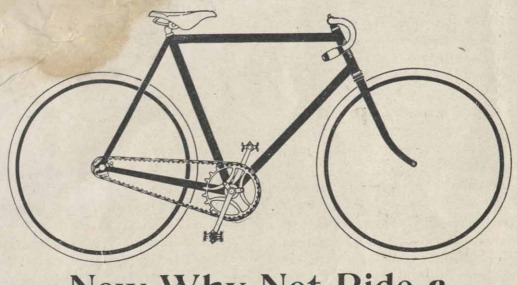

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Messrs. Warren Arnold, George Fife, S. C. Gold, W. R. Craig, E. B Coldwell, and R. R. Glenn have purchased '98 Starns bicycles.

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If you want to see the prettiest wheel on the market go to Gus Habich's—it's the '98 Apollo.

Ralph Knode 1840 North Delaware street is the proud possessor of a '98 Cleveland.

George Wallerick of Levey Bros. has purchased a '98 Cleveland.

Arthur Strauss has ordered a special Cleveland road racer.

Messrs. Harry Morrison, Chas. F. Foreman, I. N. Cleaver, Orris Partlow, John Van Skick, Floyd B. Daily, Court. L. Webb and Miss Fanny Jenkins have purchased '98 Grande bicycles.

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Italian and Rudersdorf method of singing. Recognizing the fact, that superior advantages are necessary to one's musical education, I have secured a studio in Chicago, where I will devote part of my time to pupils who prefer living in the city. Extra inducements to parties who desire to teach, as this method strengthens weak voices and makes harsh, over-taxed voices sweet. While those of mature years can easily learn to sing, children's voices carefully and artistically trained. Steinway Hall is a rendezvous for some of the greatest musicians in the United States, and such associations are not to be ignored. Voices tested free. MARY M. SHEDD, Talbott Block, or 611 Steinway Hall, Chicago.

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In the next issue will appear the names and photographs of the prize winners together with the prize winning pictures.

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These valuable articles on photography will begin in the issue of January 8, 1898. Remember they are written by men who understand their business. The contest will begin in issue of January 15, 1898 and end in the issue of June 4, 1898. Enter now as it takes some time to make the plates and you have the privilege of entering three different pictures all at the same time or at different times during the ten weeks of the contest.

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He had never taken an oath before, and was not a little disconcerted. The lawyer who conducted the cross-examination saw his opportunity, and badgered him with questions after the manner of his kind.

"How many did you say there were present?" he shouted, bringing his fist down upon the table as though the fate of empires trembled in the balance.

"Vell," meekly answered the witness, "of course I could not chust say, but I dinks dere vas between six and sefen."

"Tell the jury what you mean by that!" roared the lawyer. "How could there be between six and seven? Were there six or were there seven?"

"Vell," answered the witness, "maybe I vas wrong. There vas more as six, but dere vas not so much as sefen. One vas a fery leetle poy."

—

De Jones: "I've found a certain kind of a nail that my wife can hit every time."

De Brown: "Impossible! What is the name of it?"

De Jones: "Thumbnail."

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A father recently wrote to Oxford University: "What are your terms for a year? And does it cost anything extra if my son wants to learn to read and write as well as to row a boat?"

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Arthur: "Are you sure she loves you?"

Jack: "Yes; when I told her I had no money to marry on, she asked me if I couldn't borrow some."

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Charles Bragg: "Yes, Miss Brightly, it costs me ten thousand a year to live."

Miss Brightly: "Oh, Mr. Bragg, do you think it's worth it?"

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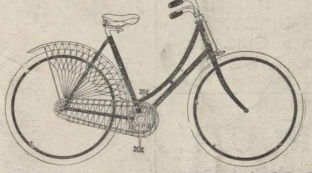

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Saturday Afternoon, March 26, 1898.

The Indiana Woman

GEORGE EDMOND STEWART.

An Illustrated Weekly
Published by
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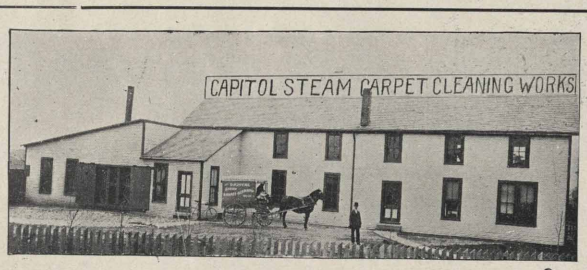

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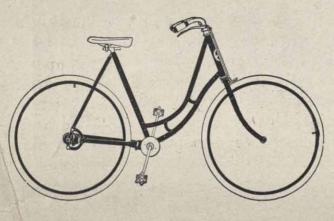

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The Indiana Woman

Vol. V. Indianapolis, Saturday Afternoon, March 26, 1898 No. 19.

WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG

A Boston paper has been making sport of the rate at which culture is being forced upon the Indianapolis people, judging from the club programs of this city for one week. This is rather hard to bear from Boston, although if a Boston paper considers that the work is weighty, we ought perhaps to feel flattered. But if the Boston paper reads our daily papers and learns that our people are rushing to see "lady" bicycle riders, that they are wild over the "cake walk," and that we have prize fighting or something like it every once in a while, they may pause to wonder whether club culture is confined to a very small portion of the community, or how it happens that so much study is having very little effect upon the people.

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I see that a colored society of this city which calls itself the "Progress Union Literary Society," has passed a resolution condemning the "cake walk" "as degrading, and a menace to the advancement of the Afro-American race." Now the white people should pass some such resolution as to its effect on themselves, for the like of the craze for "cake walks" was surely never seen before. If an entertainment for church or for charity or any other praiseworthy or unpraiseworthy purpose is to be a success, all that is necessary is to advertise that a cake walk will be a feature of the entertainment and the crowd will be there. Its novelty has no doubt been one reason for its popularity, but it is to be hoped for the sake of both white and colored, that by another winter some other attraction may obtain the same amount of attention that the cake walk has attracted.

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Will some philanthropist please found a society for the prevention of the wearing of ostrich feathers on hats on rainy days? Of course an ostrich feather has no feeling, but a man has, and to see a woman with a big velvet hat upon which six or eight black plumes are hanging about limply with every single feather as straight as an Indian's hair, is a sight to make the most cheerful man disconsolate. Just what is so depressing about this sight it is difficult to decide, but depressing it certainly is. If I get on a car on a rainy day, in the highest of spirits, I can feel them—my spirits—sink down like a barometer at a threatening storm, as soon as I face a woman wearing a hat bedecked with draggled feathers. Besides, think of the effect it would have on the woman if she only knew how she looked, the effect it must have when she gets home and faces her reflection in the mirror. There is certainly a great need for some such society.

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Perhaps for this very reason, animals are said to be rapidly taking the place of plumes on milady's hats. The only animal utlized so far is the chinchlla, which is about the size of a rat. As the field is large, however, there is no reckoning on what the dear creatures may decide upon wearing. The size of the animal need make no difference, for I have seen some hats this winter which could have accommodated several chinchllas, and even a small lamb on the wide brims. The coming of the spring rose-bushes will probably delay matters a little, but by next fall man may be prepared to be astonished at the menagerie which Madam will sport upon her hat brim.

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Who, is it invents the novel ways of entertainment some hostesses provide for their guests? It must be one man, some individual, who concealed in his den, has evolved from his brain the "Floral Love Tale," and the "Klondike Party" and all the rest of them. It is well that he remains concealed, for there are many thirsting for his blood when he does venture forth. Here is his latest device;—I copy from an exchange. "The escorts to supper were arranged by a unique device, or medical prescription game, cards designating the various lighter physical ailments, were worn by the gentlemen, while some well known remedy for each was indicated on the cards worn by the ladies, and when matched, the wearers being the company for supper."

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I will pass over the construction of these sentences, though it is far from perfect, for construction may well be forgotten in such a case as this. It is not enough that we have to be examined in arithmetic, history, geography, grammar, music, literature, art and botany, but when we go to parties, we must now pass an examination on medicine? Simple ailments! How many of my readers know the remedy for whooping cough, or mumps, or measles? Who can tell me at a moment's notice, just what to do to stop a cold? How can you cure a felon? What will remove warts? What will prevent a bruise from discoloring?

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Then think of the complications which will arise from such a party. Suppose one got together a lot of opinionated people who believed in different remedies from those set down by the hostess. Any one who knows anything of human nature knows that a man—or a woman—would die by slow tortures sooner than admit that his or her remedy for croup or diptheria or measles was as good as some one's else. Then there are the different schools of medicine. Suppose there were homeopaths, and allopaths, and hydropaths and physio-meds, and all the rest of them at the party? How in the name of Aesculapius could they ever be harmonized, even by the most tactful hostess? If Madame is wise, she will take my advice and let this novelty in entertaining severely alone.

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But if she is blase and wants a free fight on her hands, she might invite a lot of friends of different schools of medicine and then stand back and witness the disagreement. I'll warrant that she will have plenty of entertainment, and of a kind rarely surpassed in comic opera.

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A New York visitor in Cleveland was horrified to see men in boxes at the opera in Tuxedo coats. To what degree might not his horror rise had he visited in Indianapolis where men frequently sit in boxes in business suits!

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To tell the truth, Indianapolis people wear about what they please at various social functions. If a man fancies he will take cold in his dress suit, which for some reason is always constructed of thinner material than his other clothes, he will leave the dress suit at home and go in his business clothes, perfectly serene and untroubled because he knows he has a dress suit at home. If he takes a notion to wear it to the theatre one night he will, and the next night at the grand opera, he may appear in the sack coat which he has worn all day. He obeys the dictate of his feelings rather than the regulations of polite society, which is an Emersonan way of doing, even if it is horrifying to swell New Yorkers who may never have heard of Emerson. Perhaps that is the trouble with Indianapolitans. They have heard too much of Emerson; have studied him too closely in their clubs. The sage of Concord counsels us, "Write upon the lintels of your chamber, Whim" and we obey him literally. Still, Indianapolis society—the masculine portion of it isn't so bad, after all. An Indianapolis man, the women say—in a business suit, is more entertaining than the men from some other cities, in dress suits and all the other regalia prescribed by fashion. My masculine modesty will not permit of my saying more.

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If the society women find time hanging heavy on their hands during Lent let them employ themselves in hunting up their ancestry. If they have two or three lines looked up already, they can continue on some other lines. It is an occupation which requires a great deal of time and research; it is interesting, and a woman who is not too stupid, can manage to absorb some little historical knowledge at the same time. It is certainly a very excellent Lenten occupation.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

Photo by Redding. MISS BEULAH BROWN, (See page 11.)
Columbus, Indiana.

ERNEST G., GRACE L. AND ETHEL H. BUTLER.
Children of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Butler, 1815 Highland Place. (See page 11)

MR. A. H. GRIFFITH,

DIRECTOR OF THE DETROIT MUSEUM OF ART.

Mr. A. H. Griffith, Director of the Detroit (Mich.) Museum of Art, who recently addressed the Indiana Photographers' Association at their annual meeting in this city, received his present appointment in 1890.

Mr. Griffith found the Detroit Museum a small affair, with nothing in the way of permanent collections and with but little to attract and educate the public in any line. Indeed to use his words there was little of it "except a beautiful front and two floors, forty by eighty feet." In spite of this, a fee of twenty-five cents was charged for admission to the Museum.

Mr. Griffith's first innovation was to open the Museum free to the public on Sunday afternoons. This, of course, reduced the income on pay days, but proved the fact that a Museum was like a library, of value only when it could be used by the people as they would use a book, which can be read but a page at a time. A visitor grows weary if he stays too long in a museum, but if he can visit again and again he becomes familiar with its contents, and learns the lesson they are intended to teach.

After a time, the city government became convinced of the value of these free Sundays; appreciating also, the value the Museum might have for the schools, a small appropriation was made that it might be free every day.

In order to arouse a further interest in the Museum's contents, Mr. Griffith began a series of Sunday afternoon talks, taking for his subject such material as he found in the Museum, pictures, photographs, paintings, ceramics, in fact anything that had a history or story connected with it or the artist who produced it. These talks were entirely informal and without notes and the lecturer's ability to make them interesting and valuable came from long years of travel in many lands. He began the course with hesitation because he had little confidence in his ability to talk entertainingly, but the instant popularity of the lectures proved that he had undervalued his gift. These talks are now in the fourth year and it is impossible to accommodate the vast crowds that come to hear them Sunday after Sunday. The talks have become one of the features of the Museum, and have awakened a new interest in art, both in its higher branches and in those that are applied to manufactures.

At this time, the Museum is composed of eleven floors, forty by eighty feet, which are well filled with gifts and loans that cover a wide range of subjects. The school children attend in a body under the care of their teachers, and find there much material for study and information. The city appropriation has been increased to eight thousand dollars per year, and the city officials declare that they believe it the best investment that could be made for the public.

About two years ago Mr. Griffith was asked by the photographers of America to criticise some photos in an exhibition of their work. He did so, pointing out to them what he considered the merits and defects of their work and showing them how it might be improved. This criticism was appreciated and since that time he has been in constant demand to talk to photographers and art clubs.

Last July Mr. Griffith was appointed Art Director at the Omaha Exposition, which opens in June and, in consequence, has devoted much of his time to that work not neglecting his Museum work, however.

Mr. Griffith is a native of Indiana and although he left the State at an early age, he still has a pride in it. His education was that of the public schools, which has been suplemented by wide travel in foreign lands.

HON. JESSE OVERSTREET,
Indianapolis.

MISS KATHARYNE KYLE CRUMP,
Columbus, Indiana.

Although he is by nature an artist, he is not a dreamer, but has a practical side to his nature which is certainly of benefit in this, his chosen work. "The Detroit Free Press" of March 14th, published a re-sume of one of his Sunday afternoon lectures which is reprinted entire because it so excellently illustrates the value of his work.

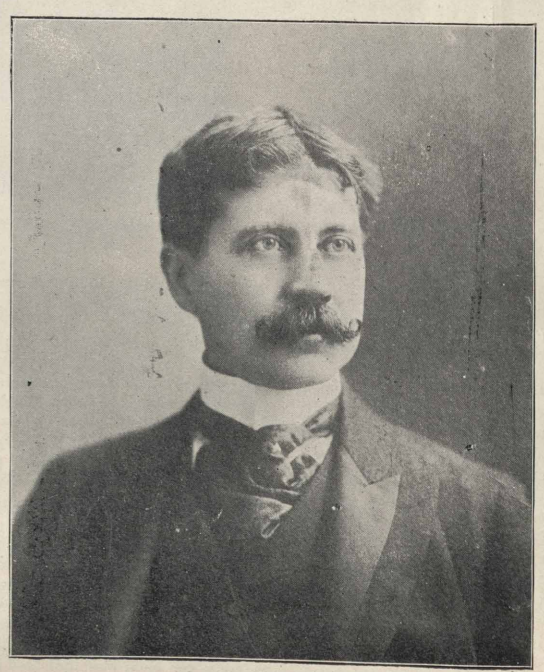
"The Education of the People the Strength of the Nation," was the subject of Director A. H. Griffith's talk at the Art Museum yesterday afternoon. As a preliminary he had collected about him a large variety of objects, representing phases of the industrial and fine arts, which he referred to, telling their history, describing their art qualities and explaining how they were of service to the art student and general visitor. As usual, every available bit of space was crowded, and in speaking of that fact he said that he envied the Chicago art museum but one thing and that was the splendid new auditorium, the gift of Charles Fullerton, which is being built as an addition to the museum, and will be opened in May. With an auditorium less pretentious, Detroit's museum would come very near being complete. In part, he spoke as follows:

"While there will always be a cry against fads and the higher education of the people, when secured at the cost of a higher taxation, either local or general, there is but one opinion, and that is unanimous, that the general education of the people must be of the best and of the broadest possible nature. And the history of nations leads one to believe that it is through this sort of training the right sort of men are produced, when the necessity of the time demands them. As a rule, great men of any period have not been the product of a school, but simply their own innate greatness, developed and brought to the surface by the needs of the day in which they lived. But the base, the foundation of their greatness, was laid in the general intelligence of the people out of which they sprang, so that we are forced into conclusion that the higher, the general culture and education of the nation, the greater will be the leaders of that nation. This rule holds good in statesmanship, in literature, in music, in art in science and in war.

It is not given to everyone to visit the countries of the earth, to look at the handiwork, to see the monuments, buildings and paintings that have inspired the veneration and love of the student and artist, but as a public library collects the best thoughts of every mind, and lays them bare before its readers, here may be collected examples of the earth's greatest treasures, and freely thrown before the people for study and examination. Here you may borrow ideas and thoughts from the arts and crafts of every nation; here the realm of science opens wide the door to those who desire to know something of her secrets; here you may study the history and development of nations and every year add new material of value to the artist, the artisan and the student. A city blessed with a good public library and a well filled museum, both free to its citizens, offers untold advantages for the elevation of public taste, for the development of good architecture, for a higher quality of manufactures, for a knowledge of history and science that covers almost every department, and best of all, the more it is used, the more valuable it becomes—a mine of knowledge here at your door."

In Indianapolis, where an interest in matters pertaining to Art is just awakening, this sketch of Mr. Griffith should be of especial interest. Next month an Art Exhibit is to be held at the High School. This week the Art Association is holding its second exhibit of the year. There is a slight but continuous agitation of this subject in our city, and it is to be hoped that the time, the money, and the man may soon appear to give Indianapolis the start on the right road that Mr. Griffith has given to Detroit.

At the Photographers' Convention, Mr. Griffith addressed the Photographers on Art and also gave a criticism on the work exhibited.



A. H. GRIFFITH,
Director of the Detroit Museum of Art.

Congressman Overstreet to Wed.

Miss Katharyne Kyle Crump, whose marriage to Congressman Jesse Overstreet will occur in June, is a native of Columbus Indiana; the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis T. Crump. Mr. Crump is a well known manufacturer of that city and is one of the wealthiest men in the county.

Miss Crump is a handsome young woman with dark hair and dark blue eyes. She was educated in the Columbus schools, and has spent much time in travel. The acquaintance between herself and Mr. Overstreet began several years ago, when her sister married his brother, Arthur Overstreet. The engagement has been kept a secret for some time, and has only just been announced. The wedding will occur at the residence of the bride's parents and will undoubtedly be one of the most brilliant affairs that ever occurred in Columbus society.

CONGRESSMAN JESSE OVERSTREET.

Congressman Jesse Overstreet, whose picture we present today, is now serving his second term in Congress as representative from this district. He was first elected from the old Fifth District, while a resident of Johnson county; and when Johnson county was brought into the Seventh district by the apportionment law of 1895 he was nominated and re-elected. Later he removed to this city. It is extraordinary that so young a man as Mr. Overstreet, and one who makes so little pretentions to oratory should have acquired such influence in the House of Representatives. He has been made secretary of the National Republican Congressional Committee, and has received many other marks of esteem from his colleagues. His many friends prophesy for him a bright future in political life.

LIFE IN A SOUTHERN VILLAGE

By MRS. F. H. FLANNER.

THERE are no hotels in Paola. There are no bakeries, no meat shops, no laundries. This means too, that there are no clanging electric cars, no telephone bells, to answer, no electric lights, no asphalt streets. The town comprises some two hundred inhabitants by stretching its boundaries out over the surrounding pine woods, and the small tide of commerce swishes this six inch deep sand roads, and sweeps gently in and out the door of one small general store. Here also is located the post office.

The owner of the store sells every thing, from a barrel of flour to a bottle of hive syrup, furnishes stamps; gives that chilly negative when you tremblingly ask mail; sees to your freight; punches the railroad ticket he sells you, checks your baggage, and is agent for the "best" fertlizer in Florida. We also go to him for weather predictions and war news; yet with all these responsibilities concentrated upon the shoulders of one man, he still finds time to go fishing.

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Before the freeze it was different. Then, it took, many men to manage the freight alone. Then, the now empty ware house was filled, in season, with boxes of fragrant oranges to be shipped north. Then, the store required clerks—for the golden fruit that went down the northern throat put silver in the southern pocket, and the distance from the pocket to the store was not great.

Then, when orange buds began to strew their tiny pearls 'gainst the glossy green of the trees, it meant something. It meant sure bloom, ripened fruit. It meant all the family and extra help plunging later in among the perfumed boughs to fill the waiting wagons. It meant northern buyers going from grove to grove paying all the way from seventy five cents to two dollars per box, often more. It meant on an average of eight to fifteen boxes per tree.—In short it meant to all peace and plenty with luxuries to some, where now, be there ever so much bloom, no owner allows his imagination to fill his disused orange boxes. The experience of the past two years, makes him bank his young trees as high as the sand will stay, pile his smudge fires ready to kindle at the approach of frost, and expect no fruit 'till his fingers actually pluck it from the trees. The frost of January '98 has proven beyond a doubt that the mercury is no respector of situation when it chooses to slide. For a few days it looked very much as if Florida, even as far South as Sanibel Island, might in the future be classed with states accustomed to snow-clad hills and ice fringed ponds, forever forfeiting her rights to be called the sun kissed land of flowers and the aromatic orange. The land where the alligator waxeth fat and the cry of fertilizer is forever borne upon the balmy air.

What the future of the State as an orange producer will be, time alone can decide. Some few groves on the Indian River have produced slight crops this year, and we have had oranges and tangerines since our stay, that were grown in Volusia county just north of here and were certainly the finest we ever tasted. Where a grove has been protected by lakes or heavy pine forests the damage by frost has been slight this year.

It is a pitiful sight to ride through the country and see the abandoned groves and empty houses fast going into decay. Many residents gave up their homes after the freeze because they were unwilling to begin over again, and chance it against the weather for the six years required to bring their groves into "market bearing." Others had mortgaged their groves when full of fruit and invested the money in improvements. The freeze rendered this class penniless, transferring the very shelter over their heads into the hands of another. Many sold, if they could, for a mere song and went further South to start new groves, believing they would be safe there from a repetition of such disaster. There were a few that stayed to try to woo the orange back again and they have every hope of being repaid for expenditure of time and money. They hold that if the groves do bear in the future the small number of groves as compared with future years will bring the price up to a sufficiently high notch to make it worth their while. This year the trees are certainly showing some signs of a return to prosperous times. A few are in bloom, and if there are no frosts the coming winter, Orange County may harvest a small crop. There is no orange, the world over, equal to the Florida and no one really knows how good a Florida orange is until he has eaten one direct from the tree.

However severe the frosts—and we would not count them so in the north—the temperature is sure to rise during the day and the doors and windows can be thrown open wide. All winter children have gone by, barefooted on their way to school, and at no time has the roadside been entirely free from flowers. Particularly beautiful is a little waxen white star flower, perfect in shape and of such luxuriant growth as to cover the unsightly sand in "patches" six and eight feet long. The wild purple violet (Bird's foot) is three times as large as the wild woods violet we find at home. There are wild callas and red lilies; small white lilies splashed with carmine; brilliant flags, wild orchids and clematis; there is the flox in all its brilliant coloring, blooming abundantly for about four months of the year; the dear little coral sun den and many other wee tiny blossoming plants that edge the small lakes, white and yellow jessamine rings its perfumed bells from every bush and tree over which it can clamber. Later the huge magnolia blossoms will spill their fragrance in the air. The jessamine is the only wild flower we have found that has perfume.

The ferns here are so very handsome, some of them growing more than waist high. It is no unusual sight to see a perfect minature grove of them, waving their feathery plumes in the air and forming a most lace-like back-ground for the beautiful red lily. Our wild flower hunts are a constant source of delight to the grandmother, whose knowledge of botany, coupled with her love for flowers, brings much within her scope of vision that the ordinary passer-by would never notice.

If I were asked the most important thing to learn in order to become acclimated, I should say to handle a can opener. Our milk comes in cans and some of our meats. We can get fresh meat from a native butcher who butchers native beef and pork, but our athletic training has never been applied along lines required for Florida meat eating and we get tired. The longer you chew the longer it lasts, so from the point of economy it pays to buy meat from the butcher, but I always like to revel in luxury when away from home, so we buy Chicago beef done up in cans and save our strength to walk through Florida sand.

Servants are as scarce as oranges since the freeze. One lone woman has a monopoly on the washing and ironing and she lives three miles from Paola. She is a Swede and gets so mixed up in her English that you can't tell whether she is coming or going, but she never fails to appear on the appointed day and we all hold her in great respect. The following is given to show her daily wrestling with our verbs:

I had baked, or attempted to bake, or too much baked some biscuit for dinner. The baby's teeth are not all in yet,—neither are the grandmother's—and mine won't stand everything; so, when I come to serve our washerwoman's dinner, there were quite a number of biscuit on the plate—I think the number was the same as when we sat down to dine.

Placing the plate before her I said laughingly:

"Here, Mrs. B. are some biscuit I baked. If you see a tramp coming in at the back door, and feel at all afraid, they'll come handy to throw. Be sure you hit the tramp for I shouldn't like my door broken."

She looked at me in a bewildered way and simply said, "all right ma'am, tanks."

After she had finished eating she came into the kitchen and handing me the biscuit plate said:

"You see they hain't been gone that way, dont it?"

And they hadn't. The plate was empty! I felt like asking to see her teeth, but remembering the old saying,

Continued next week.

Photo by Redding. MRS. WILLIAM H. LINCOLN, (See page 11)
Columbus, Indiana.

Photo by Redding. MARIE STECKELMAN, (See page 11)
Columbus, Indiana.

POINTS BY PYKE.

The "Cleveland Town Topics" for March 19, publishes an In Memoriam notice of the late Morris Black of that city with an excellent picture. Mr. Black was known here through his wife, formerly Miss Walker of this city, who has the sympathy of the community in her affliction.

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Mr. Jeremiah Curtin, the translator of "Quo Vadis," known here through his brother, Mr. David Curtin, as well as through his book, is said to have received, so far, $24,800 as his share of the proceeds from that masterpiece of fiction. An exchange describes Mr. Curtin as "as intellectual looking man, of about average height, with red hair worn pompadour, and genuine Western style whiskers, which do not belie his birth, as he is a native of Milwaukee."

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A keen eyed woman has asked Pyke to mention to the young ladies who have such masses of braids or puffs on the back of their heads, to pause long enough to consider the very apparent discrepancy between the thickness of the back hair and the thinness of the hair over the temples. If the hair is so thin on the head, how can there be such masses of it on the back, she inquires? She has studied coiffures at church and at the opera, and she thinks it but kindness to her sex to mention the fact to them.

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At a charming entertainment given here last week, the guests were requested to converse altogether in French; and at another, by the same hostess, in German. The success of the entertainments is another proof of the general culture of Indianapolis women.

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Colonel Holloway writes home that the Russian cigarettes, smoked by the Russian women, are not so offensive as our American variety. We should like to know if it is really the cigarette that is less offensive, or if the offensive cigarette is simply rendered less offensive because it is smoked by a lovely woman? That point was not made clear by the Colonel.

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The eighteenth annual encampment of the G. A. R., W. R. C., S. of V., and Ladies' Aid Soceity and the Ladies' G. A. R. will be held in Columbus, Indiana, on Wednesday and Thursday, May 18 and 19.

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An entertainment which will be enjoyed by many Indianapolis people will be a lecture by Prof. Oscar Lovell Triggs, of the Chicago University, on Tuesday evening, March 29, at eight o'clock in Plymouth Church parlors. Prof. Triggs' subject is "The History of the Folk-Tale of Childe Roland" a fascinating subject from which much may be expected.

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Miss Mary Hannah Krout, of Crawfordsville, has written a book on Hawaii, which has been copyrighted both in this country and in England, and will be published in this country by Dodd, Mead & Co., of New York, and in England by Murray. The following notice of the work was taken from the London Chronicle:

"Mr. Murray is to publish a volume about Hawaii by Miss Krout, an American lady journalist, who stayed for some time in the delightful island. She went there at the period when it passed from the position of a monarchy to that of a republic—a nominal republic anyhow. She tells of the events that occurred, adding much personal gossip about the people who in recent years have been making Hawaiian history. Miss Krout by no means approves the official attitude which her own country has taken toward the annexation of Hawaii. She writes with utmost frankness on President Cleveland's message touching annexation."

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When are the Indianapolis women going to begin to remove their hats in church? In many cities of the state we hear that the practice has begun and is approved by the congregation. There is at least one man in Indianapolis who wants the custom established here. This is U. S. Marshall, S. E. Kercheval, who has had his devotions disturbed several Sundays by an immense black velvet hat with feathers whose wearer persisted in sitting just before him. "I like to go to church once in a while," says Mr. Kercheval, "and I like to listen to the sermon when I'm there, and I can't listen very well if I can't see the preacher only through a bushel basket of feathers."

A devout little Presbyterian miss says that she does not want to take off her hat in church, because St. Paul said that women should keep their heads covered. But I am of the opinion,—and so is Mr. Kercheval—that had St. Paul lived in these days of "bushel baskets" covered with feathers, he would have fulminated against their wearers in many sermons until they were forced to remove them. The followers of St. Paul must remember that times are changed.

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One of our Indiana cities has a "Camera Club." Recently at an entertainment, given for the benefit of a hospital in the city, one hundred and fifty pictures and views were thrown on the canvas which were made from negatives taken by the members of the club. The pictures were very fine and created much favorable comment. This is a good idea for Indianapolis. We have had no such entertainment, and the Indiana Woman Photographic Club has many fine pictures from which the slides could be made.

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If some Indianapolis women I know do not have pneumonia before the spring is over it is because they have excellent constitutions, not because of the regard they have for their health. When the theater or opera is over they stand outside on the pavement with heads uncovered waiting for their carriages. Of course it is all because they do not want to spoil the hair dressers' best effort, but it is courting pneumonia and neuralgia all the same, and they should know better.

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A Hartford City woman, Mrs. W. M. Stahl, won the gold medal in the oratorical contest held by the W. C. T. U., at Anderson not long since. Her subject was, "Why we seek the ballot."

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What has become of the basket ball contest between the DePauw and Purdue College girls? The Purdue girls think that no other team is able to defeat them and the DePauw girls have an excellent opinion of their ability to put up a good game. We have listened to these boasts with great interest. Now we should like to see the game.

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A "Little Housekeepers' Cooking Club" was recently organized in Fort Wayne. These little girls are to study practical housekeeping. This club is a step in the right direction, as such it meets with the approval of THE INDIANA WOMAN. It would not be a bad thing for some "big" housekeepers to follow their example.

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It does not speak very well for the intelligence of French mothers that it has been found necessary to pass a law in that country prohibiting the giving of solid food to an infant less than a year old.

PYKE.

GWENN MARIE CLARK. See page 11.
Photo by G. J. Parrot, Warsaw.

STRAY TALES.

She is a beauty and she is a bride. She recently returned from Abroad (always spelled with a capital A after you have come back,) and brought with her some very handsome Paris dresses. At a luncheon party not long since, one of her old friends went up to her and commenced toying with a little fishu of lace down the front.

"What a pretty gown" she said.

"Yes," replied the beauty, drawing herself up to her full height and with an hauteur, which would have frozen the blood of an ordinary person, "but Paris gowns are made to look at, not to handle."

But then she had never had one before.

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Over in the eastern part of the city, in a cozy little cottage, lives a bride whose husband has just brought her here from a neighboring town. "The other day" said she to a neighbor, "I noticed that everybody that passed our house looked in very hard. Frequently they smiled. I wondered and wondered what could be the matter. I said to my husband, that if people knew we were newly married, there might be some slight excuse for their gazing, but under the circumstances, as the house was respectable looking, and we were not hideous, I could see none. I went out to the gate for something during the morning and when I looked at the house I discovered the cause for their smiles. Some one had tacked up a sign "just married" on the house; we found out later that it was a friend of my husband's who had done it for a joke We felt relieved to know that it was the sign which caused the amnsement."

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Magnesium powder, for producing a brilliant artificial light for photographing, is now attracting wide attention; this very properly comes under the head of instantaneous photography.

MISS VIOLA MURPHY, (See page 11)
Frankfort, Indiana.

THE STAGE.

NEXT WEEK AT THE THEATERS.

AT ENGLISH'S OPERA HOUSE.

There will be no theatrical attractions at English's next week.

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AT THE PARK THEATER.

"Cuba's Vow," a melodrama, will be seen at the Park on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week. "Coon Hollow" will be played the last half of the week.

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Sousa will return next month to give, in Tomlinson Hall his grand international spectacle, "The Trooping of the Colors."

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On April 4, 5, and 6, with Wednesday matinee "The Cherry Pickers," a clever play by Joseph Arthur will be seen at English's.

THE AMPHION CLUB.

Although the non-appearance of Pugno was a great disappointment to the Amphion Club and its friends, the entertainment which was given, with the assistance of Mr. McGibeny, Mr. Schneider, and Mr. Pierce was thoroughly enjoyed by the audience.

The Amphion Club was organized on November 7, 1897. Its object is similar to that of the Mendelssohn Club of Chicago and the Apollo of Cincinnati. Its motive is not the ambitious one of elevating the musical tastes of Indianapolis, much as that may be needed, but to draw more closely together the musicians of the city.

During each year three or four concerts will be given by the Amphion Club, at which great artists, both in vocal and instrumental music will be heard. The club will have associate as well as active members, who by the payment of dues, may share the advantages of the club members.

THE MAY FESTIVAL.

The engagement of artists for the Tenth Annual May Music Festival, which will be held this year, May 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th, four nights and an afternoon, has been announced by the Directors, and the list includes the most celebrated singers and instrumentalists in the country. Practically the same artists have been engaged for the Cincinnati and Louisville and eastern festivals. In pursuance of the policy established by Mr. Van der Stucken last year of making the so-called "festival idea" predominant in the Indianapolis entertainments, greater attention is being paid this year to the works to be given, and the engagement of artists, with one or two exceptions, has been with the purpose of securing those who are best fitted for the solo parts in the choral works.

The principal exception to this is in the engagement of Ysaye the world famous Belgian violinist whose playing has created such a sensation in this country, as well as in Europe. The Festival Directors received many requests that the services of Ysaye be obtained as otherwise the local musical people would not have an opportunity of hearing him. His engagements throughout the country are only in the largest cities, and he receives the highest price ever paid a violinist in America. He is the Paderewski of the violin, and his playing shows that magnetism which has made the great pianist a popular idol. Ysaye is the most in demand of any artist either vocal or instrumental in the country, and the Festival Directors had a great deal of trouble in securing him for the Festival. He will appear as the special feature of the last night's program.

The principal soprano engaged is Mme. Johanna Gadski who divides with Mme. Nordica the prima donna honors of the Damrosch Opera Company. Gadski was comparatively unknown three years ago when Damrosch brought her to this country to sing in his German Opera Company. Her progress has been so great that she is now regarded as the greatest of Wagnerian singers and has had all the leading Wagnerian roles in the Damrosch season this year. At the close of this season she is to go to London to sing in the Grand Opera and then to the principal German cities. Gadski has never appeared in Indianapolis but once, and then only one evening. She is the greatest card available for the spring season of music, and all the big festivals have engaged her services.

Miss Emma Juch, who has also been engaged, is well known to Indianapolis people for she has sung here at several Festivals. After her marriage several years ago, she retired from the stage for some time, but has again made her reappearance, and, according to Mr. Van der Stucken who heard her in New York recently, is singing better than ever. She is specially engaged to sing the soprano role in "Lucifer" and solo numbers in another concert.

Mme. Josephine Jacoby is a new singer to local people, but in the last two years she has come to be recognized as the greatest contralto in the country. She is a most beautiful woman only twenty five years old, an American, musically educated in this country, and her engagements during the past year have embraced all the leading musical events in the East, particularly the Metropolitan Opera House concerts in New York City and the performances of the "Creation" and the "Messiah" in that city and Brooklyn. Her singing may be expected to cause a sensation at the Indianapolis Festival.

MISS GRACE CUNNINGHAM. See page 11.
Photo by F. R. Barrows, Fort Wayne.

David Bispham, who is also now here, has been engaged for the principal baritone roles, such as he is now singing with the Damrosch Opera Company. He is a native of Philadelphia, and this is his second season in opera, his first having been in London, for which city he is also engaged this summer. He is also to be one of the cards at the Cincinnati and Louisville festivals.

Paul Haase, another baritone, was brought over from Europe by Mr. Van der Stucken to be vocal instructor in the Cincinnati College of Music. His experience in oratorio and opera has been very great, and he has a repertoire of 103 works in 97 of which he has sung in public, several of them at the Bayreuth festivals. He will sing Wagnerian numbers at the Indianapolis Festival.

George Hamlin is conceded by the critics to be the best of the young tenors. He came into public notice as a church choir singer in Chicago, but for the last three years he has been singing in concerts and oratorios with the leading musical organizations of the country. He is also engaged for the Cincinnati and Louisville festivals.

Dr. Carl E. Dufft is one of the best known bassos in America, a pre-eminence he has enjoyed for many years. His specialty is oratorio and festival work, and his engagements in this line are very numerous. He has never sung in Indianapolis.

The Spring Openings.

Quite a society event in this quiet Lenten season are the openings at the dry-goods stores. The word "opening" brings to the mind of every woman a bewildering display of Easter hats and bonnets and her attention has always been centered in that department. The very lightness and airiness of the dainty "conceits" in headgear seem suggestive of spring and Easter-tide. This year however, the word "opening" is synonomous not only with millinery but with parasols, organdies, tissues, silk mulls and all the dainty accessories as well.

Speaking of parasols, you should see them at L. S. Ayres. There are no less than five hundred. Really, a lengthy dissertation could be written on parasols alone. There are The American Beauty, The Gainsborough, The Driveway, The Tailormade and the Canopy Top parasol. The American Beauty is for dress occasions, the Tailormade is braided and comes in all the plain shades, The Canopy Top parasol has a detachable handle, a steel rod and a Princess of Wales handle, so called because attached to the handle with a tiny silver clasp are ribbon and tassel to be slipped over the arm after the fashion of the princess of Wales. It comes in stripes, checks and plain colors. A unique parasol with a hem-stitched edge was shown with a canopy top. The Gainsborough comes in plain colors with Roman stripe border, another variety was shown with a lace insertion and edge, and a third variety appears with a tucked center. Then there are the dainty little sunshades and umbrellas in plaids of all colors.

Equally attractive to the feminine eye are the handsome ready made gowns of broad-cloth. Words fail to adequately describe them. Noticeable among these was a beautiful ashes of roses broad-cloth, with the new drop-skirt of ciel-blue taffeta, with braided zouave jacket and pompadour front of puffed white liberty silk; a handsome cadet-blue broad-cloth with panels on the skirt formed of white corded broad-cloth, inlaid with black braid and panels topped with military straps; and a black gros-grain silk waist in Russian Blouse fashion, elaborately trimmed with cut jet, with revers edged with a ruche of black satin ribbon, finished with jabot of black lace and frill of lavender silk. To be strictly in style one must have a military suit, with its glittering array of brass buttons, gilt braid and buckle to match.

There is a display of organdy dresses which vies with every thing for admiration. One of French muslin in black and white designed by Carrean was especially beautiful. The waist was formed of black lace insertion on the bias with ruffles over the sleeves edged with black lace. A lavender organdy, with scroll design had a Spanish flounce on the skirt, edged with a ruche of plain lavender, the waist being trimmed with ruchings of the plain with stock and belt of white and lavender ribbon. A white organdy with ruffles piped with black bebe ribbon was a dream of beauty. Three narrow ruffles on the skirt formed a Spanish flounce. The waist in Russian Blouse effect had a yoke of the white organdy with horizontal rows of black inserting, four ruffles below the yoke in back and front were piped with the black ribbon; a stock and and belt with loop and ends of pale pink moire ribbon completed a most beautiful Paquin pattern. The new Sarah Bernhardt sleeve was noticeable on these gowns,

An organdy with apple blossom design, an ashes of roses with knots of lavender and dahlia ribbon on the waist with belt of dahlia ribbon caught up with pearl pins, and a turquoise and green organdy in Louis Quatorze style, with drop-skirt of green, with ruffles edged with Valenciennes, finished with pale blue satin ribbon were beautiful beyond description.

A lady was overheard to remark at H. P. Wasson & Co's opening that it was "just like a New York opening" which graceful tribute Mr. Wasson will doubtless appreciate.

While strains of music from Harts' orchestra stationed near the millinery department naturally quickened the steps of the visitors in that direction, it did not detract their attention from the display of lovely materials on the fourth floor. The dark room with its electric light gave the exact effect which all the tints and shades in silk will have when worn in the evening. Lace pattern gowns in exquisite designs, and silk nets appliqued in renaissance lace offered rich suggestions. A Worth pattern had a yoke of puffed liberty silk with bands of turquoise velvet and duchesse lace. The material of which this gown was fashioned was white silk net elaborately spangled with turquoise, pearl and crystal beads. A deep embroidery at the hem formed a Spanish flounce effect. A handsome belt was formed in turquoise velvet and jewels.

The New York Store had a beautiful display of Parisian novelties earlier in the season. Their opening this year was more brillinat and better attended than ever before.

PALMISTRY.

She: "Do you believe in telling fortunes by the hand?"
He: "It all depends on who you give your hand to."
She: "But I mean by the palm."
He: "Then it depends on who carries off the palm."

FROZEN IN.
Moonlight Exposure—1 h., 35 min., by F. Ellis Hunter.

MOONLIGHT PHOTOGRAPHY.

By F. ELLIS HUNTER.

WE are all familiar with the beautiful moonlight effects which are often obtained by an exposure toward the sun with the latter partially obscured by light clouds, but how many of us have tried actual moonlight exposures?

Here is a diversion in photography which we amateurs can have wholly unto ourselves, for what professional would make an exposure measured by hours for a view which could be taken in a fraction of a second in day-light?

On a bright moonlight night last autumn, these fishermen, who are also "fiends," were wheeling their way out the Cycle-path. The latest convert had shouldered his camera and during the ride, the subject of moonlight pictures came up. Fred had once seen a reproduction of one but could give no information. Maro had tried it several times and had finally secured a barely perceptible image with a half hours exposure. The convert had nothing to offer but figured that, on the basis of Maro's experience, an exposure of about an hour and a half would give a good negative.

The full moon was at its zenith at eleven o'clock when the camera was set on the high bank at Broad Ripple Park and pointed up-river. While the reflected light of the moon was working on the plate, the three fishermen, who had become the crew of the good ship "Ridiculous," were pulling in cat-fish to salt down for breakfast. The fish acted quicker than the moonlight, and when the boat's alarm clock signalled the time to take in the camera, the crew was awakened from a sound sleep.

The resulting picture is shown herewith. The blurred objects in the foreground are row-boats which were slightly moved by the night breezes. There was a lantern burning in the boat house, the light of which can be seen through the window.

The other picture shows the Ridiculous Club's house-boat frozen in at her dock with the canal locks in the background. The camera was placed on the ice.

Try a moonlight exposure of from an hour and a half to three hours, according to the size of the moon. Do not let the direct rays of the moon enter the lens. I have a marine view which shows little besides a long white streak in the sky and a similar converging streak in the water. The moon "do move."

NOTES.

To these exposures, the term "instantaneous" is applied. As it is apparent that the cap cannot be removed and replaced quick enough, it becomes necessary to use a mechanical contrivance for exposing the plate. For this purpose it is necessary to use the "drop shutter" which reduces the exposure to a very small fraction of a second.

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When the exposure is so exceedingly brief as in this case, it is evident that a very large diaphragm is required to admit the necessary amount of light in so short a time.

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Pure magnesium powder is the best, however, as there is a minimum of smoke and a pure, white quality of light. This powder must be ignited in a flame, usually by forcing a quantity of powder through the flame.

The Exhibition of the Society of Western Artists.

An Indiana Woman and THE INDIANA WOMAN can feel nothing but a sense of rejoicing every time she enters the Propylaeum in the thought that it was planned by an Indiana woman, for Indiana women. It is hard to imagine Indianapolis without its Propylaeum; one wonders where before it was built, were held the club meetings, the large parties, the art exhibits. Certainly there is no place in the city so excellently adapted for the display of pictures as the assembly hall of the Propylaeum, now brilliant with the work of the Western Society of Artists.

This Society of Western Artists was organized in Chicago, March 11, 1896, and "is the outcome of a general feeling amongst the artists of the Western States that they were at a disadvantage as compared to those of the more closely connected committees in the East, in the fact that they were as widely separated. It was thought that by united action and the organization of a society very much good could be effected, and the work of western artists brought before the public in a more satisfactory manner than had hitherto been done."

The exhibit now open to the public at the Propylaeum has been shown in turn in Cincinnati, St. Louis, Detroit, Cleveland, Chicago, and this city.

This exhibit is of particular interest to Indiana people because of the excellent opportunity afforded to compare the work of these artists with that of our own artists so recently exhibited in this same room. These Indiana artists are all represented again by several bits of work. Mr. Steele has four pictures, the largest canvas, one which attracts notice soon after entering the room was purchased by the Cincinnati Museum Association on the second day of its exhibition in that city. It is called "Gordon Hill," and to its reposeful waters and hill the visitor returns again and again before leaving the hall. The other canvases are all characteristic of Mr. Steele, and are excellent examples of the fine work he is doing.

Perhaps the most striking landscape in the exhibit is "Across the Reservoir, Eden Park" by L. H. Meakin of Cincinnati. Mr. Meakin is represented by three other pictures. Of these, "A New England Harbor" is the one which leaves the pleasantest impression, although it has not the striking effect of the Reservoir picture.

As our artists do so little painting of figures, such pictures are of greater interest to us. "The Siesta" by Duveneck is a beautiful and striking picture of a girl asleep in the harvest field, the sickle fallen from her hand. It excites favorable comment from all visitors. Duveneck is represented by three other pictures, "Villa Garden," "Rocks" and a "Marine." His work is agreeable in coloring and original in treatment.

Of the six of Mr. Forsythe's in this collection, three in oil and three in water color, "A Woodland Road" (oil) is the most striking although the charm of "A Farm Garden" is great to those familiar with the tangled confusion of a country garden. But the country road winding over the slope of the hill and shaded here and there by trees has a charm which increases with every hour's study of the canvas. Mr. Forsythe is at his best when he is depicting such scenes.

Mrs. Forsythe is represented by one picture, a little painting in oil called "The Willows."

Most happy in conception is the picture of the little boy and girl with the rising sun behind them, which Mr. Stark has called "Idyl." The expression on the childish faces is very lifelike, and the glow of the sun through the hair and garments is most cleverly done. Mr. Stark's portrait of his father is an excellent piece of portraiture.

Miss Izor, though now of Chicago was formerly of this city, and her work is more interesting to us on this account. She is represented by two pieces, "Early Morning," a scene in a cabbage garden, and "In Southern Indiana." "The Cabbage Garden" is rather hard in effect and the coloring seems too vivid, as though it were not seen through the necessary atmosphere, but the little scene in Southern Indiana could not be improved on. It is exquisitely done, and shows to the full the charm of southern Indiana scenery.

Exceedingly interesting are the four pictures of Francis P. Paulus of the Detroit Art Academy. One of these is a landscape, "Saw Log Bay," the others are "Toil Saddened," "Wild Minna" and "A Titian Beauty." Wild Minna is a homely little girl in a bower of leaves, it is a very unattractive picture; but the Titian Beauty more than compensates for it. As wild a little Titian haired lass as ever roved was she whom he caught to sit for him, and evidences of temper are exhibited in every line of her freckled little face. It is not a beautiful picture, but it is a remarkable one.

William J. Edmondson is represented by three pictures, "The Meadow," a landscape in brilliant green, a "Girl in Brown," which is as charming a bit of portraiture as there is in the collection, and "Innocence" a decorative design in which a childish face looks out from a wreath of yellow hair, surrounded by a halo. This picture and "The Girl in Brown" are sufficient to make one wish that Mr. Edmondson had placed more of his work on exhibition.

Indiana people should be interested in the group of pictures, four in all, painted at Bass Lake, Indiana, by Charles Francis Brown, of Chicago. Mr. Brown has discovered the beauty of our Indiana Lake region, and the fleecy clouds which hang over the bosom of this little prairie Lake are painted most delicately and naturally. These pictures are as fine bits of landscape as any on exhibition.

Cleveland's artist, Charles H. Ault is represented by four pictures, one of which in particular, a lake veiled in moonlit mist, is possessed of a haunting beauty.

Miss Emma King of this city, has two pictures both in her best style, "The River" being particularly fine.

The four pictures of Mr. J. Ottis Adams, of Muncie, "Hoosier Gold," "Sycamores All in Yellow Clad," "The Ford" and "Mid October" are fine examples of his skill with the brush. They have the charm of "real" Hoosier scenery, and show their merit in that one thinks not at all of the picture, but of the charm of the bit of country represented on the canvas.

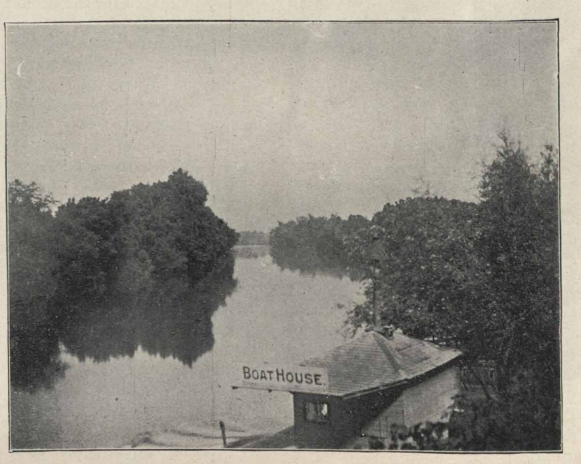
"A Portrait Head" by Jennie J. Moyer of the Art Academy of Cincinnati has a haunting sweetness. The "Harmony in White" by the same artist is also a fine bit of work.

"The Sibyl" which hangs near "The Siesta" is a picture which is much commented on by all visitors. It is a fine bit of painting.

Svend Svendsen of Chicago, is represented by one picture, "A Winter Afternoon," in which the snow is illuminated by the setting sun. So fine a bit of work makes one long to see other work by the same artist.

A table in the center of the room contains some specimens of sculpture; of these the finest is "The Awakening of Spring" a fine conception finely carried out. It is by Robert P. Bringhurst, of St. Louis. Lorado Taft is represented by two most bewitching busts of "Our Baby" and "A Little Boy," whose childish modelling is most charmingly caught and and perpetuated in the clay. A "Group of Rockwood Iris" two bas-reliefs, and a piece of wood carving, "A Redwood Lily complete the exhibit.

The Indianapolis public should appreciate this effort of the Indianapolis Art Association to give them the opportunity to see some really fine bits of work. It is to be hoped that the Art Association will take courage from the story of the efforts of Mr. Griffith, of Detroit, told elsewhere in these pages, and continue in its good work, although the public seems slow to appreciate it. Although our people do not yet flock in crowds to see the art exhibits, some of them go and the number is larger and more appreciative every year. Such exhibits must gradually cultivate and elevate the taste of the public for good pictures.



UP RIVER FROM BROAD RIPPLE PARK.
Moonlight Exposure—1 h., 35 min., by F. Ellis Hunter.

A VIEW ON SEVENTEENTH STREET.
By Carolyn Ringer. Entered for contest.

WE TWO.
By Carolyn Ringer. Entered for contest.

GOING TO HAVE SOME LEMONADE.
By Tillie Lauter. Entered for contest.

THOROUGHBRED.
By Scott Voss Smith. Entered for contest.

CIRCUS DAY.
By Scott Voss Smith. Entered for contest.

MICHIGAN ROAD LOOKING NORTH.
By R. B. Tuttle. Entered for contest.

SWEET CONTENT.
By Carolyn Ringer. Entered for contest.

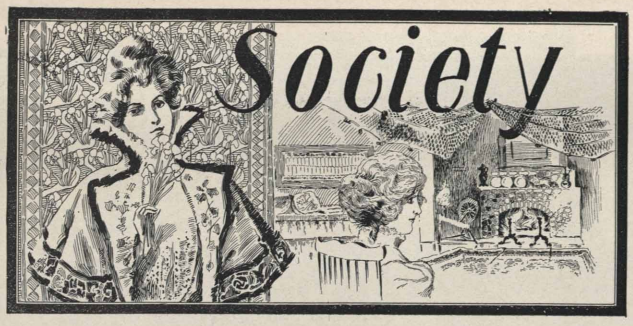
A SHEEP PASTURE,
By Mrs. John Carroll. Entered for contest.

QUICKER THAN LIGHTNING.
By Herman List. Entered for contest.

GOVERNOR MOUNT'S OFFICE.
By A. F. Meserve. Entered for contest.

TOPSY AND BANG.
By A. F. Meserve. Entered for contest.

A MASQUERADE PARTY.
Flashlight by J. J. Grinsteiner. For contest.



Mrs. Frank Woods and Miss Adams Entertain.

Mrs. Frank Woods and Miss Hettie Adams gave a beautiful reception last Thursday afternoon at the home of the former, in N. Delaware-st. The hostesses were assisted in receiving by their mother, Mrs. J. C. Adams. Assisting in the parlors were Mrs. A. F. Kleinschmidt, Mrs. Finley Pugh, Mrs. H. A. Mansfield, Miss Mary Sloan and Miss Julia Walk. In the dining-room were Mrs. Wilmer Christian, Mrs. Fred Adams, Mrs. Herbert S. Wood, Mrs. Beecher Farrell, Miss Nellie Wiles and Miss Mable Folsom. Russian tea was served in the oriental room by Mrs. Richard F. Gent, assisted by Mrs. Homer H. VanWie, Mrs. Samuel A. Townsend and Miss Julia Fish. The decorations consisted of palms and cut flowers. In the front parlor were American beauties, the lights being shaded with red crepe paper. In the back parlor yellow spring flowers and ferns were used. The dining room was made attractive with pink roses and smilax. A cut glass bowl on the dining table held a graceful bunch of pink roses. Huge bows of pink satin ribbon at opposite corners, held in place loops of smilax. There was a unique arrangement of cut flowers in wall pockets fastened with loops and ends of satin ribbon. Guests from out of town were: Mrs. Allen Sammons, of Michigan City; Mrs. Raymond, who is visiting Miss Marjor Ellis; Mrs. Sheldon, Mrs. Kleinschmidt's guest; Mrs. Frank Freeland, Mrs. Mansfield's guest, and Mrs. Daniel Calkins and Mrs. Tousey, of Tacoma, Wash.

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Miss Wocher's Luncheon and Linen Shower.

Miss Gertrude Wocher entertained ten young ladies at a luncheon and linen shower this afternoon, in honor of her guest, Miss Lora Haywood, of Pana, Ill., whose marriage to Mayor Penwell, of that city, takes place in June. The guests were seated at one long table, which was beautifully decorated with cut flowers, the colors shown being white and green. The name cards in water colors were designed by Miss Charlotte Paddock. A ball of flowers suspended over the table, when pulled by the ribbons attached showered the bride-elect with linen. Miss Haywood was formerly a pupil at the Girl's Classical School. Several entertainments will be given for her this week.

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L. A. W. Smoker.

The new L. A. W. Club House, on North Meridian street, was formally opened Wednesday evening with a smoker for its members. The club-house was gaily decorated in the colors of the club, royal purple and old gold. Potted plants, ferns and palms decked the mantels.

An attractive program had been arranged, including the Tuxedo Trio, of New York and J. Ruskin Currier, D. Francis Ramseyer and William H. Woolson, of this city. Refreshments were served and corn-cob pipes placed at the guest's disposal. After the program several new members were initiated. The L. A. W. Bicycle Club will assist in the entertainment of the visiting wheelmen of the country next summer, and the club house will be used for headquarters the week during the meet.

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Y. W. C. A.

Mrs. Geo. Hitt lectured last night at the Y. W. C. A., her subject being "Memories of England and the English." A basketball team will be organized shortly, composed of members of the association. Outing clubs also will be organized later in the season. Yesterday there was a reception in the association parlors for the mothers of the junior members. Refreshments were served. Mrs. T. W. Marshall will lead the gospel service Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Jessie Christian Brown has accepted the chairmanship of the State Executive Committee of the Y. W. C. A.

Base Ball.

The baseball players will report for training Monday, March 28. The championship season will open on Wednesday, April 20, but previous to that time games have been arranged with Cincinnati, Pittsburg, Cleveland, DePauw University and Dayton.

The Eighth Historical Recital of The Progressive Piano-forte Club composed of the advanced pupils of J. M. Dungan, will give a recital at the music parlors of Carlon & Lenox music store, Tuesday evening, March 29. Mlle. Chammade, of Paris, France, the greatest lady composer the world has ever known, will be the author for the evening. Miss Pearl Cogswell, the well-known reader, will assist.

The April recital will be an ensemble program. The May recital will be a Greig program, and the closing recitals of the season will be about the middle of June, at the Third Christian Church, corner 13th and Ash Streets, at which the "Progressive Piano-forte Club" and the "Mozart Club," composed of younger pupils, will combine. Two evenings will be given in order that all may be heard, and the programs will be of a popular character.

Mr. George Biddle, of Boston and the Beethoven Orchestral Club, of New York, will give the concluding entertainment in the Y. M. C. A., lecture course at English's Opera House, Wednesday evening, March 30. They will present Bulwer-Litton's celebrated drama "The Lady of Lyons." While Mr. Biddle reads the play "The Orchestral Club" will render music appropriate to the varying emotions, so ably depicted by the dramatist and reader. Mr. Biddle is too well and favorably known in Indianapolis to need special commendation.

MRS. JEANETTE SMITH, WARSAW, INDIANA. (See page 11.)
Photo by Geo. J. Parrot, Warsaw, Indiana.

Musical Notes.

There will be a faculty concert at the Indianapolis Conservatory of Music, Thursday evening, April 7.

The Meridian Street church choir is preparing to present the cantata "Christ the Victor" by Dudley-Buck.

The Beethoven Orchestral Club is composed of six soloists of recognized ability and they render a number of selections in addition to accompanying Mr. Biddle during the play.

There will be a piano recital at the Indianapolis Conservatory of Music by the faculty, assisted by Mr. George Krueger, of the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, Tuesday evening, March 29, at 8 o'clock.

Mr. Max Leckner has been appointed by President Greene, of the Music Teacher's National Association as vice-president for Indiana. This year's meeting will be held in New York from the 23d to 27th of June. An attendance of 5,000 is expected.

The Robert's Park Choral Society, assisted by the University Glee Club, will give a song service, Sunday evening, March 27, at 7:30 o'clock. Miss Ida Sweenie, Mr. Riegger and Prof. Hassler are the soloists. Mrs. Constantine Riegger wil play a violin solo.

Miss Jeannette Orlopp, violinist, who has been engaged during the season with the New York Concert Company, is expected home by her parents within the next week. Miss Orlopp will spend the summer in Indianapolis. She has no definite plans for next season.

Church Notes.

The song service which was given at Plymouth church, Sunday evening will be repeated tomorrow night.

The Rev. H. N. Kinney, pastor of Mayflower Church, left Monday for New Mexico on a leave of absence, lasting several weeks.

The Indiana University Glee and Mandolin Club will give a concert at Robert's Park Church, Monday evening, March 28, at eight o'clock under the auspices of the Robert's Park Choral Society.

Sunday evening, at the Tabernacle, the Rev. Chas. A Kile, missionary to China, will give an account of the missionary progress in that empire. Rev. J. Cumming Smith will preach in the morning.

People and Events.

Mrs. Mabel Lewis, who delivered the address before the Contemporary Club, Wednesday evening, on "Japan Revisited," also lectured before the girlsof the Classical School yesterday morning on "Scenes from the Daily Life of the Japanese." Mrs. Jos. Swain, of Bloomington, is the guest of Mrs. May Wright Sewall, and with Mrs. Mabel Loomis Todd received with Mrs. Sewall, Wednesday afternoon. Thursday Mrs. Sewall gave a luncheon for Mrs. Todd, in the evening a small reception for her, and this afternoon Mrs. Sewall gave a reception to the married alumnae of the Girls Classical School for Mrs. Frank Nichols Lewis, of Philadelphia.

The Salvation Army is making extensive preparations for the visit of Gen. Booth to this city, on April 1. He will be accompanied by Commander and Consul Booth Tucker, Commissioner Nicol and Colonel Lawley, songster. The mass-meeting will be held in Tomlinson Hall. Governor Mount will preside.

Dr. Rebecca Rogers, of this city will give a course of ten lectures next term at the State University on the subject "Physiology and Hygiene for Girls." Beginning the second Friday in May two lectures will be given each week, on Friday afternoon and Saturday morning.

Mrs. Sol Meyer, of this city, who is visiting in Richmond was the guest of honor at a card party given by Mrs. George Fox last week. The other guests of honor were Mrs. Simon Fox, of Cleveland, O., and Mrs. Strauss, of Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Cockrum, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Collin and Mr. and Mrs. C. F. P. Bailey, who have been in New York City, returned Tuesday in the private car of the Lake Erie & Western Railroad Company.

The electric locomotives for the London underground railway were designed by Mr. George Cravens, son of Dr. Junius Cravens, of Irvington. Mr. Cravens has been with the Edison Electrical Co. for several years.

The Danzadores will give their closing dance Friday evening, April 1, at Brenneke's Academy. Each member has the privilege of inviting one couple. Refreshments will be served.

Mrs. Joseph A. Milburn entertained Tuesday afternoon for Mrs. John Vance Cheney, of Chicago. Mrs. Cheney delivered a very instructive lecture on "New Education."

Mrs. Wulschner by special request will read a paper on "Flowers" at Robert's Park Church next Tuesday, before the Woman's Social and Business Union.

Mrs. S. E. Kercheval is in St. Louis. Little Kercheval Ray, her grandson, who has been with her for two weeks, returned home with her.

Mrs. James Q. Barcus, 1523 Broadway, gave a progressive dinner and dance for her son, Walter and daughter, Jessie, Friday evening.

Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Crissey, of Chicago, who has been the guest of Mrs. Harriet Augusta Prunk, returned home Thursday.

Mrs. Robert Thomas will give a dancing party for her son, Ralph, next Friday evening at the Woodruff Place Club House.

The Indiana Medical College will hold its annual commencement exercises Tuesday evening, March 29.

Mrs. W. J. Hughes, who is spending some time at the Denison,, has gone to Milwaukee on a short visit.

Miss Josephine Cartwright, of Depauw University was the guest of Miss Charlotte Paddock last week.

Mrs. Mary Connolly enteretained at cinch on Wednesday of this week, at her home on Central avenue.

Mrs. Hiram P. Wasson entertained at cards Thursday afternoon for Mrs. Cowan, of Louisville.

Mrs. Demarchus Brown, of Irvington, has issued invitations for a reception Monday afternoon.

Mrs. Theodore McCune gave a dinner last Monday evening, to a number of her husband's friends.

Mr. Edward L. McKee gave a dinner last Thursday evening to a number of friends.

Miss Elia Conley has returned to the city after an extended visit in Bloomington.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Stewart have returned from their California trip.

Mr. and Mrs. McGibeny and Miss Holman are visiting Richmond friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas McCarthy Harrison are visiting in Crawfordsville.

Miss Ethel Johnson is in Logansport, visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Jones.

Mrs. Henry Severin, Sr., has returned from a trip to St. Louis.

Dr. Joseph Eastman has returned from Logansport.

Mr. James W. Fessler has returned from Cuba.

OUR PICTURES.

Marie Steckelman, of Columbus, Indiana, whose picture appears on page 5, is the daughter of Agustave and Elizabeth Steckelman. Marie, although just five years old possesses a charm of manner that makes her a favorite with all whom she meets. She has a special talent for vocal music and can render the most difficult selections with astonishing correctness. She is a brilliant little girl, unusually talkative and can carry on a sensible and interesting conversation with grown people. Marie is of a leading family, with noted ancestors and relatives. Her grandfather, Carl Steckelman, is at present Captain of the Cavalry in the Prussian Army, and Carl Steckelman, the Great African explorer, is her uncle. She is also a great-niece of Mr. and Mrs. William Brockman, of Columbus.

Miss Viola Murphy, of Frankfort, Indiana, whose picture appears on page 6, is a graduate of the music department of Frankfort, Indiana, of 1895. Since that time, Miss Murphy has continued her study in piano and harmony under Oliver Willard Pierce, and in voice under Clark Schneider, both of the Metropolitan School of Music of this city. Miss Murphy is a very successful music teacher and has many pupils in Frankfort. She is the organist of the First Baptist Church of Frankfort, and besides this, her musical work and her social duties, she finds time for church work. She is well posted in current literature, is fond of books, and is an excellent conversationalist. She is popular in the social circles of her city.

A most clever young woman is Miss Beulah Brown of Columbus, whose picture appears on page 3. Miss Brown is the grand-daughter of Indiana's oldest editor, the late Isaac M. Brown, and grand-niece of the late J. B. McCullough, editor of the St. Louis Globe Democrat. That talent is inherited is proven by Miss Brown who displays great skill in music and dramatic work. She has a beautiful contralto voice, and in amateur performances won applause for her clever rendition of comedienne roles. Miss Brown is a pretty golden blonde with many social graces added to her natural gifts. She is eligible to the society of the D. A. R.

Mrs. William H. Lincoln, of Columbus, Indiana, whose picture appears on page 5, is the daughter of Capt. and Mrs. William J. Lucas of that city. Mrs. Lincoln is a leading society woman of Columbus, and is possessed of many graces and accomplishments. She is the fortunate possessor of a rarely beautiful soprano voice of great compass and sweetness. Mrs. Lincoln received her education at the Louisville School for Girls and the Cincinnati College of Music.

Mrs. Jeannette R. Smith, of Warsaw, Indiana, whose picture appears on page 10, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William B. Funk, of Warsaw, of whose Lake City Bank, Mr. Funk is President. Mrs. Smith is a bride of a few weeks, her wedding being one of the most beautiful and brilliant social affairs that ever occurred in Warsaw. Mrs. Smith is prominent in the musical circles of her city.

Gwenn Marie Clark, whose picture appears on page 6, is the daughter of the late Orrin B. Clark, who was for years Professor of English at the State University. Gwenn is a student at the Girls' Classical School of this city. She is a clever little maid with a decided talent for drawing and water color painting.

ELIZABETH GILLETTE HENRY.

Miss Grace Cunningham, whose picture appears on page 7, is a musician of unusual talent and a graduate of Westminister Seminary, Fort Wayne, Indiana. Miss Cunningham has also developed considerable talent for art, and is assistant art instructor at the Manual Training School.

The three pretty children whose pictures appear on page 4 are Ernest G. Butler, a bright boy of ten years, who is now in the five A grade, and his two pretty and mischievous sisters, Grace L. aged five, and Ethel H. aged eight. They are the children of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Butler, 1815 Highland Avenue.

The picture on our cover this week is little George Edmond Stewart, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander McG. Stewart, and grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Emil Wulschner. He is a pretty, golden haired baby, dearly loved by all who know him.

Little Elizabeth Gillette Henry, whose picture appears on page 11, is the one year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Henry. Mr. Henry came from Franklin, to assume the duties of State Librarian.

INDIANAPOLIS CLUB CALENDAR.

Monday, March 28. Indianapolis Literary Club. "The Two Accounts of Creation as given in Genesis," Dr. E. R. Lewis.

Monday, March 28. Minerva Club. "The Early Days of the Knickerbockers," Miss Jeannette Smith; "The Life of the People of the New Netherlands," Mrs. William T. Brown; conversation, "The Knickerbockers' Impression on our Literature," Nancy Sidwell Stevenson, leader.

Monday, March 28. Monday Afternoon Club. Open Day, Hostess, Mrs. Fleener. Music, Miss Ebersole; Life and Writings of Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Jessie B. Pounds; Music, Miss Hudson; Talk, Miss Noble.

Monday, March 28. Irvington Woman's Club, with Mrs. Carvin. "The Executive Departments of the Government," Mrs. J. E. Baker; conversation, "The Mechanical Side of the Money Question," Mrs. J. F. Barnhill and Mrs. Otis Greene.

Tuesday, March 29. Century Club.

Tuesday, March 29. Fortnightly Club. "Recent Discoveries in Photography," Mrs. Elias Jacoby; "Hobbies and Hobby Riders," Mrs. Ernest R. Keith; conversation, Miss Annie Gaines Dye.

Wednesday, March 30. Matinee Musicale. Chamber Music.

Wednesday, March 30. Parlor Club, with Mrs. John Stone. "Lady Mary Montagu," Mrs. Frank S. Foster; "Her Letters," Mrs. Elliott Perkins. Election of officers.

Thursday, March 31. Mary K. Denny Coterie. "English Artists of the Ninteenth Century," Mary P. Gibson; "Architecture and Sculpture," Mattie B. George; "Jaunts about London," May P. Heeb.

Friday, April 1. Woman's Club, Guest Day. "Literature of Victoria's Reign," Mrs. John B. Elam; "English Country Houses," Mrs. George H. Chapman; conversation on the second paper, Miss S. Frances Atkins', leader.

Friday, April 1. Philomathean Club, Guest Day, with Mrs. Crane.

Saturday, April 2. Magazine Club, with Mrs. M. N. A. Walker. "Lillian—Isabel—Madeline," Miss Roberta Weddell; "Mariana," Mrs. O. L. Huey; "The Lady of Shalott," Miss Jessie Hamilton; "Godiva," Mrs. Abner Lewis.

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Indiana Clubs and Their Work

EDITED BY HARRIET WALRATH KITTS.

AN IMPROBABLE CLUB.

"I am just about to organize a new club," said a newspaper man to a club woman the other day.

"Indeed!" she answered with interest. "I am glad to know that more men are waking up to the advantages that we women have long been enjoying in club life. But what are you going to call your new organization?"

"The Society for the Prevention of Women's Clubs," he answered, without a smile, though his eyes laughed mischievously. "Don't you think there is a crying need for such an organization now-a-days?" he went on coolly, thoroughly enjoying her momentary discomfiture.

"No!" she retorted; "and neither do you! You men—and particularly you newspaper men—are fond enough of our clubs. They have become so valuable to your profession, that you would bribe us to keep them going, if you thought there was any possibility of our giving them up. Just think how monotonous your sanctum would become if you were never to write another witty editorial, nor crack another joke on women's clubs! And just think what a lot of dreary space would have to be filled up in your columns, which you are now glad enough to give to our meetings, our programs and banquets. At any rate, the 'Society for the Prevention, etc., will not have the support of the newspapers—and of course that would settle it; it might better never be born," she added, sententiously.

"But supposing, just for nonsense," she went on, "that you did call a lot of men together and did propose the organization of such a society, how many charter members would you start out with, do you think? Possibly one, for I suppose there are a few Edward Boks scattered about over the land. The truth of the matter is, you men like your mothers and sisters and daughters, and most of all your wives to belong to women's clubs. You like to have them come home from meetings thoroughly interested in the subjects that have been discussed, you like to have them talk intelligently with you about matters you did not suppose they even considered, you like to have them bright, animated, interesting, well-informed, companionable; and you admit to yourselves—never by any chance to them—that clubs have done much to broaden and sweeten women's lives. We women know all this; it is a standing joke among us, and one we enjoy just as much as you enjoy yours. No!" she continued laughing lightly, "I am not at all troubled about your Society for the Prevention of Women's Clubs, for let me tell you that if such a club ever is organized, its founders will be the women—not the men."

PEN PORTRAITS.

Mrs. Charles Goltra, president of the Current Events Club of Crawfordsville, was born in Montgomery County, Indiana. The greatest part of her education was acquired in Mrs. Caroline M. Coulter's School for Girls, in Crawfordsville, where she has lived for thirty-five years. Mrs. Goltra is a member of a charitable organization known as the Woman's Union. She is a past Matron of Athens Chapter O. E.S., and is extensively known in Eastern Star work, throughout the state. She is at present serving her fifteenth year as secretary and treasurer of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Center Presbyterian Church "as a prompt, tactful and well informed presiding officer," writes a friend, "Mrs. Goltra has demonstrated her ability many times, most recently in her excellent manner of solving complex situations during some of our meetings."

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Mrs. Emma P. Hornaday, secretary of the Current Events Club of Crawfordsville, is Hoosier born and Hoosier bred. She was a student at Earlham College where she remained until her junior year leaving at that time with the expectation of entering Wellesley when that institution threw open its doors in '77. Mrs. Hornaday has resided in Crawfordsville since her marriage in '78. She is deeply interested in charitable causes, and is an earnest, diligent worker therein.

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Mrs. Maud Smith Reich, secretary of the Tourist Club of Elwood, was born in Zanesville, Ohio, March 8, 1866. Her school days were passed in her native town. She was married in 1889. In 1892 Mr. and Mrs. Reich removed to Elwood, Indiana, where they have since resided.

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Mrs Ida Van Arsdel, president of the Tourist Club of Elwood, was born in Frankfort, Indiana, October 14, 1870. She attended the public schools of her native town until she was sixteen, when her mother's death and the consequent care of the household kept her at home. Three years later her father died. Thus orphaned while still a young girl, she determined to fit herself for the profession of teaching. She therefore entered college at Westerville, Ohio, in the fall of 1889, where she remained three years. She began teaching the following year. In 1893 she married and removed to Elwood where she has since resided.

MRS. EMMA P. HORNADAY.
Secretary of the Current Events Club of Crawfordsville.

MRS. CHARLES GOLTRA.
President of the Current Events Club of Crawfordsville.

THE CURRENT EVENTS CLUB OF CRAWFORDSVILLE.

The "Current Events" of Crawfordsville is a large flourishing organization which is devoting its attention entirely to affairs of the present moment. Consequently its brochure presents no hint of the topics to be discussed throughout the year, giving merely the dates of the meetings, the names of the hostesses and the names of the leaders of the discussion with their assistants. Each leader announces at the previous meeting what subject she has selected for the next session. She is given three regularly appointed assistants in the discussion; but the by-laws provide that "every member present shall take some part in the conversation." This method of insuring participants, must result in some delightful meetings. Among subjects considered in the past have been, The Venezuelan Arbitration, Cuba, The Eastern Question, Women's Clubs, Alaska, Public Libraries, Greater New York, Return of the Jews to Palestine, Skeletons in the National Closet, etc.

Concerning the organization of the "Current Events," a member writes: "During October 1896, five ladies met at the home of Mrs. Alice Ramsey to consider the advisability of organizing a literary club. After some deliberation they decided that each one present might invite a certain number of her friends to meet at the home of Mrs. C. M. Travis, October 19, to perfect the organization of a club. The ladies met at the stated time, and the 'Current Events' sprang into existence having for its object the promotion of 'systematic study and discussion of the important questions of the day.'"

Perusal of the constitution and by-laws reveals some interesting features; exercises shall be entirely conversational—no reading allowed; members departing before the close of the session shall secure permission from the chairman of the membership committee; any member who shall fail to take some part in the conversation without an excuse in writing to the chairman of the committee shall forfeit her membership; it shall be the duty of the Secretary of Literature to collect papers, magazines and books, and hold the same for the use of members. A "Secretary of Literature" is an innovation in clubdom, and one which would save members from long and exasperating library hunts.

The "Current Events" is limited in members to forty, and it has a full membership. It meets every third Friday, from October to May.

Its officers are:
Mrs. Minnie W. Goltra, president.
Mrs. Julia D. Waugh, vice-president.
Mrs. Laura S. Kennedy, second vice-president.
Mrs. Emma P. Hornaday, recording secretary.
Mrs. Ida K. Reynolds, corresponding secretary.
Mrs. Emma R. Barnhill, treasurer.
Mrs. Mary E. Truax, secretary of literature.

The executive committee is:
Mrs. Anna E. Hall.
Mrs. Elizabeth R. Watson.
Mrs. Eva D. Whittington.
Mrs. Minnie W. Goltra.
Mrs. Fannie H. Davis.

The membership committee is:
Mrs. Eliza J. Moffett.
Mrs. Isabel C. Wallace.
Miss Anna M. Beck.

THE TOURIST CLUB OF ELWOOD.

Among the youngest of Indiana's clubs must be registered the "Tourist" of Elwood which despite its tender age, has all the grace and bearing of a mature organization. It has a well arranged brochure, a sound constitution, and a full membership. It is a patriotic society, starting out upon its travels with an extended trip over the United States.

"The Tourist Club was organized by Mrs. E. W. Stevens and Mrs. J. W. Baird, April 14, 1897," writes a member. Its object is to interest the women of Elwood in travel both at home and abroad—"for a better knowledge of the world, intellectual progress, and social culture," as the preamble puts it.

The Tourist's first point is to neighboring cities where they visit some of Indiana's institutions of learning—in Crawfordsville, Greencastle, Terre Haute and Indianapolis. In the Capital City they enjoy a short visit with artist's and literary people. Then they journey on to Cincinnati, from there by boat to St. Louis; on to St. Paul and Minneapolis and then overland to the Pacific coast. From Seattle they steamed over to Van Couver Island and from there set sail for Sitka and Alaska where they visit the missions and make a study of the government. They spend a little time in California, on their return, visiting Chinatown as a matter of course, Madam Helene Modjeska at her California Ranch, the Lick Observatory, United States Mints, Joaquin Miller, and the Yosemite Valley. Their next stop is at Salt Lake City. Denver and the Rockies induce them to turn southward instead of eastward, and they journey on through Pueblo, Santa Fe and El Paso to Galveston, where they take the boat for New Orleans. After making brief visits in St. Augustine, Old Point Comfort and Mt. Vernon, they reach Washington, where they remain for several days. Baltimore comes next in the itinerancy, then Gettysburg, Philadelphia, and finally New York. From New York, they steam around to Cape Cod and Boston; then further on to Portland and Halifax, and up the St. Lawrence, through the Thousand Islands

MRS. IDA VAN ARSDEL,
President of the Tourist Club of Elwood.

to Toronto. Niagara calls for a longer stop, then on to Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit Petoskey, and finally Chicago—and then home by wheel to Elwood.

The club meets every Saturday afternoon throughout the year, summer and winter. The brochure provides for their social evenings, July 9th, November 29th, and February 19th. Membership is limited to twenty-five. The club flower is the carnation, its colors are blue and white. It has recently affiliated with the Indiana Union of Literary Clubs.

Its officers are:
Ida Van Arsdel, president.
Maud Chapin, vice-president.
Maud Smith Reich, secretary.
Mary Baird, treasurer.
The executive committee is:
Carrie Elliott.
Lulu Stevens.
Mary Baird.

The critic for the year is Henrietta Wilkie—and she has our sympathy.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB OF GREESBURG.

The Woman's Club of Greensburg has taken for its theme during the present season Studies and Stories of Liberty. In forwarding the program a member writes: "I do this with some misgivings, because to an outsider, there seems to me, much need of explanation to go with it. Some conspicuous struggles for freedom are not included, for various reasons, one being that in the miscellaneous programs of former years, some of these had been included. The program is not a study, nor a story, nor the story of liberty, but simply fragments from the great epic of human progress; a presentation of such facts as seemed practicable, interesting and profitable for talents, attainments, and aspirations of the Woman's Club.

The Woman's Club is a well organized body of twenty members, which has been doing earnest work for five years. It makes a very creditable showing notwithstanding the excessive modesty of its members Its brochure presents a neat appearance in its cover of white and gold, and the topics arranged therein promise some very interesting sessions. But two dates are reserved for special features; one occurring on June 11, was called Honorary Members' Day, and the second, February 15, recorded the annual election of officers.

The officers of the club are:
Mrs. Abbie S. Bonner, president.
Mrs. Amanda G. Siling, vice-president.
Mrs. Amelia A. Holby, secretary.
Mrs. Rosa S. Minear, treasurer.
The program committee is:
Abbie S. Bonner.
Amanda G. Siling.
Amelia A. Holby.
Rosa S. Minear.

PROGRAM OF THE WOMAN'S CLUB OF GREENSBURG.
STUDIES AND STORIES OF LIBERTY.

SEPT. 14.—Liberty—the Human Birthright. Conversation—Symbols of Liberty and National Emblems.

SEPT. 25.—The Dutch Republic: Character of William the Silent, The "Twins in Doom"—Bergen and Montigny, Egmont and Horn, Readings from Goethe's Egmont.

OCT. 12.—Printing: Early History of Printing, The Modern Printing Press, The Influence of the Press, Conversation—Famous Editors.

OCT. 26.—France: The French Revolution Reading—Joan of Arc's Farewell to her Home, Progress of French Republicanism in the Nineteenth Century, Conversation—Characteristics of the French People.

NOV. 9.—Hungary and Switzerland: Hungary and Kossuth, Switzerland and her Patriots, Reading—From "William Tell," Conversation—Swiss Scenes.

NOV. 23.—The Co-Operation of Nature and Man: The Evolution of Rapid Transit. Poem—"The Song of Steam," Electrical Intercommunication, Conversation—Possibilities of the Future.

DEC. 7.—Cuba and Hayti: Cuban Rebellions, Toussaint L'Overture, Poems—"The Poet and his Song," "Accountability," Conversation—Recent Progress of the Colored Race.

DEC. 14.—Germany: The Conquest by Napoleon, William the First, and Bismarck as Founders of United Germany, Conversation—German Blood in European Royalty.

JAN. 11.—Honorary Members' Day. Conversation—Historical Friendships.

JAN. 25.—The British Empire: The Bulwarks of English Liberty, The Period of the Commonwealth. Conversation, Incidents in the Lives of British Patriots.

FEB. 8.—The British Empire: The British Slave Trade, British Reforms of the Nineteenth Century, Conversation—The Queen's Jubilee.

FEB. 15.—Election of Officers.

FEB. 22—Patriotic Humor: The Biglow Papers, Artemus Ward and the "Late Onpleasantness," Nasby and his Letters, Nast and His Genius, Original Poems on Liberty.

MAR. 8.—American Slavery: Slavery under the constitution of the United States, The work of Benjamin Lundy, Elijah P. Lovejoy, William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, John Brown, Poem—Brown of Ossawatomie, Conversation—The Underground Railroad.

MAR. 22.—Spanish America: South American Independence, Mexico from Hidalgo to Diaz, Mexico Under Diaz, Conversation—The Episode of Maximilian.

APR. 5.—Freedom in Poetry and Song: Poets of Freedom, with selections, Conversation—Stories of National Songs.

APR. 19—Italy: Liberty in the Early Italian Republics, United Italy under Victor Emmanuel and his Statesmen. Conversation—The Story of Garibaldi.

MAY 3.—Russia, Poland: History of Russian Serfdom, Nihilism in Russia, The Partition of Poland. Conversation—Polist Patriots at Home and Abroad.

MAY 17.—Suffrage: Development of the Right of Suffrage, Is Female Suffrage Desirable? Discussion.

MAY 31.—"The Noble Army of Martyrs:" Character Sketches, John Huss and Jerome of Prague, Joan of Arc, Savonarola, Coligny, Andreas Hofer, Charlotte Cordαy, Lincoln. Poem—"Arnold von Winkelried," The Rank and File, The Victims of Fanticism.

JUNE 14.—Greece: The Revolution of 1820, Byron's Devotion to Greece, The Cretan Imbroglio. Conversation—The Revival of Grecian Games.

JUNE 28.—The Universal Reign of Liberty: The Reciprocity of Agencies Promoting Liberty, The Federation of the World, The Lessons of the Year. Reports of Secretary and Treasurer.

WITH THE CLUB EDITOR.

The Tourist Club, of Elwood, very recently tendered an elegant reception to its friends. One hundred and fifty guests were in attendance; and it was said to be one of the most successful entertainments ever given in Elwood.

An article in the constitution of the "Current Events" of Crawfordsville provides thus: "It shall be the duty of the Membership Committee to select from the names proposed for membership, those most desirable, and present to the club for balloting. "We do not know how long a waiting list, the club supports, but it would seem that this waiting might sometimes place the membership committee in a very embarassing position. The law which usually prevails is, that candidates shall be voted in the order in which their names were proposed. Which is better?

The Executive Committee of the Indiana Union of Literary Clubs has just issued the following announcement to the constituent clubs:

The Executive Committee of the Indiana Union of Literary Clubs desire to make the following announcements:

The Ninth Annual Convention of the Union will be held in Bloomington, Indiana, May 11, 12 and 13, the first session convening at 7:30 p. m., Wednesday, the last session closing at 10:30 a. m. Friday.

A rate of one and one-third for the round trip from all points in Indiana to Bloomington, has been secured. This will be an ordinary excursion rate, tickets being limited only as to time.

The Clubs of Bloomington will entertain those who appear on the program, the officers and honorary members of the Union, and two delegates from each constituent club, provided their names are sent to the Secretary of the Executive Committee on or before Friday, April 15. We can not give any assurance of entertainment to those whose names are not reported by that time.

We desire to call attention to Article VI, Section 1, of the constitution of the Union which reads as follows:

"The annual Convention shall be composed of the officers and honorary members of the Union and two delegates from each constituent Club. One of these shall be the President serving the Club at its first meeting in January of the Convention year, or an alternate for the President.

Those who are not officially connected with the convention as indicated in Article VI., Section 1, are most cordially invited to attend. They will find ample accommodations at the hotels and private boarding houses, at rates varying from one dollar to two dollars and fifty cents per day.

Very cordially yours,
HARRIET CASPAR RHETTS,
Chairman Executive Committee

Mrs. Edwin S. Brodix, Secretary Executive Committee, 420 North Washington St. Bloomington, Indiana, March 14th.

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The Program Committee of the I. U. L. C., is this week issuing the following program, to the constituent clubs:

Ninth Convention Indiana Union of Literary Clubs, Bloomington, May 11th-13th, 1898.

FIRST SESSION, WEDNESDAY EVENING MAY 11,
(At the University Gymnasium)
7.15 Registration.
8:00 Opening of Convention.

Invocation, - The Rev. J. H Doddridge, Bloomington.

Music, Piano Quartet, Overture to Oberon, Weber.
Miss May Watson, Miss Lenore Barnhill, Miss Martha Hall, Mrs. Charles Van Cleve.
Musical Amateurs, Crawfordsville.

Address of Welcome, - - The Rev. S. R. Lyons, Bloomington.

President's Address, - The Democracy of Modern Education.
Professor John B. Wisely.

Continued on page 14.

MRS. MAUD SMITH REICH,
Secretary of the Tourist Club of Elwood,

Music - - - - - - - - - - Quartet.
Mrs. Cook, 1st Soprano.
Miss Rena Rice, 2d Soprano.
Mrs. Throckmorton, 1st Contralto.
Mrs. Taylor, 2d Contralto.
Rheinberger Quartet The Ladies' Matinee Musicale, Lafayette.
Original Poem, - - Miss Evaleen Stein, Lafayette.
Appointment of Committees.
9:30 Reception by Oolite Club at the Club House.

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SECOND SESSION, THURSDAY, 9:00 A. M. MAY 12TH.
(At the M. E. Church)

Music, Organ Solo, Miss Adelaide Carmen.
The Ladies' Matinee Musicale, Indianapolis.
Report of Library Committee Mrs. Jacob P. Dunn.
The Fortnightly Club, Indianapolis.
Paper, Art, Where We Are and Whither Bound, William Forsyth.
The Century Club, Indianapolis.
Original Story, A Municipal Experiment, Mrs. Kate Milner Rabb.
The Fortnightly Club, Indianapolis.
Paper, Local Color in Fiction, - - Prof. Martin Wright Sampson.
The Fortnightly Club, Bloomington.
Business.

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THIRD SESSION, THURSDAY, 2:00 P.M. MAY 12.
(At the University Gymnasium)

Paper, The Elizabeth Age of English Literature, Mrs. John Clark Ridpath.
The Woman's Club. Greencastle.
Music.
Paper, The Literature of Queen Anne's Time, Mrs. Jethro C. Culmer.
The Woman's Club, Spencer.
Music - - - - - - University Quartet.
Mr. Hassler. Mr. Bracken.
Mr. Baker. Mr. Wiles.
Paper, The Victorian Age of English Literature, Prof. Arthur B. Milford.
Athenian Club, Crawfordsville.
Discussion—Leader, ——

—

FOURTH SESSION, THURSDAY, 7:30 P. M. MAY 12.
(At the University Gymnasium)

Concert by members of various musical clubs. For details see special program. The concert will be followed at 9:30 by a reception at Maxwell Hall, tendered to the Union by the Bloomington Clubs.

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FIFTH SESSION, FRIDAY, 9:00 A. M. MAY 13.
(At the M. E. Church)

Announcement of Officers.
Paper, Woman and Politics, Mrs. May Wright Sewall.
The Art Association, Indianapolis.
Paper, Citizenship and Party, Samuel M. Foster.
The Fortnightly Club, Fort Wayne.
Discussion—Leader, Mr. W. D. Harner, Arena Club, Huntington.

THE INDIANAPOLIS TRAINING SCHOOL.

A committee of ten were selected to get the prizes for Field Day. There is much enthusiasm shown by the members, and the preparations for Field Day show that it will be of more than usual interest.

The Senate has been re-organized and the meetings are becoming more and more exciting. Many have re-assumed their former names and, in fact, the Senate consists for the most part of the same people as formerly.

The Base Ball Team is preparing for work and it is to be hoped that they score as many victories this season as did their predecessors. There is much good material in the school and training is all it needs to make it count.

The election of the new officers of the Athletic Association took place recently. They are as follows:
Rodney Hitt, President.
John Hutz, Vice-President.
George Olive, Secretary.
Albert Kahn, Treasurer.

The Physical Geography class will soon visit the Weather Bureau on top of the Majestic to investigate the apparatus and to listen to a discourse by Mr. C. F. R. Wappenhans, the local Forecast official. The class is larger than usual and the subjects for a final analysis have been selected in order that the pupils may have ample time for preparing. Certain regions have been given to separate pupils to analyze thoroughly with regard to Physical Geography.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

In room D., Mr. Arnold Spencer sang to an appreciative audience last Friday morning. Among the songs were some fine selections from Schumann. He also read a paper on Schumann.

The '98 Classes have decided upon one of their presents to the High School. They have chosen the plaster cast of the Laocoon group. They hope to have it in place—at the foot of the new stair way—before the opening of the art exhibit.

In Room B, (Mr. Trent's room) one afternoon last week, the following exercises were given: Piano solo, Edith King; Recitation, Mabel Bogert; Vocal solo, Golie Stucker; Piano solo, Bertha Klusman; Recitation, Frances Olsen.

Miss Dye has for some time past been furnishing the pupils of her room with fine entertainments. She has made every effort to have profitable amusements. Famous musical selections have been given, and Mr. Gruelle has several times entertained the room with instructive talks.

Miss Dye's efforts are fully appreciated by the students, and the fame of her entertainments has broken from the narrow confines of her room and spread over the whole building. Vast crowds of visitors flock to her sanctum every time there is to be a program and thoroughly enjoy their stay.

The fact that we have been and still are one of the first High Schools of the land is ever kept before us by our many visitors. This past week all the High School teachers and many of the ward school instructors, of Hamilton, Ohio, visited our school. They were very much interested in the work being done, and asked many questions. They visited us several days.

The occurrence of the production of Iolanthe is fast becoming a thing of the past but it is not to be so soon forgotten by the High School of Indianapolis. A committee to represent each school has been appointed from among the company, to decide in what form best to present their earnings to the schools. The intention was to give each a piano, but profits to that extent were not realized.

The Seniors who had intended to use the spring vacation for finishing their essays were very much disappointed when it was announced that their vacation would be in the middle of April instead of the last of March. The cause of the change has been explained that during the middle of April an art exhibit will occupy the building—as two bodies can not occupy the same space at the same time, they are forced to have their vacation at that time.

A voting contest has been carried on through the weekly school paper (The Comet) as to which is the most unpopular subject in the entire course. The result is shown by a selection from "The Comet" after the closing of the polls. "Poor 11 B. Algebra! You are forever in disgrace Is it your fault that you are difficult to master, that you cause hours of wearisome toil to those stupid students? Why did they treat you so? Are not your teachers among the best liked in the school? It was a shame!"

Notes on the Revolutionary Societies

At the last week's meeting of the local chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, the following officers were elected: Mrs. Albert Baker, regent; Mrs. James M. Winters, vice-regent; Mrs. George W. Sloan, recording secretary; Miss Florence Malott, corresponding secretary; Miss Brooke Griffith, treasurer; Mrs. John N. Hurty, registrar; Miss Eliza G. Browning, historian.

Mrs. E. C. Atkins, who is the new State Regent, read a report of the National Convention at Washington, D. C. The Society in the city and state is in a flourishing condition and as interest in the subject is increasing constantly, the prospect is excellent for a large increase in membership during the coming year.

An exceedingly interesting letter from Lawrenceburg, where there are several Daughters of the American Revolution, will appear in next week's issue.

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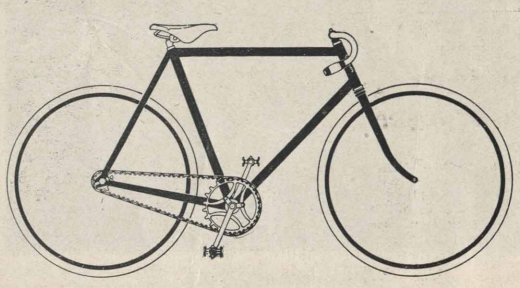

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Have you seen our Model 40 GRANDE for $40?

C. G. FISHER & CO.

Amateur Photographers See Page 15

In 1897 the New York City Chapter, D. A. R., established in perpetuity, an American history scholarship in Barnard College, under Columbia University professors, which is known as the Mrs. Donald McLean scholarship.

MUSICAL.

Italian and Rudersdorf method of singing. Recognizing the fact, that superior advantages are necessary to one's musical education, I have secured a studio in Chicago, where I will devote part of my time to pupils who prefer living in the city. Extra inducements to parties who desire to teach, as this method strengthens weak voices and makes harsh, over-taxed voices sweet. While those of mature years can easily learn to sing, children's voices carefully and artistically trained. Steinway Hall is a rendezvous for some of the greatest musicians in the United States, and such associations are not to be ignored. Voices tested free. MARY M. SHEDD, Talbott Block, or 611 Steinway Hall, Chicago.

Police Magistrate: "Have you ever seen the prisoner at the bar?"

Witness Stephens: "Never, your honor; but I've seen him when I strongly suspected he'd been at it."

DRAFTING AND CUTTING SCHOOL
THE BAZAAR
(OVER HAERLE'S)
Ladies can have Patterns cut to measure for Dressmaking at home.
See next week's ad. for hair store.

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Means Craig's Candy. Special attention given to orders for card parties, receptions, weddings, etc. Mail orders solicited—write for prices.

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S. E. THOMAS, Secretary.

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TO THE
Hot Springs of Arkansas
Via the BIG FOUR ROUTE.

It is announced that all three of the great hotels at this resort will be open this winter. The Arlington has never closed, the Park opened January 6th, and the Eastman, January 25th. In addition there are fifty hotels and three hundred boarding houses, giving accommodations at reasonable rates to all classes of people. This is the only health and pleasure resort under direct government control. The curative properties of the Hot Waters are vouched for by the Surgeon General of the United States. Send for illustrated descriptive matter and particulars regarding the greatly reduced 90 day round trip excursion rates to Ticket Agent Big Four Route.
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Local sleeper in Indianapolis ready at 8:30 p. m. Leave Chicago, returning at 2:45 a. m. Can be taken any time after 9:30 p. m.
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Address all mail orders to H. B. FOULD, Department "H," 214 6th avenue, New York.
Sold By Druggists Everywhere.

OUR GALLERY OF BICYCLE RIDERS.

MR. J. S. FARRELL has been an enthusiastic bicyclist for the past four years. He rides a Stearns racer winter and summer, and although a heavy man, is one of the best riders in the city. He has worn out a '95 wheel and has recently purchased a '98 Stearns racer.

WHEEL WHIRLS.

Lilly & Stalnaker on East Washington street, are sole agents for the Columbia Bicycle, the Hardford and Vedette.

The following people are the proud possessors of the '98 Columbia: Mr. Edgar B. Hetzel, superintendent J. B. Allfree Manufacturing Company, Mr. Harry Conduitt, 1522 Park avenue, Mr. William Sullivan, 126 North East street, Mr. Buntin, of Buntin, Shoyer & McGannon, and Mrs. A. Mason, 1006 North Deleware street.

Mr. E. J. Rehm finds comfort in his new '98 Rambler, also J. N. Ellison, 2243 Pennsylvania street, J. H. Holliday, 1121 North Meridian; John W. Hitz, 216 East North street; John Keeper, 1313 Brookside avenue; S. A. Morgan, 216 River avenue and Herbert Conger, of Crescent Paper Company.

The following people are riding the Waverley bicycles, having purchased during the past week. Robert Martindale. Victoria Hotel; W. W. Keene, 540 North Meridian street; Rosco Darnell, 326 North Illinois street; N. J. Ridgeway, Indianapolis Rubber Co., George Shannon, 1934 West New York street; Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Jacobi, 126 West Walnut street; Mr. O. D. Bolan, 1418 Broadway; C. E. Mundy, 1713 Omer street; Mrs. Norval, 14½ West Washington street; C. N. Elliott, 114 North East street.

Prof. Willis is located in the basement of the New York Store and will instruct all patrons of the store in riding. Mr. Willis has selected North Meridian street as the best thoroughfare for instruction in riding.

The W. B. Holton Manufacturing Company are agents for the New Warner Detachable or Clincher Tire. It is made to fit any rim in common use, and is arranged and so vulcanized so as to give the best results and most resiliency. They are easy to repair and are readily removed from the rim on either side. The tire is made of the best quality of fabric and rubber and will last a life time and can be put on a new rim if the old one breaks or is run over by an ice wagon.

The Cygnet Cycle is comparatively new in Indianapolis, although it is in its second or third season in New York, Boston and Philadelphia. The Holton Manufacturing Company are the sole agents here and the wheel is on exhibition in their store on West Washington street. The ladies wheel, it is said is easier mounted than any other wheel, on account of the top bar of the frame dropping from four to seven inches lower than the ordinary frame, although the sprocket and pedals are the required distance from the base line. The entire rear portion of the frame is constructed of two sections of tubing and is more durable and less liable to get out of repair than one with a larger number of sections of tubing. One particularly pleasant feature in the ladies Cygnet Cycle is that it can be riden with any length skirt with safety. It possess more individualty than any other wheel on the market.

Rivierre intends next season to compete in all important events, both on road and track, from a six-hour and over, and also go in heavily for motarcarism, as an amateur, of course, as professionalism in this branch is not yet born.

A new bicycle consists of a pair of tubes located side by side and bent at the rear end into a substantially circular form, the extreme ends terminating in bearings located eccentrically within the circular portion.

Mr. Kitt of the Empire Freight Line, rides a '97 Apollo and finds it too good to change.

Morin, the great French racer, is the oldest of a family of orphans, in consequence of which he will have to do only one year's military service. His term of enlistment commences next fall, so the cycle racing path of 1889 will be without one of the fastest riders that ever mounted a wheel.

The new opening to the bicycle department of the New York Store will be complete next week and the bicycle department will be open in the evening until nine o'clock. The entrance will open from the Stevenson building. They carry a fine line of bicycle goods and have an excellent repair shop, fully equipped and skilled workmen.

The Steinwetz Brothers have purchased Stearns Racer wheels and will leave April 1, for Louisville, where they will train four weeks, for the races in August.

Mr. F. Ellis Hunter, captain of the L. A. W. Club has ordered a Stearns Racer for protection when some of the visiting wheelmen in August may set a merry cup on a return trip to the Club House.

The two women riding Cleveland wheels in the Tomlinson Hall six day bicycle race are both German. Miss Lizzie Glaw, the world's champion, has been in this country four years and has made marvelous records, both in road and track riding. Miss Bertha Wagner's home is in Cleveland, where she is employed as stenographer in a trust company. Both women have become great favorites with the public.

Secretary Andrus, of the Century Road Club, has issued a statement that amateurs and professionals will not compete against each other. All professional competitions and records will be kept separate from all amateur records and competitions.

The Apollo Bicycle is gaining in popular favor. Mr. Thomas Morse is riding a '98, also Prof. Herman Osterheldt, of the Social Turners, Prof. Tull, of the South Side Turners and building inspector, John F. Robinson.

Mrs. Johanna Richrandt has mastered the steed of steel and is riding a Cleveland.

Miss Berterman, Leon Cooper, H. B. Wathan, W. H. Schmidt and Fred W. Smith have helped to swell the already long list of Cleveland riders.

TELEPHONE 500.
Premo V, 4x5
$5.00
A really good 4x5 dry plate camera. The name "Premo" is of itself a recommendation.
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Amateur photography, already popular for many seasons, will be a fad during the coming summer. The camera can be carried on the bicycle, and the enthusiastic wheelman will bring back many beautiful views from his summer wanderings.

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ENTRANCE.

An entrance fee of $1 will give you THE INDIANA WOMAN for six months, and at the same time make you a member of the Club. The member will have the advantage of published lessons from time to time on developing, printing, and mounting. These articles will be prepared by well-known photographers specially for THE INDIANA WOMAN.

$15, $10 and $5

These prizes will be awarded by three competent judges, experts in the art of photography.

The pictures will be published for 20 consecutive weeks, at the end of which time the contest will close. They will then be divided into three classes, first, second, and third. On the first Saturday after the contest closes, all pictures in the first class will be published; on the following Saturday the pictures in the second class, and on the third Saturday, all pictures in the third class.

In the next issue will appear the names and photographs of the prize winners together with the prize winning pictures.

OPENING THE CONTEST.

These valuable articles on photography will begin in the issue of January 8, 1898. Remember they are written by men who understand their business. The contest will begin in issue of January 15, 1898 and end in the issue of June 4, 1898. Enter now as it takes some time to make the plates and you have the privilege of entering three different pictures all at the same time or at different times during the ten weeks of the contest.

For further particulars call at office of INDIANA WOMAN, 49 N. Illinois St.

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than any other wheels of the same grade we expect to be believed because

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Take the best material, the most skilful mechanics, the most modern machinery and brains, and you have a high-grade bicycle. Be in a position to sell it at FACTORY prices and you have a CINCH. We've got it; come and see.

We have the famous ORIENTS, made by the Waltham Watch Co., list $75. "A Swell Mount."

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Peoria Single Tube Tires $6

Per pair, guaranteed. All replacements made here.
Let us re-tire your old bicycle.

Patee Bicycle Store, 110 N. PENN. ST.

BORROWED FUN.

It was circus day; the ordinary large crowd was there, standing 'round and listening to the music and loafing generally. The small boys were there waiting for any possible chances which might offer of "getting in." A man went up to a group of anxious urchins.

"Want to go in, boys?" said he.

"Yas, we do," came in a chorus from the lads. They marched up in front of the door-tender.

"Count these boys," said the man; and the guardsman of the great exhibition checked the grinning lads off with his finger as they rushed by him, and scattered on the inside.

"One, two, three," counted the door-keeper, and finally announced "eleven."

"All right," said the man. "All right; that's all," and he turned away.

"Hold on, there," said the circus man. "Are you going to pay for these boys?"

"Pay for 'em!" said the stranger. "Well, I guess not. I said nothing about paying for 'em. I just wanted to know how many there were. You circus men are good at figures, and I ain't. All I asked you to do was to count them. Much obliged."

And away he went, astonishment at the surprising cheek preventing the door-keeper form making any further effort to stop him.

Mrs. Slump: "My husband has been enjoying very poor health of late."

Mrs. Dump: "How fortunate that he can enjoy it. Very few people do."

—

Lady (after about twenty-five minutes' cross-examination): "Now, tell me, constable, what is that strap under your chin for?"

Constable: "Well, mum, that's to rest my jaw on when it gets tired answering silly questions."

—

When a man gets up in the morning, he grumbles if his breakfast is not ready; but if he goes fishing, he can wait all day for a bite.

—

Mr. Ricketts: "Some scientists say that kissing is dangerous. Do you think so?"

Miss Kittish: "It is likely to produce palpitation of the heart."

—

Six medical experts examined a man as to his sanity, and were evenly divided. After they had wrangled for a week, it was discovered that they had examined the wrong person.

—

First Boy: "My papa knows more than your papa does."

Second Boy: "I bet he doesn't. Did you ever see my papa? His forehead reaches down to the back of his head."

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We can convince you by showing the raw material how it is made inside. Come and see them anyhow. You are always welcome.

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Saturday Afternoon, April 2, 1898.

The Indiana Woman

LITTLE DANNY WALLINGFORD.

An Illustrated Weekly
Published by
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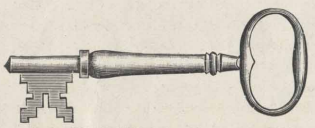

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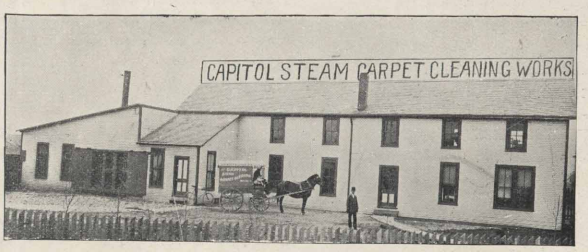

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It was a splendid way to make a reputation and the result is that this store was recognized far and near as the criterion of artistic excellence.

We have bought this store—stock and fixtures—and its wealth of bric-a-brac, statuary, pictures, mouldings, mirrors, sketches and drawings and painting materials is now being arranged for sale on our third floor.

Sometime next week the doors will be thrown open on a price cutting carnival that will put homemakers on the qui vive throughout the state of Indiana.

You are one of the invited.

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The Indiana Woman

Vol. V. Indianapolis, Saturday Afternoon, April 2, 1898 No. 20.

WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG

Why is it that people who offer bargains are always so ready to make sport of the people who take advantage of them? The other day a grocer advertised some article of merchandise several cents below the usual price, as it was his "bargain day," but when a woman came in and asked for the article, he was very much insulted because she bought that and nothing else. Well, why not? He had advertised that particular bit of merchandise at a very low price; what else could he expect than that women would come expressly to buy it? And if he was disappointed that they didn't take the other articles to whose price he had added the several cents taken from the "bargain" he need not have been so cross about it. Another merchant laughed about the women who rushed to his store because he advertised to give away boxes of Lowney's bonbons to all women callers. He knew they would come or he would not have made such an offer, and he wanted them to come, or he would not have advertised for them. To induce an exhibition of feminine frailty and then to laugh it is so unkind as to arouse the chivalry latent in other men.

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Why is it, some one asks, that Indianapolis men refuse to attend afternoon gatherings? There are just a few who do, so few that one can count them on his fingers; and they are always the same ones. The others stay away either because they feel out of place at afternoon functions, or because, like Miss Flora McFlimsey, they have nothing to wear, or do not know just what sort of clothes to wear at such functions. Their absence is particularly amusing at functions which they are supposed to give themselves. They give an afternoon reception for a lion and invite their women friends. The women attend and the men are conspicious by their absence. Now what is the lion to think, if he knows who gives the reception, and what is the real reason for the absence of the entertainers? Whatever this proves about the men, does it not go to prove that women are the real hero-worshippers, after all?

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Some one has been circulating a story this winter to the effect that women's ears are never frostbitten, with the implication that the dear creatures are always exercising their ears over morsels of gossip so diligently that they cannot freeze. This is a slander on the fair sex which I feel it my duty to refute. If women's ears are not frostbitten it is because her lovelocks cover them, or because they are sufficiently protected by her veil and high collar. She may gossip occasionally, but it is always at five o'clock teas, not in places where her ears might freeze.

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Because a Michigan man chose to leave half his estate to a circus, his heirs have gone to law in an endeavor to break the will. Why shouldn't a man leave half his estate--or all of it for that matter—to a circus, if he wants to? Perhaps this Michigan man was trying to be original. If so, to what other enterprise could he have left his money? Every sort of home, every sort of church, every sort of school, every charity that could be thought of has been utilized by people who have estates and want to leave their heirs poor and honest. But no one has ever heard before of making a circus the happy possessor of one's fortune.

MRS. JAY G. VOSS. (See page 11.)

Perhaps, too, this man was wiser than appears at first thought. Perhaps he thought that too much cramming has been done along educational lines and that it was time to emphasize the lighter, brighter sides of life. Perhaps he thought that by permanently endowing a good circus, he would afford entertainment that was not of the brain wearing kind to his posterity for generations to come, so that they would rise up and call him blessed. He no doubt had some reason for his action. The heirs will not try to find it out, of course; the lawyers should.

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In case of war, how many volunteers may be expected from the ranks of the patriotic societies?

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If any other proof of the superiority of Indianapolis to other cities was needed, it was furnished by its reception of Richard Mansfield and "The Devil's Disciple." The majority of the audience was satisfied, but the critics strongly disapproved. "Down East," Mr. Mansfield's play has been received with enthusiasm. But alas! for Mr. Mansfield! and alas for Mr. Shaw! and alas! for the unhappy mortal who devised the scenery! All of them, in Indianapolis dramatic critics' searchlight vision, deserved severe treatment and received it. The play was miserable, the scenery worse and the acting in the superlative degree of badness, and as to Mr. Mansfield himself, he came very near to arousing the sympathy of the critic so unfortunate was he having such a play and acting his part as he did.

The DePauw students came in for their share of criticism last week, at the Northern Indiana Conference. It was all because the editor of the college paper had dared to hint recently in an editorial that the students did not go to college to attend revivals. The ministers were shocked at this and expressed their disapproval openly. While on the subject they intimitated that in the future they wanted fewer college yells and more hymn singing from DePauw students. We fear that this is bad policy on the part of the ministers. DePauw is in troubled waters now over its financial affairs. If it gets abroad that hymn singing is to take the place of yelling, there will then be an immediate decrease in attendance. Young men, as a rule, do not like to sing hymns—they do like to yell. So long as the yell is not unchristian it would be wiser for the brethren to close their ears, or join in the yells themselves. The time may come when yells will go out of fashion. Until it does, we might as well resign ourselves and allow our young men to rid themselves of their superfluous energy in yells.

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Some Atlanta women have organized "The Order of Old-fashioned Women to counteract the new woman." The joke of it is that this new order is just like a club in many respects, although it is a purely social not a literary club, and an outsider would probably have difficulty in distinguishing between it and an organization of "new fashioned women."

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It is said that the heroes who have visited our country this winter, have suffered seriously from doses of afternoon tea, ices and macaroons, forced upon them by their fair admirers. Dazzled by the bright eyes of their adorers, they partake of these dainties, and suffer afterwards from acute dyspepsia. It would be a serious thing for the lovely entertainers to work such havoc with their heroes' digestions that there would be no heroes to entertain.

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The people who have been doing the most quarrelling about other peoples pensions, are saying the least about their part in the possible war.

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The new hats were so tempting that some women haven't been able to wait for Easter; they have even donned their Easter clothes before Palm Sunday.

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With street car fare still un-reduced and the horseless carriage and the chainless bicycle still high-priced luxuries, there seems to be nothing but shank's mare available for the poor, but worthy.

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"In the midst of life we are in death." A strong reminder of this is the sudden death of Anton Seidl. "Ptomaine poisoning" is the mysterious verdict of the physician. What are ptomaines anyway, that hotel stewards should serve them up so recklessly? And how are we to recognize a ptomaine seasoning? And what are Health Boards for, if not to seek out ptomaines and destroy them? He who answers these questions satisfactorily will receive the heartfelt gratitude of an anxious public.

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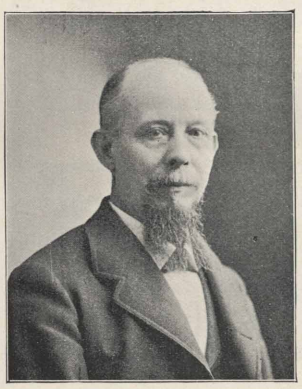
Happy is the man who is color blind in this spring of brilliant hues in hats and gowns. Bright green, a most striking yellow, disguised under the name of burnt orange, turquoise blue, and various shades of nasturtium, appear in gowns, and on hats, singly and in combination. What the effect will be when the sun is brighter and the asphalt glare more trying, it is dangerous to predict. Can it be that the oculists are in league with Dame Fashion for the destruction of our eyes?

ROBIN GOODFELLOW.



HERMAN LIEBER.
President.

THE DEUTSCHE KLUB.

IN the winter of 1897 the Socialer Turnverein found it necessary to provide for more commodious quarters. A committee of twelve were appointed to suggest a location and the ways and means for procuring the ground and buildings. It was recommended that a Stock Company on Building Association lines be organized. The Stock Association to build and equip a hall for the Turnverein—the Turnverein to have the privilege to buy the stock, share by share, whenever it might desire and thus in time acquire title to the property. The suggestion was accepted and the Stock Association was organized and subscriptions solicited from members. During the canvas for subscriptions it developed that a number of citizens, not members of the Turnverein displayed great interest in the affair and upon the recommendation of the committee it was decided to extend the scope of the Association by providing quarters for a musical society and a concert and ball room, with a stage, the two wings to be connected by a suite of rooms, designated as "neutral g round" where Turners, singers and others could meet socially. The capital stock was fixed at $100,000 and the Association began operations in February, 1892. The Turnverein subscribed $10,000 of stock and mortgaged its property on Maryland street to secure the necessary loan. In 1883 the ground was purchased at the corner of Michigan and New Jersey streets 202x125 feet and the Turner hall was built, containing gymnasium, assembly rooms, ladies parlors, bowling alleys, bath rooms and the kneipe, the "neutral ground" was also put up. Despite the panic, work progressed without interruption, all obligations were promptly met and the building was dedicated on February 22, 1894.

In 1897 the Association authorized its board of directors to buy the adjoining lot, 6x202 feet, increase the capital stock to $160,000 and construct the building, now nearing completion. This new hall, will contain in the basement, additional bowling alleys, billiard rooms and an extension of the kneipe; on the first floor there will be a large lobby, cloak rooms, the parlors and men's club room; a rehearsal room and an auditorium, with a seating capacity of 550; on the upper floor will be a concert room, with a seating capacity of of 800, a fully equipped, spacious stage, the arrangement of which, is in the hands of Mr. Meixner, of Chicago. A two story loggia, 20 feet wide, extends along the east side of the hall and stage. The lower floor of the loggia is on a level with the hall floor and is connected with the hall by large openings. The second floor is also connected by large openings and will serve as a gallery. This loggia will conveniently hold 300 people. The windows overlook the court, or garden, enclosed by a high brick wall, and containing a music pavillion, arbors along the enclosures, flower beds and tables and chairs to accommodate 800 people.

In order to become a member, it is necessary to sign for stock and make application for admittance to one of the societies, occupying quarters in the house, namely: Turnverein, Schulverein, Deutsche Klub or Musikverein. The Socialer Turnverein is the lineal decendant of the Indianapolis Turnverein, founded in 1852.

The German English School Association was organized in 1858 and for many years maintained a school, until its mission was rendered void by the improvements made in our public school system. Then it maintained a manual training school until the South Side Industrial School was established. Now it is assisting the Turnverein in the maintainance of its various gymnastic, industrial and Sunday schools. It was the effectual support of this Schulverein which enabled the Turnverein Stock Association to build the magnificent Deutsche Haus. The Deutsche Klub, a social club, was organized in 1893. The Musikverein, was organized in October, 1897, by resolutions of the Board of Directors, the House Committee and Executive officers of the Turnverein and the Deutsche Klub, acting under the consensus of opinion, expressed at the two last annual meetings of the members of the Stock Association when an established musical society, which had been invited to make its home in the house declined the offer.

While the Deutsche Haus is occupied by a number of independent societies, the members of each are members of the stock association and as such, meet socially at balls and concerts given at the house in season, and in the bowling alleys billard and card rooms and the Kneipe and also at the evening band concerts, ten or twelve of which are given in the court in the summer.

The popularity of the Deutsche Haus, is evident, from the fact that it now has nearly seven hundred members and applicants are coming in steadily, at the rate of about twenty per month, which rate will probably increase after the dedication of the new building on May 18. The dedication exercises will open with a concert under the direction of the Musikverein Society. The program will be as follows:

Overture, Robespierre - - - - Litolff
Orchestra (60 pieces)
Tannhauser march - - - - - Wagner
Mixed chorus and Orchestra.
Address (German) Mr. Herman Lieber
Liedesfreiheit - - - - - - Marschner
Male Chorus
Hochzeits Musik (Wedding Music) - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - Jensen
Orchestra.
Address (English) Mr. John L. Griffith.
Odysseus - - - - - - - Max Bruch
Mixed chorus and Orchestra.
Exercises by Socialer Turnverein.
Festspiel (festival play) Dramatic Club.

On the evening following the dedication there will be a ball for the members and on the evening of the 20th there will be a "Kommers," a German custom among university students on festival occasions, when they meet and have a general good time, banqueting, drinking and toasting. Women will not participate in the Kommers, although they will be admitted to the gallery to look on. The present board of directors was elected at the time of organization and unanimously elected annually. They are: Herman Lieber, president; William Haueisen, vice-president; Henry Schnull, treasurer; Albrecht Kipp, recording secretary; Clemens Vonnegut Jr., financial secretary.

The Dramatic Club was organized in the fall of 1895, by Philip Rappaport and since that time have presented several German plays successfully. The play "Festspiel," has been written expressly for them by Konrad Mies, of St. Louis, and Mr. Rappaport has written the prologue.

The following committees have charge of the arrangements:

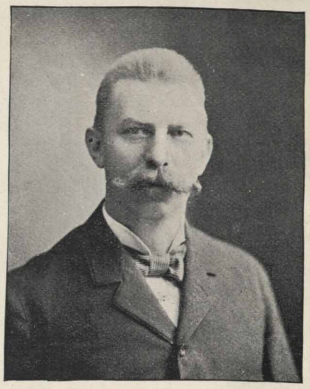
General Committee of Arrangements, George Kothe, chairman; Theodore Stempfel, secretary; Armin Bohn, Phil. Rappaport, Geo. A. Dickson, Alex. Sangernebo, John L. Griffiths.

Reception—August M. Kuhn, chairman; Christian Brink, Andrew Hagen, Julius Keller, George Mannfeld, Ed. L. McKee, Fred P. Rush, Franklin Vonnegut, F. G. Darlington, A. C. Harris, Chas. Krauss, Jacob Metzger, Dr. H. O. Pantzer, Henry Severin, John Wocher, Fred Fahnley, Edw. Hawkins, J. E. Lemcke, Mich. Mode, H. E. Rinne, Lucius B. Swift.

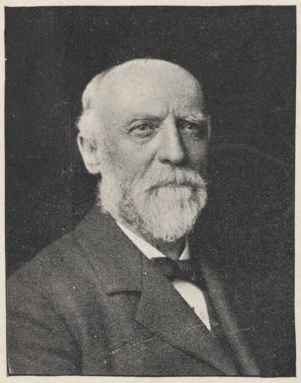
Ball and Banquet—Robert Lieber, chairman; Martin Birk, Henry Severin, Jr., N. Booth Tarkington, Geo. G. Griffith, Gust. Schnull, Adolph Wocher, Otto L. Kipp, Ben. C. Stevenson.

Kommers.—C. E. Emmerich, chairman; Dr. L Burckhardt, Richard Lieber, Herm. Osterheld, Henry Moesch, Otto Stechhan, William Kothe, Conrad Mueller, Geo. Vonnegut.

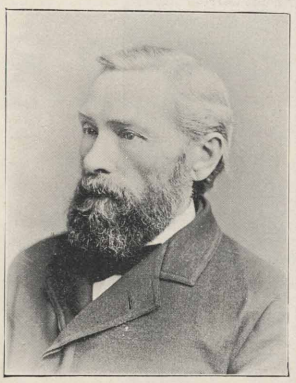
Picture of club house on sixth page.



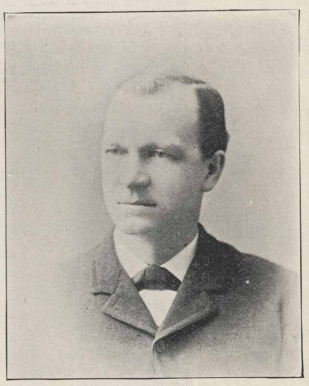
GEORGE KOTHE.



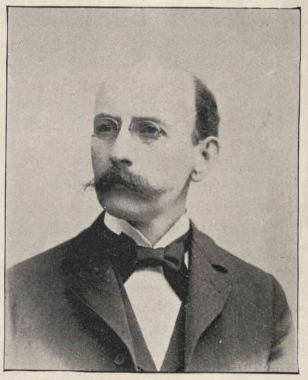
WILLIAM HAUEISEN.
Vice-president.



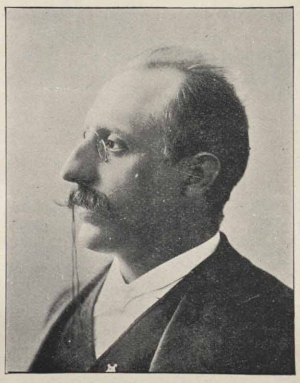
HENRY SCHNULL.
Treasurer.



ALBRECHT KIPP.
Recording Secretary.



CLEMENS VONNEGUT JR.
Financial Secretary.



ALEXANDER ERNESTINOFF
Musical Director.

PHILIP RAPPAPORT.

LIFE IN A SOUTHERN VILLAGE

By MRS. F. H. FLANNER.

Continued from last week.

about never looking a gift horse in the mouth, I refrained.

I used to think that the goddess happiness dwelt in a cottage and that I should ask for no greater pleasure in life than to dwell there with her, paying daily homage in the routine of cooking, dishwashing, making beds etc., donning the prescribed calico gown for service at her shrine and looking so radiant with joy and sweet content, that when "my lady" rolled by in her cushioned carriage, she would heave a sad, longing, envious sigh of sufficient depth to necessitate her maid's taking a few stitches in that portion of her satin gown, which snugly holds her too much waist.

Have since changed my mind. I find calico is decidedly unbecoming and since the head of the family has returned north the charm has suddenly slipped off the broom handle. Then too, experience has shown me that fly specks on the window, temper the glare of the sun, relieve the garish plainness of a large pane of glass and that it is positive folly to court blindness by working to remove them.

I can't excuse dishwashing out of the housekeeping category however. That looms up three times a day and will not down until I bring the dish pan and tea towel. A lady here in the neighborhood who sympathizes with me on this point told me that she found it the easiest part of her house work because she could vary it and relieve it of monotony. "One time I wash a knife, then a cup, then a spoon; then another time, I will take the spoon first, then the knife then a plate or cup," she said. "You see the possibilities of endless arrangement before you as well as the mental drill involved in trying to remember the way you did it the last time." This was decidedly novel, quite pretty and—coming from the one it did—not without its truth of pathos, for she had been reared in luxury and the fingers that "raised" the clattering dishes and pans had been trained under some of the master teachers of piano in Europe, and could yet, although fortune had set her aside from the up-to-date progress of her loved art—draw forth the tender melodies of Mendelssohn's songs or Mozart's sonatas.

More expressive of my mental attitude towards dishwashing, is the following bit from a young girl's diary.

Sunday. Susan, our maid of all work, left last night. Going to be married. The way all the good ones go. Think we can manage without her. Shan't let little mother do any of the work. Going to wade in and show her what I can do. Got breakfast. Had toast and coffee. Had to scrape the burnt off of toast, but ate it. Little mother suggested I use more coffee and less water next time. Washed dishes, got dinner, washed dishes. Didn't get out to church. Went to Aunt Hattie's for Sunday luncheon. Had an enormous appetite.

Monday. Got breakfast. Little mother made coffee. Laundress came. Had to make tea for her breakfast. Washed dishes. Had a horrid skillet to wash cause laundress didn't want her eggs boiled. Just boiled ours in a tea-kettle. Forgot to wash tea-kettle. Little mother said eggs were done to a turn. Always knew anybody could cook if they tried. Got dinner. Washed dishes. Used up the last of boiled ham, Susan left. Got supper. Had toast. Forgot to close kitchen door and when Tom came said the whole house smelled of onions. Everybody is over critical—everybody except little mother.

Tuesday. Ironing day. Glad it's over. Got breakfast, washed dishes, got dinner, washed dishes, got supper, washed dishes—awful tired—too tired to write much tonight.

Wednesday. Got breakfast, washed dishes, got dinner, washed dishes. Put a reduction "ad" in for a good reliable house girl. Got supper, washed dishes. Oh my! My diary's getting awfully thin. Was real cross tonight. Little mother read to me and that took some of the "crossness" away.

Thursday. Got breakfast, washed dishes. How they piled up! Wouldn't let little mother help, and she suggested I sing to make the time pass more pleasantly. Got dinner, washed dishes—sang while I washed. Got supper, washed dishes—sang.

Friday. Got breakfast, washed dishes—sang. Got dinner, washed dishes—sang. Got supper, washed dishes—sang. Think my voice is losing its former sweetness. Hope a good girl will turn up by tomorrow. Made little mother talk to Tom tonight while I moped in a corner with my hands done up in kid gloves. They will be in a fine condition for Sue's party!

Saturday. Got breakfast, washed dishes—sang. Got dinner, washed dishes, tried to sing but couldn't. Locked kitchen door and listened at key hole to be sure little mother wasn't near. Thought of good stout quotation from Shakespeare, with well developed swear word in it. Looked straight at dishes and—quoted. Broke two. The rest had a regular mahogany parlor furniture finish. Looked lovely. Never did get through so quick. Shall leave off singing 'till we get another girl.

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The climate here is certainly delightful—and very beneficial in cases of bronchial, lung or throat trouble, but it can't put fat on a razor back, nor cure an inherited distaste for washing dishes. Neither will it, unless it warms up considerably, be able in the future to save frosted Florida's grave from being decorated with tin cans, unless some northern dollar lined, enterprising breeze "blows" in to cultivate something that can be grown with profit to take the place of the now scarce orange.

NORMA MUELLER. (See page 11)

MISS ELLA VICKERY. (See page 11)

Popularity of the Opal.

Where royalty leads, the world of fashion surely follows, and the price of the opal will probably greatly increase. It is wonderful how rapidly the superstition about ill-luck of the opal has disappeared. This exquisite gem is now among the most favored jewels worn by women of fashion. Of late no marriage basket has been regarded as complete in English society or in the society of any great English capital, unless an opal suite has been included among the pretty, costly toys so dear to every bride. The Emperor William, like his royal grandmother Queen Victoria, has expressed a desire to see the opal more generally worn, and a magnificent parure of New South Wales stones is a recent gift to the Empress Augusta. The Empress Frederick has many articles of jewelry, mainly gemmed with opals, gifts from her hero husband, and the Empress of Russia wore a number of the matchless Australian stones on her coronation gown. The Duchess of Marlborough possesses several perfect opals, notably White Cliff stone, which is regarded as one of the most perfect in the world. In Hungary, which was at one time almost the only place where opals were found, the great nobles have for centuries vied with each other for the possession of flawless specimens. One of the first gifts received by Lady Mary Douglas, sister of the late Duke of Hamilton, on her second marriage with Count Tassilo Festetics, was a coronet of large opals, most of the stones being heirlooms.—Gentlewoman.

The opal is deservedly popular in Indianapolis. The pretty stone encircled with diamonds, encircled with pearls and set in groups and singly is seen on the fingers of Indianapolis women of high degree, testifying to their freedom from superstition.

"THE BLITHESOME FACE OF HER."

O, the blithesome face of her,
Shining on my way,
Scatters ev'ry sombre thought,
Brightens ev'ry day.

What tho' sullen be the clouds,
Dark the sky and drear,
When I see her laughing eyes,
Soon the way is clear.

And tho' life may have its cares,
Mingled joy and pain,
If I could but win her love,
All I count as gain.

This one boon I humbly beg,
Beg, O Fate, of thee,
That her future smiles may be
Only meant for me.

BEN-ARDYS.

A pretty feature of spring millinery that strikes the masculine eye and satisfies his taste, is the revival of the old time shapes in hats; one new hat is called "the shepherdess," and it has the droop in the broad brim, front and back that is so captivating in the old pictures of a half a century or more ago. A pretty woman in this sort of a hat is certainly as bewitching as art and nature combined can make her.

POINTS BY PYKE.

Some one, I won't say who, accuses Indianapolis of Philistinism, in the musical line at least. Many people he says, who claim to be well up in musical matters, authorities, in fact, have never heard of great masters of music. There was Pugno, for instance. I have it on authority that some of our musical people, when they first heard the announcement of his coming, asked members of the Amphion Club, "Who is Pugno?"

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The graduating class of the Evansville High School, presented a play last week, "All that Glitters is not Gold." The performance was said to be above the average amateur performance.

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The fashion of hanging objects from the feminine neck is not so bad when the neck is pretty, the face above it ditto, and every detail of the costume perfectly correct. But when all these things are not, the dangling objects would better be omitted. The other day a young woman was walking along Washington street, enjoying the displays in the shop windows. She was tall and slender and her gown was extremely short, and her wrap, her hat and every portion of her costume bespoke a residence remote from the haunts of fashion. But from her neck depended a long gold chain, from which dangled an ornate smelling bottle. Every passer-by who saw the girl, saw the bottle and each smiled. It was so very ridiculous.

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It is said that while women have but recently engaged in the jewelry business, they have been very successful in this calling. They have the trained eye, the daintier touch and the good taste necessary to this business, and because of their sex are better able to guage the kind and style of goods that is profitable to carry in stock. Hence their success.

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Mrs. Helen Gougar, of Lafayette, has a new lecture on "Cuba and the Cubans" which is said to be in her best style and to be thoroughly enjoyed by her audiences.

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A Dickens party is a clever idea when properly carried out. At one given in another city, not long ago, each guest enacted the part of some character from "Our Mutual Friend," which was the novel selected for the evening, the host and hostess impersonating Mr. and Mrs. Boffin. Prizes were given for the best actors, and—as it was in Boston—papers were read on characters of the book.

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Howard Scott Shedd, a Wabash student, has had a storiette accepted by Munsey's Magazine.

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The old-fashioned topaz is being revived as an ornament. The old fashioned brooch with two or three large stones, the little round breastpin of a central topaz surrounded by tiny pearls, the topaz link studs, are all brought out from their hiding places and are all enjoying renewed popularity.

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A relative of George Washington works in a paper mill in Hartford City, Indiana. He claims to have been a wealthy man not long ago but to have lost all his money by business reverses. He is contented with his humble lot, but he is not above priding himself on the fact that he is related by blood to the Virginian family of Balls, one of whose ancestors, Mary Ball Washington, was the mother of George Washington. Patriotic societies, here is your opportunity!

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"Geisha luncheons" are sharing the popularity of Dutch suppers in the east. They can certainly be made far more picturesque. The table is decorated in Japanese fashion, with a big paper umbrella over the table, and with huge chrysanthemums for favors. Tea would of course be much in evidence and various dainty sweetmeats. Why does not some clever Indianapolis matron inaugurate the "Geisha luncheon?"

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The Purdue University chapter, of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity has moved into its new chapter house within the last month. The house will accommodate fourteen or sixteen men, has a splendid culinary department, and several rooms that will be used only for social purposes. The chapter house is becoming a popular feature in our Indiana colleges.

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She: "I have just received a letter from mamma, Henry dear, and she writes that she has just renewed her life insurance with an additional policy in your favor."

He: (agreeably startled,) "By Jove! Is that so? I always did think she would make a beautiful corpse!"

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The Hartford City Times displayed great enterprise in publishing beautiful editions during the Northern Indiana M. E. Conference, giving the proceedings of the Conference in full and illustrated with half-tone pictures of the prominent members of the Conference.

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Fifteen members of the Faculty of the State University, will engage in Institute work this summer.

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The Indiana Academy of Sciences will hold its May meeting at Bloomington, Indiana, on May 6 and 7. The members will visit the blind fish caves near Mitchell, and the oolitic stone quarries near Bloomington. A reception will be tendered them at the University, Friday evening.

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A colored poet whose work is beginning to attract attention is Leland Fisher, of Louisville. He was born in Tennessee and is a graduate of Fiske University. His poems which have appeared in the newspapers from time to time, display considerable talent.

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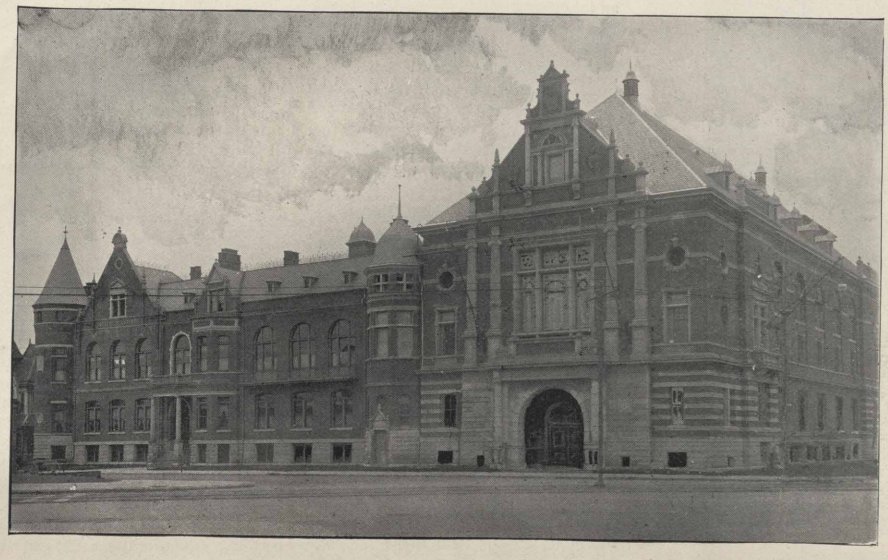
Here is a pretty suggestion for a child's party. Make one of the party's shadow fall on a cloth and let the rest of the little ones guess who it is. Hang a white table cloth or sheet at one end of the room. Place one of the party who is selected to guess in place upon a low stool, with his or her face turned towards the cloth. Behind him, on the further side of the room, a table is placed, and on it, a lighted lamp, all the other lights in the room being extinguished. Each one in the company in turn passes before the lamp and behind the guesser, who is gazing at the cloth where the shadows will fall. If the guesser names the right shadow, the one who made it has to pay a forfeit, or take the place of the guesser. "Make a face" or turn up your coat, and the chances are you won't be caught.

PYKE.

MRS. HORACE WARDNER, (See page 11)
La Porte, Indiana.



DAS DEUTSCHE HAUS.

STRAY TALES.

Every year the little daughters of an Indianapolis minister invite a friend of the family, a woman of middle age, to visit them on their birthdays. This year she received the customary note: "Dear Mrs. ———, come on Tuesday and bring your doll."

The dears! she thought. This year I will really take a doll. So she bought a doll and hurriedly made it some pretty clothes. They were all of the kind that could be laundered, and had real buttons and button-holes so that it could be dressed and undressed. "Now," said she when she went to the party, "This is my doll, I will leave her here for you to play with a few days and then you must bring her back to me."

It was not long until her own birthday came, and she sent her little friends an invitation. "Dear girls, come and bring your dolls." With them, came her own doll, with its clothes freshly washed and ironed. To say the little girls enjoyed her participation in their play, fails to express it. And their friends think that the older friend has got a good deal of the "little girl" left in her composition that she could so heartily enter into their amusements.

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The teacher was telling them about the different seasons. He asked: "Now one of you boys tell me which is the proper time to gather fruit."

"When the dog's chained up," replied Johnnie.

MISS GERTRUDE CASE,
as Josabeth.

THE STAGE.

NEXT WEEK AT THE THEATERS.

AT ENGLISH'S OPERA HOUSE.

The attraction at English's Opera House next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, with Wednesday matinee is "The Cherry Pickers."

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AT THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Tonight Lieutenant Peary of the U. S. Navy, will lecture at the Grand Opera House. The lecture has been enjoyed by large audiences in other places.

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AT THE PARK THEATER.

"Shannon of the Sixth" will be the attraction at the Park Theater all of next week, commencing on Monday April 4. It is a thrilling military drama.

The "Cherry Pickers" is by Joseph Arthur, author of Blue Jeans and other Hoosier plays, and is a romantic, military drama, not a rural play, as its name would suggest. The Cherry Pickers is a nickname given to an English regiment, the Eleventh Hussars.

Mr. Arthur has laid the scenes of his play in India during the Afghan campaign of 1879-80. He has taken for the theme of his story the lovers of two Eurasians, or as they are better known, half-castes. Nazare, a half-caste officer, loves Nourmallee, the daughter of a wealthy Eurasian, and his passion is reciprocated. His superior officer, Colonel Brough, despite the fact that he has a wife living in England, desires to make the half-caste's person and fortune his, so he makes a proposal of marriage to her. This is over-heard by Nazare, who at once attacks his superior officer and is imprisoned for the offense. He is confined in the front of Candahar, where there is a spy whose brother had been slain by him in battle and who has sworn to avenge the brother's death. The fort is attacked by Afghans and Brough, in deserting his post, discloses the identity of Nazare and incites the Afghan to murder him by blowing him from the muzzle of the great gun of the fort. Just as the gun reaches the breast of Nazare, Nourmallee arrives in time to rescue her lover. Nazare then pursues Brough and catching up with him in a post dak near Peshawur, slays him in a hand to hand combat. The story is said to be magnificently drawn and the thread is strictly kept from the rise of the curtain till the drop on the last act. The interest is never allowed to flag for an instant and the story is one of intense interest. Manager Pitou, who has staged such great productions as Madame Sans Gene is directing the tour of Mr. Arthur's play and he is said to have spent a good sized fortune in mounting the piece. Imported rugs, furniture and ornaments. magnificent costumes and appropriate scenery have all been provided regardless of expense, while the cast is one of the very best that has ever been seen here in

MISS GRACE BARNES,
as Zacharie.

MISS NATHALIE LAHR,
as Joas.

romantic drama. Among the players are Ralph Delmore, Robert S. Haines, Edward Poland, R. V. Ferguson, William P. Sprague, George Brennan, Charles Edwin, Henry Watson, William C. Riley, Jennie Satterlee, Eleanor Browning and Gertrude Dawes.

The French Play at Purdue.

If any one doubts that good work is being done at Indiana's educational institutions, he has but to make the proper investigations to experience a great surprise. This surprise will increase when he learns that the French Department of Purdue University has recently presented a French play, and presented it in a highly satisfactory manner.

If Madame Pauline Mariotte-Davis, who has the Chair of French in Purdue University needed any further testimony of the excellence of her work, she has it now. It is one thing to teach one's classes French; it is another to have the language become so familiar that they are able to take part in a play in that tongue and act their parts apparently unhampered by the fact that they are speaking in a foreign tongue.

The first French play ever presented in this state was Racine's "Athalie," which was presented by the pupils of Madame Pauline Mariotte Davis, of Purdue, in the Assembly Room of the Lincoln Club of Lafayette, on March 16, 1898.

The cast was as follows:

Athalie—Widow of Joram - - - - -
Mrs. Emilie Manegold Lindeman, of Milwaukee.
Joad—High Priest - - Miss Jessie Born
Josabeth—Wife of the High Priest, Aunt of Joas - - - - - Miss Gertrude Case
Joas—King of Judah and Grandson of Athalie - - - - - Miss Nathalie Lahr
Abner—One of the Principal Officers of the King of Judah, Miss Edith Heath Hull
Mathan—Apostate Priest of Baal - - - - - - - - - - Miss Mary E. Bruce
Nabal—Confident of Mathan - - - - - - - - - - - Miss Pearl Meharry
Zacharie—Son of Joad and Josabeth - - - - - - - - Miss Grace Barnes
Agar—Maid in Waiting to Athalie - - - - - - - - Miss Ethel Cowing
Salomith—Sister of Zacharie - - - - - - - - - - - - Miss Eva Linn
Azarias—Chief of Levites - - - - - - - - - - Miss Grace Greenhalgh
Ismael—Chief Priest, Miss Minnie Sears

Chorus and Levites—Mrs. Nellie Jones, Misses Charline McRea, Lucy McMullen, Estella Walker, Henrietta Stoy, Gertrude Barnes, Mary Callahan, Martha Stevens, Wilhelmine Jacob, Effie Kieffer, Lydia Marks, Mabel Lindley, Esther Loeb, Blanche Oppenheimer, Leona Haywood, Clara Lang, Ruth Miller, Frances Blake, Mary Blake, Belle Wallace, Luella Perrin, Nina Hammond, Katherine Wallace, Louise Van Natta, Roe Mitchell, Minnette Rosenthal and Eleanor Brockenbrough.

Mrs. Lindemann, of Milwaukee, who took the part of "Athalie" was at one time a pupil of Mme. Davies, and took the same part in the play when it was given in Milwaukee under Mme. Davies' direction two years ago. The other members of the cast, however, are Mme. Davies' pupils at the present time and it is a never ending matter of wonder with those who witnessed the performance that they were trained to such perfection of speech and dramatic action in so short a time.

The stage setting was very simple, the stage being hung with red, with a tiny altar at upper center, and draperies for the final tableau. The textual directions were ignored, and the five acts run as two. The interest in the actors was so intense that the lack of scenery was scarcely noted by the audience. Several of the cast deserved especial mention, among them Miss Jessie Born, who took the part of High Priest, Miss Nathalie Lahr, as Prince Joad, Miss Gertrude Case as Josabeth, and Miss Edith Heath Hull were considered particularly fine in their rendition of difficult parts.

Such excellent work makes Indiana proud of Mme Davies and her work.

RESULT OF A GAS EXPLOSION IN WEST INDIANAPOLIS.

EXPERIMENTS IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

By WILLIAM F. BORNKAMP.

PHOTOGRAPHY while it has been an art for a great many years, has not been so much so as late. There has been more progress within the last three or four years than ever before in the history of the world. The reason is that the amateur is contiuually experimenting, that is if he has any interest in his work. The consequence is that a great many interesting things have developed. The reason that these discoveries are made by amateurs is because the amateur has all the time he wants for experimenting, while the professional has not. Therefore the amateur is always looking for something new. Some day in the near future (at least I hope) some ambitious kodaker will discover the art of photographing in colors. A Frenchman has discovered how to bring out colors by immersing prints in different colored solutions, but this process is not as yet perfected. I am writing this article to help some one who is less fortunate than I in finding out things. I have spent several dollars in experiments.

The first picture represented is the picture of a gas explosion in West Indianapolis, which occurred about a month ago. The house is situated on the east side of the street. The explosion occurred at night. I wanted a picture of the wreck just as it fell, but the house being on the east side of the street, and being compelled to get there early in the morning, made it a rather difficult task, having to direct the camera toward the light. This is the way I succeeded: First I placed my camera so as to point about thirty-five or forty degrees north of the sun. Then I did the focusing, after which I turned forward the smallest stop. This done I pulled the slide and taking bulb in hand stepped to the south side of the camera and placed myself in such a position as to prevent the sun's ray from falling on the house, without obstructing any of the views. Then I pressed the bulb, and gave it about twelve seconds exposure. Of course a picture of this kind is not always as satisfactory as it might be. The light must fall upon the object to be taken so as to bring out the details.

The second picture is that of a little friend of mine about two years old. He fancied himself a bicycle racer. One day when he was out running up and down the side-walk with his stockings pulled down and nothing on but his under garments, his father called my attention to him. Seeing a good opportunity for a picture I got my camera and as he came towards me, full of glee, I caught him unawares.

When taking a picture of a moving object always take it running towards you or going from you, standing off a little to one side. Never take it while the object is passing you. If you do you will have a blurred picture.

The third picture is that of the railway station at St. Cloud, Nebraska. In this picture is a rare effect which an ordinary observer might not notice at a glance. The picture was taken about an hour before sundown. The station is situated in a small grove of heavy trees. The light came through openings in the trees from the railroad and west side, the trees being trimmed a little high to allow a good view to the trains, but not high enough to allow the sunlight to come in. I saw at a glance what a wonderful effect there was in the scene, so grasping my camera I jumped from the train and calling to the men to hold their positions just as they stood and sat, I laid my camera on a lawn fence and gave, with the large stop about five seconds exposure. The result you see. Even the knots in the boards are plainly to be seen, the detail being very good.

A ghost picture is a very interesting departure in photography. I made one once which I thought was a very good sample. The picture was of a number of people, at some distance, viewing a spectral object somewhat in the foreground. This is how I got it. It was a bright sunny day, I placed the persons who were to view the ghost in position at the side on which the slide of the plate holder was to be pulled out. Then I put in the smallest stop and gave a seven seconds exposure. This brought out every detail. Leaving the camera standing in exactly the same place and unplacing slide, I put in the largest stop for instantaneous pictures. Next I placed the ghost (or person clad in white) opposite the place in which the group had stood, being careful however to place the white clad person before as dark a back-ground as possible, though not black. A dark tree or bush is best. This done I pulled out the slide just half way and took an instantaneous view of the white clad figure. The effect on the plate was this. You get so much detail in the time exposure that the taking of the other half as a snap shot, does not effect the first taken exposure at all, but the object being white will leave enough of an impression on the plate to make it plainly seen, only the first exposure can be seen through the second, thus, making the white figure appear to be transparent. This makes a very interesting study and is worth trying.

It was suggested to me by the effect of taking two pictures, one on top of another. Another thing that might be of some value to some of my fellow friends is the use of a magnifying glass in connection with the camera to enlarge pictures. Get two sticks or poles about four feet long and saw a slit in one to hold the picture. Fasten the glass (a good reading glass will do) on the other stick. Then place your camera so the lens will be directly in the center of glass, and picture directly opposite or in range of camera. The operator must move the camera, the glass for the picture to suit size of picture he wants. I find this very convenient in reproducing small valued and old pictures, thus making common view camera do all around work.

A few words on developing and mounting may be acceptable to my readers. In developing a plate I find great satisfaction in starting a plate in an old developer provided it is not spoiled. This starts the plate slowly and the gelatine is thoroughly saturated before it fairly starts to develop. The developer should not be too strong. Plate should be allowed to develop slowly, about ten minutes at least. Such is my experience. In mounting prints I have found a way that is very satisfactory to myself at least. The paste I use is common flour paste; I go to my friend, (the paper hanger) and he gives me all I want for nothing. When prints are ready to mount I take as many as a large piece of glass will hold and lay them face down on the glass one against the other. Then take a piece of blotting paper and lay it on top of same and with a soft rubber roller I roll them down flat on the glass. Then dipping my brush in the paste I apply it to the back of the prints. This done I take mounts and lay them in readiness. I then take prints off of the glass one at a time and lay in position on mount, place a piece of thin manilla paper over face of print and roll it down. When down remove paper and roll over faces of print. The soft smooth rubber absorbs all superfluous moisture and leaves a polished surface, which looks almost as well as if it was burnished.

These few facts that I have stated are facts that I have studied out by myself. I simply read what I could and worked out the rest. One must not stop because he fails in one attempt but try again and again. In photography, as in all other things, perseverance is master.

RAILROAD STATION, ST. CLOUD, NEBRASKA.

SPRINTING—FINAL HEAT CAUGHT WHILE RUNNING.

Flashlights.

There are many preparations in the market for producing the flash, all of which are based on explosives mixed with the magnesium powder to ignite it.

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In photographing with the magnesium flash powder you will need to focus by the aid of what light you can get from gas jets or lamps and when the focus has been obtained, apply the holder and cap the lens. When all is ready, draw the slide, uncap the lens and make the flash and cap the lens immediately after.

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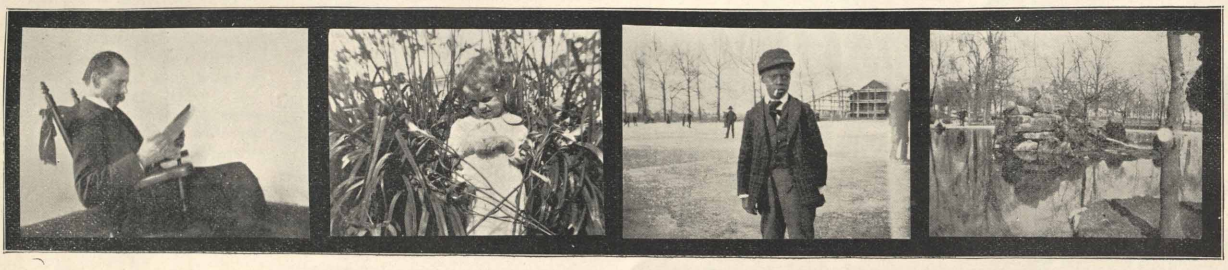
In photographing a group, or in taking a portrait by flash light, it is best that none be looking directly at the flash, for if the eyes do not close involuntarily, they are apt to have a strained appearance, best described as "staring."

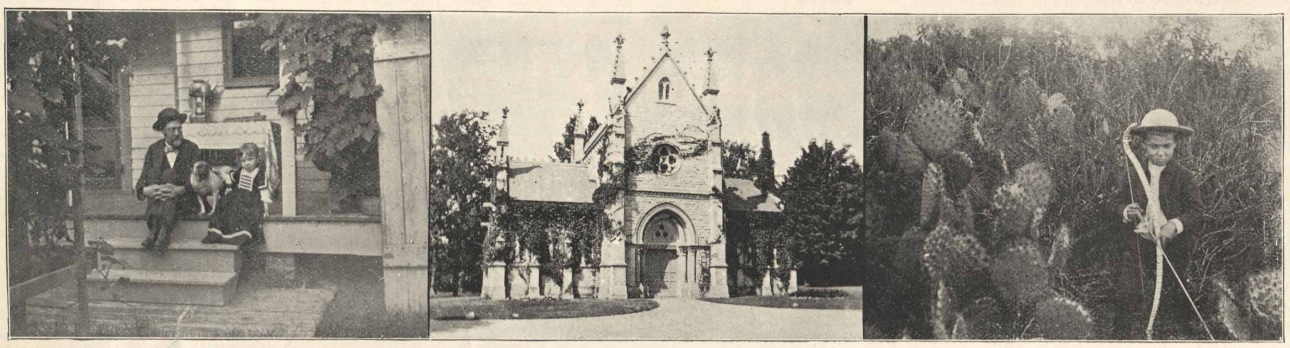


A CRITIC.
By W. Wallace Turpin. For contest.

JOSEPHINE AMONG THE LILIES.
By Miss Sue Ella Moore. For contest.

A MODERN ALABAMA COON.
By W. Wallace Turpie. For contest.

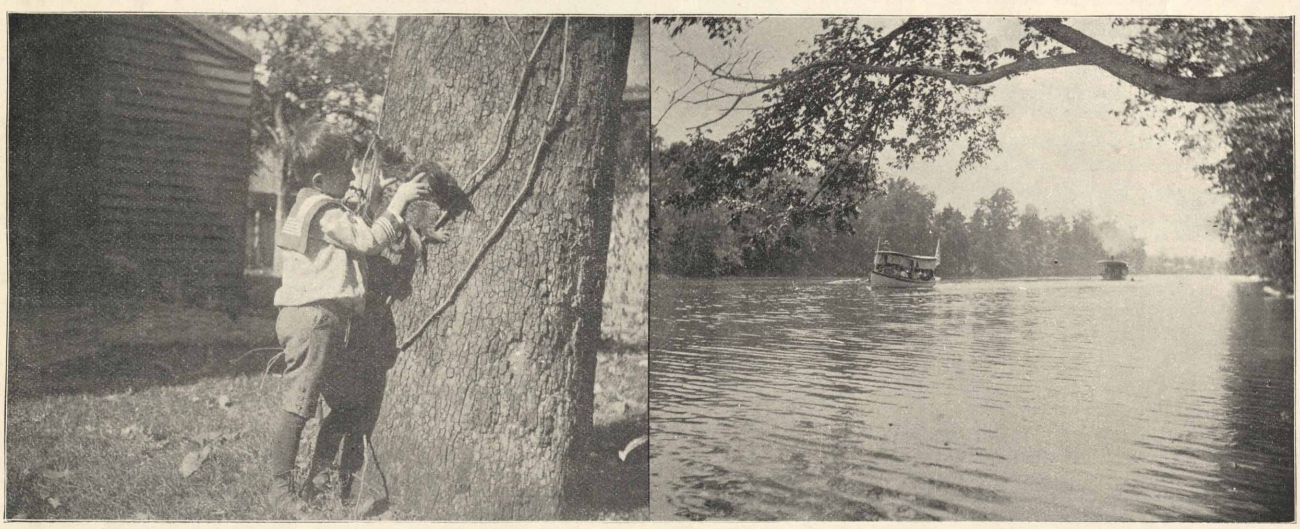
IN MILITARY PARK.
By W. Wallace Turpie for contest.



WE THREE.
By Mrs. J. E. Pierce. Not for contest.

CHAPEL AT CROWN HILL.
By Mrs. John Carroll. Entered for contest.

HE DIDN'T WANT TO POSE.
By Mrs. Worth Merritt. Not for contest.



GEORGIE AND HIS KITTENS.
By Mrs. Worth Merritt. Not entered for contest.

"NOON-TIME AND JUNE-TIME DOWN AROUND THE RIVER."
By Charles P. McDougall. Entered for contest.

A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE.
By Charles P. McDougall. Not entered for contest.

ON THE TIPPECANOE.
By Charles P. McDougall. Not entered for contest.

GRANDMAMMA.
By J. J. Grinsteiner. Entered for contest.

Bosworth-Hardie.

The marriage of Miss Nellie Hardie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Hardie, took place Tuesday afternoon at three o'clock, at the home of the bride in East Washington street. The Rev. M. L. Haines performed the ceremony, which was witnessed by the relatives and a few intimate friends. The decorations in white and green were very artistic. The flowers were Scotch Heather and roses with maidenhair fern, and Scottish airs were played during the ceremony by the harpist. The brides's only jewel was the groom's gift, a sunburst of diamonds and she carried a bouquet of heather. After the congratulations a dinner was served. Mr. and Mrs. Bosworth with relatives sat at the bride's table which was decorated with an oval basket of pink hyacinths. The other guests were at small tables. The dining room was adorned with pink roses, carnations and ferns. Each guest was given a spray of heather as a favor. Mr. and Mrs. Bosworth have gone South on a wedding trip. They will reside at Lexington, Kentucky.

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Drama at Woodruff Place.

"Mr. Bob," a two-act comedy by Rachel Baker, was very cleverly presented last Thursday night at the Woodruff Place Club House. The cast was as follows:

Philip Royson - - - Russell M. Seeds
Robert Brown (clerk for Benson & Benson) - - - - - - - - C. A. Layman
Jenkins (Miss Rebecca's butler) - - - - - - - - - Harris Thieband
Rebecca Lake (a maiden lady) - - - - - - - - - Mrs. Frank Rogers
Katharine Rogers (her niece) - - - - - - - - - Miss Bessie Hord
Marian Bryant (Katharine's friend) - - - - - - - - - Miss Bessie Block
Patty (Miss Rebecca's maid) - - - - - - - - - Mrs. Russel M. Seeds

A dance followed the play for which Hart's Orchestra was engaged.

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Y. W. C. A.

There will be an anagram social next Friday evening in the Y. W. C. A. Each member is privileged to invite one guest. The following ladies are on the committee: Mrs. R. W. Furnas, Mrs. W. D. Allison, Mrs. J. L. Clough and the Misses Harrison. The gymnastic classes are preparing for an exhibition to be given May 2, in the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium Miss Flora Shank will have charge of the Easter services.

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Musical Notes.

The last of the concerts given this season by the Symphony Orchestra is announced for Tuesday evening, April 5. Beethoven's fifth symphony; selections from "Die Meister-Singer" and Grieg's "Peer Gynt" will be included in the orchestral numbers. An additional orchestral number will be a composition by the late Mrs. Albert Lieber, entitled "Evening Song and Prayer" which during her lifetime, was known only by her intimate friends. Three soloists will appear—Miss Emma Schellschmidt will play a concerto for harp, Mr. Edwin Farmer will play a Chopin polonaise, with orchestra, and the aria "O Hall of Song' from Tannhaeuser will be sung by Miss Elma Igelmann, one of Mr. Schneider's pupils. The concert promises to be one of the finest of the season.

The first of a series of three evening concerts was given Tuesday evening, at the Indianapolis Conservatory of Music, under the direction of Mr. Edgar M. Cawley. Mr. George Krueger, of Cincinnati, assisted the artists of the Conservatory in the entertainments. Mr. Krueger is one of the best of the American pianists and his numbers were a delightful treat to the large audience present.

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Whist Notes.

The First Annual Convention of the Woman's Whist League will be held in Philadelphia the last of April, at which the Woman's Whist Club of Indianapolis hopes to be represented.

The editor of "Whist" Mr. Cassius M. Payne offers prizes to those holding the highest score in any Woman's Whist Club, affiliated with the Woman's Whist League.

Mrs. Elliott Perkins, as secretary, receives "The Whist Journal" for sending the score record each month.

Mrs. C. F. Sayles, of the Indianapolis Woman's Whist Club took the prize last month.

A whist club has been organized at Woodruff Place.

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Church Notes.

A Song Service will be given at Christ Church tomorrow night, April 3. Miss Darby, Mr. Schramm, Miss Schellschmidt and Mr. Taylor, will take part in the program. "The Pilgrim's Chorus" and "Evening Star," from Tannhaeuser, Gounod's "Jesus the Very Thought of Thee,' Danks' "Art Thou Weary" and Klein's "Oh Lord, My God," are among the numbers to be rendered.

There will be special services at the Catholic churches of this city on Palm Sunday. On Sunday morning at 10:30 o'clock Bishop Chatard will bless the palm.

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People and Events.

At last week's meeting of the Morning Musicale, of Ft. Wayne, Miss Jessie Sweet, of this city played several numbers. The Ft. Wayne Morning Journal says: "Miss Sweet's playing was characterized by keen intelligence and a round, even quality of tone. Miss Sweet began her musical education in this city but has continued her studies in Indianapolis since residing there. The program presented numbers entirely new to the society, being the compositions of Dvorak and Brahms only. Miss Sweet played Dvorak's Suite, op. 98, two intermezzos of Brahms, op. 116, numbers 4 and 6, and the rhapsody in G minor. To the latter group, Miss Sweet kindly responded with an encore, playing one of Robert Schumann's Romanzes. The Dvorak group Miss Sweet played especially well, with freedom and yet with much repose, impressing her listeners with the promise of a bright future. Among other interesting numbers of the program was a Dvorak "Romantische Stucke." op. 7, for violin and piano, two vocal solos and a group of Brahms' songs for mixed quartet with piano accompaniment arranged as a duet.

Mrs. Harriet Augusta Prunk gave an entertainment Tuesday evening, for the Senior Bible Class of the First Presbyterian church. Mrs. Prunk was assisted by Henry M. Dowling, Dr. Harry H. Weer and Miss Anna Sickels. Stereoptican views illustrating the Life of Christ were also a feature of the entertainment. Mrs. Prunk gave the reading of Longfellow's "The Legend Beautiful" and "Rock of Ages," as arranged by herself.

MISS LAURA ADAMS. See page 11.

The Ladies' Society of the Maennerchor will give a ball and supper, Monday, April 11. Extensive preparations have been made and it promises to be one of the most elaborate events of the season. The following committee have charge of the decorations: Mrs. Joseph Schneider, Mrs. Paul Krauss, Mrs. John Schmidt, Mrs. W. Holton, Mrs. Victor Jose and Mrs. George Reeves.

The Red Book, a social directory of Indianapolis, compiled by Miss McKenzie, will be issued in May. It will contain the names and new addresses of people prominent in society, churches and clubs. Also a list of the leading clubs and new officers and the complete information usually found in such publications.

Miss Stella Gallup, of Chicago, will be the guest of Mrs. A. A. Barnes next month. Miss Gallup formerly lived in Indianapolis and her host of friends will be glad to hear her readings from "Romola" at the Propylaeum Friday, April 15, for the benefit of the Boy's Club.

The exhibition of pictures from the Scribner collection which was to have been held at the Propylaeum from April 11 to 17, has been postponed until April 18 to 23, on account of the society in Chicago desiring to keep the pictures two weeks instead of one.

The Sisters of the Good Shepherd are making extensive preparations for their fair at Tomlinson Hall, April 25, concluding May 1. Many donations have been given, among them a horse and buggy by Dr. V. G. Brennan.

The Northern Indiana Methodist Conference was held at Hartford City, Indiana, last week. Sunday was University Day and imposing services were held at Grace church. The next conference will be held at Decatur.

The Irvington Dramatic Club held its April meeting with Mrs. Dewitt Griffith last night. A short play entitled "Breaking the Ice," was very cleverly presented by Miss Edith Scott and Mr. Harold Smith.

Mrs. W. F. C. Golt entertained a few friends informally Wednesday afternoon to meet her aunt Mrs. Richard Gatling, of Hartford, Connecticut. Mrs. Gatling is the guest of her niece Mrs. John R. Wilson.

Senator Mrs. Chas. Fairbanks gave a large reception last night in Washington D. C., for Mrs. J. R. McKee, who is visiting Mrs. R. M. G. Brown, and the Misses Malott, of this city, who are her guests.

Mrs. and Mrs. J. T. Eaglesfield gave a company Thursday evening, at which Miss Emily Fletcher gave her "Character Sketches," and each of the guests gave a character sketch in dialect.

The committee in charge of the play to be given by the Dramatic Club, April 12, will be Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Ayres, Mr and Mrs. William M. Taylor, Mr. Laz Noble, Mr. Arthur Smith.

The Y. M. C. A. will give a gymnastic exhibition, setting forth their methods at the gymnasium on the 13th of April. The association is negotiating for next year's lecture course.

Mrs. Marshall T. Levey has issued invitations for a luncheon for next Tuesday for Miss Ada Fry, of St. Paul, Minn. who is the guest of Miss Edna Kahn.

Rev. Edward B. Rawls will occupy the Roberts Park Church pulpit tomorrow morning. Rev. C. E. Bacon will preach at the Irvington M. E. church.

Miss Rolene Warne Fulmer entertained a number of her young friends at the home of her parents Tuesday, in honor of her fourteenth birthday.

Mr. Will Oilar is the guest of friends this week. He will leave shortly for an extended trip through the South and Southwest.

Miss Cora Parry has returned from school to spend her spring vacation. She has as her guests Miss Darling and Miss Potter, of New York.

Mrs. Roe Lister and daughter, Miss Stella, who have been visiting Mrs. H. H. Lancaster, of Lafayette, are home again.

Mr. Roland H. Sherman will arrive from the East Thursday. Mr. Sherman and Miss Haerle will be married on April 5.

The Ladies Auxiliary of the A. O. H., will give a progressive cinch card party Monday, April 11, at Iron Hall.

Rev. A. M. Morris conducted services at the Morton street Church of Christ, in Bloomington last Sunday.

Mrs. and Mrs. Haerle will give a dinner tomorrow night for the Sherman-Haerle wedding party.

Miss Florence Taggart will come this week to spend her spring vacation with her parents.

Mrs. Frank A. Wilson is in Lafayette, the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Lancaster.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Millikan, who have been visiting in Lafayette, have returned home.

Miss Doll, of Lafayette, and Mr. C. N. Williams, of this city will be married on next Wednesday.

Miss Juliette Maxwell, who has been spending a week in the city, has returned to Bloomington.

Miss Mabel Rogers, of Bloomington, is visiting in the city.

OUR PICTURES.

We are pleased to present to our readers as our cover picture this week, Master Daniel Kirkwood Wallingford, aged seven, who through his patriotism at a time when he considered his country in danger has become famous throughout the country. Master Dan is entitled to membership in the various Revolutionary societies both on his father's and mother's side, and in his case the old saying that "blood will tell," is verified. Dan's patriotism is not of a sudden birth. From the age of three he has shown a keen interest in all things political, and last campaign took a lively interest in the campaign issues. The photograph from which this picture was made is one just made by Marceau & Power, and is an excellent representation of the little boy who loves the flag by which he is standing.

Miss Ella Vickery, of Evansville, Indiana, whose picture appears on page 5, is well known throughout the state. She is a graduate of DePauw University and is a member of the Kappa Alpha Theta fraternity. Miss Vickery has been in Rome, Italy, for several years, in which city she is in charge of three schools, one a mission school, one a school for the middle class, and the third an academy in which many Americans who are traveling abroad, put their daughters for instruction. Miss Vickery is in this country for a brief visit, and is preparing soon to return to her work in Rome. While here she has addressed missionary societies in many Indiana towns and cities.

The Easter number of THE INDIANA WOMAN which will appear next Saturday, April 9, will be the handsomest number of the paper ever issued. A specially designed cover, many pictures, among them, those of the stars who will appear in the May Festival, and many articles of local interest are some of the attractive features of this issue.

Norma Mueller, whose picture appears on page 5, is the six year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. George Mueller, and the granddaughter of Henry J. Schnull. Mr. Mueller is a member of the Indianapolis Drug Company. Norma is a bright little girl and frequently entertains her parents' friends with her clever recitations.

Mrs. Horace Wardner, of LaPorte, Indiana, whose picture appears on page 6, is a woman more than usually active in intellectual pursuits. She is president of the LaPorte W. C. T. U., and trustee of the Hadley Home for girls. She is also a member of the Illinois Woman's Press Association.

Miss Laura Adams, whose picture appears on page 10, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Adams, of this city. Miss Adams has attended the Indianapolis High School, and has given considerable attention to music. She is also interested in church work.

The picture of the Deutsche Haus, which appears on page 6, was taken under great difficulties because of the unfinished condition of the building, and the scaffolding and other obstructions. In spite of these, the picture gives an idea of the magnificent scale on which the Club House is built.

Mrs. Jay Voss, whose picture appears on page 3, is well known in Indianapolis society. Mrs. Voss has traveled extensively and her agreeable and charming manner has made made her many friends in this city.

On page 4, we take pleasure in presenting our readers with the portraits of the president and directors of the Deutsche Haus.

INDIANAPOLIS CLUB CALENDAR.

Monday, April 4. Indianapolis Literary Club. Ladies' night. "Richard III, a Much-Abused Man," Charles Dennis.

Monday, April 4. Park Memorial Tree Association. Annual meeting.

Tuesday, April 5. Sanitary Association.

Tuesday, April 5. Local Council. Annual Report of Retiring Officers; Annual Election of Officers; Annual Reception given by Retiring President.

Tuesday, April 5. Irvington Tuesday Club. Original story, Mrs. W. H. H Graham; selections from Edwin Arnold, Mrs. William McMillan.

Wednesday, April 6. Matinee Musicale. Students' recital.

Thursday, April 7. "The Aftermath," Mrs. D. C. Allison. "The Emerson and Carlyle Correspondence," Mrs. L. W. Smiley; Essay, "Friendship."

Thursday, April 7. The Portfolio Club. Exhibits of Artists' Sketches. In charge of Otto Stark; Committee on Entertainment, Prof. and Mrs. Demarchus C. Brown, Mr. Williams. Music in charge of Mrs. McGibeny.

Thursday, April 7. Mary K. Denny Coterie. "Macaulay," S. B. Spencer; "Carlyle," Marie B. Gibson; "Ruskin," Helen A. Eaton.

Friday, April 8. Irvington Fortnightly Club. Mrs. Mary McGaughey. "Robert Louis Stevenson," Mrs. McGaughey; "The Man Without a Country," (Hale), Agnes Thormeyer .Conversation, "Edward Everett Hale," Mrs. Martha Jutt, Mrs. Mary Carver.

Friday, April 8. Clio Club. Hostess, Mrs. H. M. Hadley. "Influence of the Magazine on the Litarary Taste of the People," Mrs. Harry Coughlen; "Original Sketch," Mrs. H. M. Hadley.

Friday, April 8. Over the Teacups. With Mrs. Robert W. Cathcart. "A story," Mrs. T. C. Day; "Sir Frederick Leighton," Mrs. Charles W. Thompson; "In Bondage to Conscience," Mrs. Edwin S. Folsom.

Friday, April 8. Friday Afternoon Club. With Mrs. Carrie E. Halpine; "Phœbe Cary, Fanny Fern," Mrs. S. C. Haskell; Humerous Recitation or Reading, Mrs. James R. Ross, Mrs. Mary E. Rice, Mrs. Lizzie V. Spahr, and Mrs. Addie C. S. Engle.

Saturday, April 9. Katherine Merrill Club. "Great Biographies," Miss Macy Coughlen; Conversation, "The Ideal Biography," Miss Daisy Dugdale.

Saturday, April 9. Rosemary Club. Paper by a club guest.

Saturday, April 9. Sketching Club. Open Day. "Arts and Crafts," Helen McKay; "Wrought Iron," exhibitor, Edna McGilliard Christian.

Saturday, April 9. The Amateurs. Miss Susan Brown.

People and Events.

Mrs. Harriet Augusta Prunk will go to Purdue University, April 4, to present two plays on the 14th.

Miss Tillie Dailey, of Marion, who has been visiting friends and relatives, has returned home.

Miss Helen Osborn, of Crawfordsville, is in the city, the guest of Miss Louise Milligan.

Mr. Frank Markley, of Logansport, has returned to this city for permanent residence.

The Danzadores gave its last dance of the season last night at the Brenneke Academy.

Mrs. Willetts Bastian is in Fort Wayne, where she attended the Williams-Ellison wedding.

Mrs. W. O. Devay accompanied Mrs. Cortland Van Camp to New York this week.

Mrs. John Sonntag is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Barbour, in Evansville.

Mrs. John Craig Fisher and Miss Carrie Fisher, of Anderson were in the city last week.

Mr. C. B. Farrell, of Attica, who has been visiting in the city has returned home.

Mrs. John W. Lovett, of Anderson, was the guest of Mrs. C. S. Denny last week.

Dr. Frank Fetter, of the State University is spending the spring vacation in the city

The Terpsichorean Club will give an Easter dance at Brenneke's, April 12.

Mrs. N. A. Gladding will observe Thursday as her day at home.

Mr. Fred Schrader, of Marion, Indiana. is visiting friends in the city.

Mrs. A. M. Heath and Miss Alice Heath, were in the city last week.

Mrs. Joseph Gray Kitchell returned Tuesday from Florida.

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Indiana Clubs and Their Work

EDITED BY HARRIET WALRATH KITTS.

ON THE REMOVAL OF WOMEN'S HATS IN THE CHURCHES.

I

One of the largest churches in Indiana has been bidding for notoriety by publicly requesting women to remove their hats. Rumor has it that other churches are considering similar bids. Because a mere handful of men has suddenly discovered—after centuries of sitting behind them—that women's hats detract from the enjoyment of divine services, four-fifths of the congregation—which is the average feminine proportion—is respectfully invited to make itself utterly miserable for two or four mortal hours, every Sunday.

"But what shall we do with our hats if we take them off?" asked a well-bred club woman, in perplexity, willing as usual to endure her own discomfort rather than to inconvenience the lords of creation.

"Oh! hold them in your laps or put them under the seat the way men do," pompously answered this particular lord, willing as usual to put her to any annoyance rather than to be inconvenienced himself.

When popular feeling demanded that hats be removed at the theatre, the well-bred woman acquiesced cheerfully. Realizing that people go to the opera house to see more than to hear, and that they pay dearly for the privilege, she felt it to be unfair that their vision should be obstructed. Moreover she knew that she could adjust herself to the demand without being in any way conspicious, or unduly uncomfortable. Thereafter, whether she went in her carriage or walked, she threw over her pretty hair, some light, soft thing, that could be tossed upon the back of her chair, or tucked away in her husband's coat pocket. She had no veil to re-arrange, no hat pins to guard, no disturbed locks to worry over, no delicate millinery to protect, no services to follow. The request made of her was a reasonable one: she treated it reasonably.

But the request for the removal of women's hats in churches is not a reasonable one. It smacks of sensationalism. It has arisen from a wish to dictate, and from a love of notoriety that one does not like to see in the synagogue.

When women willingly remove their hats and put them under the seat, they will no longer be wooed and won by men. They will be shorn of their shining tresses, now waved and bewitchingly curled; and they will wear the masculinely ugly derby, sans hat pin, sans veil, sans loveliness, sans everything.

When they willingly remove their hats and hold them in their laps, they will stay at home. In the first place, no woman—no womanly woman, who retains her natural desire to look well—will ever consent to doff and don her hat in public, and that, too, without the aid of comb and mirror; she knows too well that it is an utter impossibility for her gloved fingers to re-adjust her curls, her hat, and her veil, which is an art under the most favorable circumstances. And as for holding her hat in her lap—that is adding insult to injury. To guard hat, hat-pin, veil, handkerchief, hymn book, and perhaps bible or prayer-book, while she rises and sits and kneels, and kneels and sits and rises, would prove a task so irksome, that taken in connection with her uncertainty as regards her locks (which are sure to be more or less disheveled by the removal of her millinery), it would leave her in no mood to enjoy the service. When a self-respecting woman feels conspicuous by keeping her hat on, she will stay at home. Are the churches ready to do without the women?

That the men of a church should publicly request the removal of women's hats, evinces a vulgar selfishness and insolence that is not to be tolerated at this age of the world. Let him whose comfort is so seriously affected by nodding plumes and uses take another rest. Indeed, he is so few that the janitor might place a row a chairs down the aisle, and thus secure to all of him that free sacerdotal vision that has suddenly become so precious. But how long has it been, pray, that a gentleman would knowingly permit five or ten ladies to inconvenience themselves for his pleasure?

MRS. MARY W. TICHENOR,
Retiring President of the Cosmos Club of Princeton.

THEODORE LOVETT SEWALL,
Founder of the Contemporary Club of Indianapolis.

PEN PORTRAITS.

Theodore Lovett Sewall A. B., L. L. B., A. M., who with Mrs. Sewall, founded the Contemporary Club of Indianapolis, was for four years, from 1891 to 1895 its efficient secretary. He was chairman of the committee that drew up the constitution. The great diversity and the distinction of the people brought before the club, are in a large measure due to the time and care exercised by him in correspondence regarding the program. He was also prominently identified with the Indianapolis Literary Club, serving as secretary from 1880 to 1890, and its president from the season '90-'91. Mr. Sewall was a man of wide culture. In his death which occurred December 23, 1895, the literary, the social and the educational circles of Indianapolis sustained a loss that was and is still keenly felt.

—

Demarchus Clariton Brown, president of the Contemporary Club of Indianapolis, is a native of Indiana. He was educated at Butler College, Irvington, where he now occupies the chair of Greek. He studied during the years '82 and '83 in the University of Tubingen, Germany, and in the British Museum. During '92 and '93, he was a member of the American School of Archaeology in Athens; in '96 he studied in the Museum of Berlin, in '97 in Munich and Athens. He is a member of several Indianapolis Clubs, also of the American Philological Association, and the Archaeological Institute of America. Several years ago appeared his translation of the satires of Lucian.

—

Mrs. May Wright Sewall, originator and first president of the Contemporary Club, of Indianapolis, is its present secretary. She is a woman of broad attainments—a polished speaker, a forceful writer, a successful educator. She is perhaps best known throughout the State in connection with her "Girls' Classical School," which was founded in 1882 by Mr. Sewall, and which has long been recognized as one of the very best educational institutions in the land. Mrs. Sewall has been officially identified with the Indianapolis Woman's Club, the Propylaeum Association, the Local Council of Women, and many other local organizations; while in a wider field she has occupied important positions in the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the National Council of Women and others. She is a woman of energy and of splendid executive ability; she is recognized everywhere as a leader among women.

Mrs. Mary W. Tichenor, retiring president of the Cosmos Club, of Princeton, is a grand-daughter of James D. Williams, governor of Indiana from 1877 to 1881. "She is a graduate of St. Mary's in the Woods Convent, and was a pupil loved by all of the Sisters." She is a woman of culture and refinement; and her year of service in the club endeared her to all members, that her removal to Terre Haute, which city is now her home, was attended with deep and lasting regret.

THE CONTEMPORARY CLUB OF INDIANAPOLIS.

Unique and delightful among clubs, is the Contemporary of Indianapolis in that the paper or address of the occasion is always given by some one "distinguished by learning or ability in any line of thought or action." An informal discussion may close the session, or a reception to the guest of the evening. In this way members have had the pleasure of meeting socially some of the bright literary lights of the hour. Last season, for example, prosessor Paul Shorey, addressed the club on Tennyson's Philosphy; Miss Mary Hartwell Catherwood read one of her stories—The Cobbler in the Devil's Kitchen; President Charles Kendall Adams talked of Queen Louise, of Prussia; Mr. William Armstrong, Unpublished

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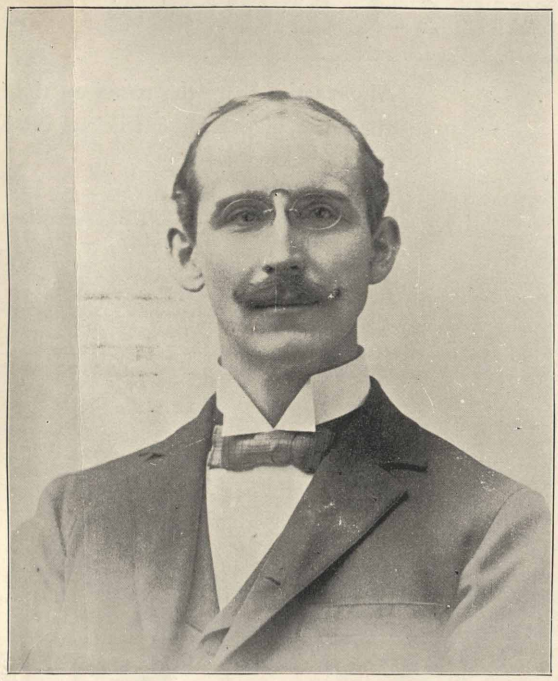

DEMARCHUS CLARITON BROWN,
President of the Contemporary Club of Indianapolis.

Interviews; Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart read from her own writings; Miss Agnes Repplier spoke upon The Eternal Feminine Professor Joakim Reinhard, The Significance of Goethe in the Evolution of the Modern Novel; Mr. William Forsyth, Tendencies of Modern Art; and Professor Emil Gustave Hirsch, Woman in Recent Fiction.

The Contemporary was organized June 27, 1890, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sewall. About forty representative people of the city were present. Mrs. Sewall explained to them her feeling, that notwithstanding the numerous clubs already active in Indianapolis, there was room for another of a different character—a club which should cultivate sociability as well as intellectual activity; which should be absolutely free in regard to the subjects brought before it; in which the literary work should not be done by its own members, but by people of culture and distinction outside of the usual platform entertainers. On this broad platform the Contemporary was builded. The originator's ideas were embodied in Article I of the Constitution, which provides that "membership shall be open to men and women on equal terms. Its object shall be to consider and discuss philosophical, religious, social, political, economical, æsthetic, scientific, literary or other questions in a Catholic spirit, and in general to take advantage of all opportunities for information and culture that may from time to time come within its reach. The meetings of the club shall be of a social character, so far as may be consistent with and helpful to the object alone stated. The club as such, shall express no opinion upon any subject."

Men and women from other cities are eligible, and their possible number is not stated; but membership in Indianapolis is limited to 200. Thus it happens that the register includes, besides many from Irvington, Prof. James A. Woodburn and President and Mrs. Joseph Swain, of Bloomington; President and Mrs. James H. Smart, Profesor Joakim Reinhard, Mme. P. Mariotte Davis, of Lafayette; Mr. and Mrs. William D. Foulke, of Richmond; Mrs. John M. Judah, of Memphis, Tenn., and Dr. James B. Milligan, of Logansport.

The club meets upon the fourth Wednesday of every month, from September to May inclusive. The annual dues are $5.00. The several presidents have been: May Wright Sewall, William Dudley Foulke, (Richmond,) Nathaniel A. Hyde, Albert G. Porter, William P. Fishback, John E. Cleland, John L. Griffiths, Demarchus C. Brown. The secretaries have been but four: Frank H. Blackledge, Theodore L. Sewell, George T. Porter and May Wright Sewall; and the treasurers but two: John N. Hurty and Charles E. Ferguson.

The present officers are:

Prof. Demarchus C. Brown, president.
Hon. John H. Baker, first vice-president.
Mr. Jacob P. Dunn, second vice-president.
Miss Harriet Noble, third vice-president.
Mrs. May Wright Sewall, secretary.
Dr. Charles E. Ferguson. treasurer.

The directors are: Mr. George T. Adams, Mr. Franz X. Arens, Mr. Hilton U. Brown, Mr. Noble C. Butler, Miss Mary E. Colgan, Mr. William F. Elliott, Mr. Robert M. Fishback, Mrs. William J. McKee, Mrs. Alfred Potts, Miss Laura Ream.

THE LYRIC CLUB, OF MARION.

The Lyric Club, of Marion, is the only musical organization of the city. Others have been born and died of various causes, but the Lyric has steadily increased in strength and stature until it seems to have reached an ideally robust maturity. In organizing the club Mrs. Miriam Brownlee Gray. the originator, had in mind the almost universal inclination of married women to drop their music when absorbed in household cares. She believed that if a society were formed which should have for its object, the study and performance of the works of the great composers, those who had formerly found pleasure in the art, would feel encouraged to resume it in spite of all obstacles. She therefore invited twenty-three women to meet with her, on the afternoon of October fourteenth, 1892, and she presented to them her plan. The success of the Lyric Club, which was organized that day, has proved the wisdom of her idea. The membership, which has always been limited to married women, now includes forty-five, seventeen of this number are associate members, and they are responsible for the literary part of the program.

Mrs. Gray was elected president at the beginning, and she has always been retained in the office, by the unanimous wish of the club, with the exception of one year when she was absent from the city. During her absence Mrs. Brownlee, (wife of Judge Hiram Brownlee) a charter member of the Lyric, and one of its most earnest workers, ably presided.

In the death of Mrs. Brownlee, which occurred November 12, 1896, the club sustained the only sorrow it has known. In her honor, a memorial card is always kept in the program; and upon each club anniversary the club flowers—the lily and the laurel—are placed upon her grave.

"It is said," writes a member, "that musicians of all people are the most jealous of one another; but perfect harmony reigns in this club. The president bears the confidence of the members, and the closest feelings of friendship exists. The line of work has covered a wide range. Beginning with Bach it has included German, French, Polish, Norwegian, Italian, Russian and our own American composers. Many of the afternoon programs have been special features. One of these was devoted to Folk Songs, when German, American, Irish and other typical songs were rendered, and an interesting paper on Folk Lore was read. "Sacred Day" was given as a memorial of Mrs. Brownlee. On "Woman's Day," only women composers were studied—and the program compared favorably with any of the others. The "Christmas Carol" meeting was held with the president, the members giving greetings by exchanging Christmas tokens. The president presented each with a printed copy of a carol of her own composition, one of the many poems she has written and dedicated to the Lyric.

"American Day" was spent at the National Military Home, March 24, with Mrs. Stack, wife of Capt. John Pitt Stack, director of the noted Soldiers' Home Band. The program on this occasion, closed with "America." "One of the jolliest meetings yet held," continues our correspondent was "Musicke of ye Olden Thymes." The women were dressed in the heirlooms of their grandmothers. The programs and refreshments were in keeping with the costumes. The club repeated the program at Stinson Memorial Hall, Soldiers' Home, for the entertainment of the soldiers. The club closes each year with some social function to which the husbands and friends are invited. Probably the most elaborate one, was a banquet held at the Commercial Club parlors, where 150 guests were seated, and many toasts and responses were given.

The officers for the coming year have just been elected. They are:

Mrs. Miriam Brownlee Gray, president.
Mrs. Emma Hutchinson, vice-president.
Mrs. Elma Campbell, secretary and treasurer.
Mrs. Margaret Charles, reporter.

The program committee which arranged the present season's study, was: Emma C. Hutchinson, Jennie Watson, Annie Halladay, Miriam S. Marks.

PROGRAM OF THE LYRIC CLUB, OF MARION.

NOV. 4.—Slavonic Composers: Moskowski, Kjerulf, Scharwenka, Rubinstein, Strelezski. Literary Topics—The Poets on Music and Swedenborgian Music.

NOV. 18.—English Day: W. Bennett, Adams, Jeffery, Hatton, Hullah, A. Sulllvan. Literary Topics—Ballads and Ballad Singers, Presbyterian Anthems.

DEC. 2.—German Composers: Mozart, Czerny, Bargiel, Weber, Graben, Hoffman, Schumann, Schubert, Mohring. Literary Topics—"Is the Musical Idea Masculine?" The Salvation Army Patrol.

DEC. 16.—Musical Mosaics: Raff, Heller, Henselt, Schumann, MacDowell, Tipton, Wagner, G. Thomas, Strelezski. Literary Topics—Charles Francois Gounod, Jewish Music.

JAN. 13.—Musical Mosaics: C. Hoffman, Mendelssohn, Greig, Oesten, Nevin, Gade, Bendel, Cowen, G. Thomas, Tosti, Liszt. Literary Topics—Melodies, Episcopal Music.

JAN. 27.—Opera Comique: Bucalosi, Gobbaerts, Bendel, De Koven, Sousa, Mascagni, Offenbach. Literary Topics—Songs of the Troubadours.

FEB. 10.—French Composers: Thome, Chaminade, Saint Saens, Schira, G. Carissimi, Mascheroni. Literary Topics—Baptist Christian Devotionals. Election of Officers.

FEB. 24.—Musicke of Ye Olden Thymes.

MAR. 10.—Recollections of Pleasant Club Meetings: Chopin. Literary Topics—The Influence of Music. (The last half of this meeting was given to Negro Melodies, with illustrations.)

MAR. 24.—American Day: Shelley, Mason, S. B. Mills, Buck, Bartlett, Sherwood, Robyn. Literary Topics—Songs of all Nations, Methodist Hymns.

APR. 7 —President's Day.

WITH THE CLUB EDITOR

Mrs. May Wright Sewall of the Contemporary Club, will be one of the speakers at the Bloomington convention. Her subject is "Woman and Politics."

An account of the Cosmos Club of Princeton, together with its current program, appeared in these columns Saturday, January 9. Its present president is Mrs. Gertrude D. Welborn.

Mrs. Elizabeth Claypool Earle, of Connersville, chairman of the Literary Committee of the I. U. L. C., will call a meeting of her committee in Indianapolis, April 6th.

The Lyric Club, of Marion, possesses a ladies' quartette,—the only one the city ever possessed. The members composing it are Mrs. Spencer, Mrs. Halladay, Mrs. Breed and Mrs Gray.

Last week the clubs of Connersville enjoyed a rare treat in hearing two lectures delivered by Mr. Byron Williams, whose subjects were "Our New Navy" and "Our Young Defenders." Mr. Williams' son is the youngest Lieutenant in the U. S. Navy.

Mrs. Earl, of Connersville, has just returned from Minnesota, where she had the

MRS. MAY WRIGHT SEWALL,
Secretary of the Contemporary Club of Indianapolis.

pleasure of attending the state federation "Breakfast." The function was given in Minneapolis and about 450 women were present. Some very bright toasts were given, and the occasion was a social success in every way. These "Breakfasts" are annual affairs. They are given during the spring each year, while the convention proper occurs in the fall.

The motto of the Lyric Club, of Marion is unique and acrostically clever: "Laudable Yearnings Rehearsed In Company." The club colors are green and white; the flowers, the lily and the laurel. The significance of the emblem is thus explained: "The lily is an emblem of the purity of music; the laurel, the crowning glory we hope to win." A picture and sketch of Mrs. Gray, the president and founder of the club appeared in THE INDIANA WOMAN, January 29.

As was predicted in these columns a fortnight ago, Warsaw has now a local federatian of clubs. Its immediate aim is to establish a reading-room, and to secure better quarters for the city library. The annual meeting will be held the first week in June, and this initiatory occasion will probably partake largely of a social nature. The officers are: Mrs. Anna Worley, president; Miss Harriet D. Frazer, vice-president; Miss Edna Phillips, secretary; Mrs. Ida Chandler, treasurer. President J. B. Wiseley, of the I. U. L. C., was recently in Warsaw in the interests of Institute work, and Mrs. Beulah Parks Frazer, vice-president of the Union, held a reception in his honor.

The brochure of the Contemporary Club, of Indianapolis does not contain a program of the current year's topics, probably for the reason that the speakers are not engaged sufficiently long in advance to make such a publication possible. But the brochure does contain, besides constitution, members' and officers' lists, the names and subjects of all the speakers who have addressed the club since its organization. This roll of honor contains names known the world over. Among others we notice Miss Harriet G. Hosmer, Dr. David Swing, Prof. John Clark Ridpath, Mr. Hamlin Garland, Mr. James Lane Allen, Mr. Henry Watterson, Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood, Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart, Miss Ayers Repplier —and many others of equal fame.

WHEEL WHIRLS.

Mrs. S. Crawford is riding a '98 Apollo, also Mr. George W. Dick, I. N. Cunningham, James Braden, A. Fitzgerald and E Braden.

Mr. Francis Watson takes great satisfaction in his '98 Patee.

The opening article in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for April is "The League of American Wheelman" by A. Cressy Morrison, ex-vice-president of the organization The article is splendidly illustrated, and is of interest to all wheelmen.

The Hildebrand Hardware Company are the sole agents for the Wolff-American, The Phœnix and the Signal Bicycle.

Mrs. A. R. Alexander, Mrs. T. C. Evans and Miss L. C. Baker, have purchased Wolff-American wheels during the last week.

Mr. H. E. McCollester, 419 North Delaware street, J. Vial, 1413 Congress street, Mr. and Mrs. Keller, 2034 Park avenue, and Prof. C. W. Willis, 622 Fort Wayne avenue are riding '98 Victors, having purchased last week.

The "Navarre" seems to be quite a popular wheel this season. Mr. Harold Marland, of 537 East Vermont street, is riding one, also Mrs. L. Ferguson, 2302 North Delaware street, Mrs. Meyers, 58 Nordyke avenue.

Mr. H. Alsman, of the When Clothing Company, W. Kopp, 1319 Park avenue, C. A. Lewis, 1004 Broadway, E. Thacker, J. R. Campbell, G. A. Woods and A. H. Meyer, of the Indianapolis Engine Works, and Ed Steele, are among the last week's buyers of Cleveland wheels.

The following people are riding a '98 Lenox and are very well pleased with it. M. E. Cadwell, 618 West Vermont street, John Bryson, Kingan & Company, Omer Caswell, 122 State street, H. S. Hammond, Saks Company, Burt Hanley, of American Express Company, N. C. Ward, Irvington, Mrs. H.E. McCollester, 419 North Delaware street, Miss M. Archele, 622 North Senate avenue.

A folding bicycle has been designed with the front portion of the frame very much like the rear part. The head tube is nearly vertical and is so arranged that the frame pivots on it, and by turning the handle bar, the front wheel can be swung around close to the side of the rear one.

Mr. Thomas Haus, the well known racer, who was with the Outing Team last season is located in the Bicycle Department of the New York Store, and will ride a Lenox wheel in the local races on Decoration Day.

Mr. Maro R. Thompson, past chief consul of the Indiana Division, L. A. W., is now located with Mr. C. G. Fisher & Company. Mr. Thompson is a pioneer wheelman, having ridden since '79. He was well known in Illinois wheeling circles before coming here from Jacksonville in 1894. In '96 he was elected chief consul of the Indiana L. A. W., and as a result of his energetic administration, the membership was increased wonderfully. During his term was laid the ground work of the place whereby the L. A. W. meet was secured for Indianapolis. He is well known as the originator of the highly successful G. O. O., annual run, which is considered one of the principal cycling events of the season. As a road rider, Mr. Thompson has won quite a local reputation. Previous to this time, Mr. Thompson was with the Arthur Jordan Company, of this city. In connecting himself with Messrs. C. G. Fisher & Company, he will be among his old friends again, who are sure to contribute to his success.

Mrs. Courtland Webb, of The Chalfant, Miss Josephine Hyde, Central avenue, Mrs. T. E. Griffiths, 464 North Capitol Mrs. Arnold, 534 Park avenue, Mrs. J. B. Stansbury, Morton Place, and Mr. Wheeler of L. S. Ayres, are riding '98 Columbia's.

A new Crescent chainless wheel has been put on the market. In appearance the new chainless is not unlike the more expensive models. It is built on a patent similiar to that of the Pope Manufacturing Company. The wheel has not yet been introduced in this city.

The Athletic Association and the L. A. W. combination will give the Meet Club an excellent auxiliary from which to draw assistance. The Athletic association has seventy-five members and all are enthusiastic wheelmen and will strengthen the bicycle club. Next fall the intention is to form a big Athletic association from the two clubs, but at present all forces will be devoted to the interests of the Meet.

The executive committee hold meetings every Saturday afternoon, and are well attended by the members, who are taking a lively interest in the work of the different committees.

A race has been arranged by the National Malleable Casting Company for next month.

Mr. Hamilton Jones, the "Columbia" traveling salesman spent Saturday and Sunday in town.

The track question has been settled and Indianapolis is prepared to offer the racing men one of the finest as well as the fastest race courses in the city. The new track will be located in Central avenue, accessible to four car lines and less than three miles from the center of the city. There are about ten acres in the ground secured and a three lap track with stands and bleachers seating twenty thousand people will be built.

Mr. A. C. Newby, chairman of the track committee has secured a five years' lease on the grounds, with the privilege of a removal. The location is very fine and the track first class and easily reached. Mr. Newby and Mr. Herbert Foltz have charge of the plans for the track. Work will be begun in a short time and the track will be finished in July.

The Indianapolis News are getting up an official book of information, which will contain all news of interest to the visiting wheelmen—such as tours and runs leading from the city, the best riding streets and etc. Also a list of hotels, boarding houses, the theaters, and a list of the L. A. W. repair shops, in fact everything which will assist the visiting wheelmen while they are here.

The L. A. W. have fitted up a parlor for the wheelwomen and are discussing the question of setting aside one evening out of the week for their special evening. The wheelwomen are cordially invited to use the L. A. W. Club House at any time.

Farmers and wheelmen should be on the alert to assist every move on the part of our legislature for good roads when a bill is passed. The wheelmen in New York State succeeded in flooding the legislature with 90,000 letters in two weeks, urging the passage of a bicycle baggage bill and the bill was passed unanimously. This is the way to receive good roads from the legislature.

The L. A. W. are planning for their annual road races in May. They will be over the same course, on North Meridian to Broad Ripple and back.

MUSICAL.

Italian and Rudersdorf method of singing. Recognizing the fact, that superior advantages are necessary to one's musical education, I have secured a studio in Chicago, where I will devote part of my time to pupils who prefer living in the city. Extra inducements to parties who desire to teach, as this method strengthens weak voices and makes harsh, over-taxed voices sweet. While those of mature years can easily learn to sing, children's voices carefully and artistically trained. Steinway Hall is a rendezvous for some of the greatest musicians in the United States, and such associations are not to be ignored. Voices tested free. MARY M. SHEDD, Talbott Block, or 611 Steinway Hall, Chicago.

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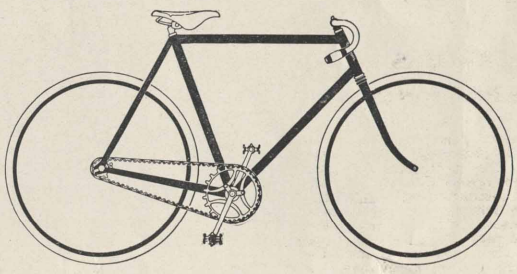

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It is announced that all three of the great hotels at this resort will be open this winter. The Arlington has never closed, the Park opened January 6th, and the Eastman, January 25th. In addition there are fifty hotels and three hundred boarding houses, giving accommodations at reasonable rates to all classes of people. This is the only health and pleasure resort under direct government control. The curative properties of the Hot Waters are vouched for by the Surgeon General of the United States. Send for illustrated descriptive matter and particulars regarding the greatly reduced 90 day round trip excursion rates to Ticket Agent Big Four Route.
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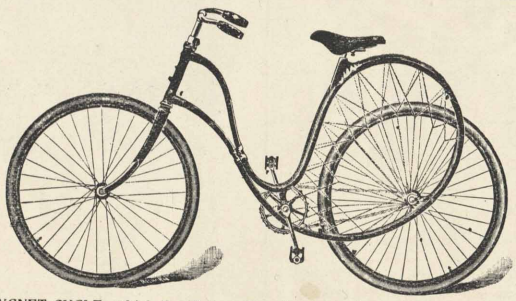
OUR GALLERY OF BICYCLE RIDERS.

MR. JACOB STEINMETZ is an enthusiastic wheelman and rides a '98 Stearns Racer. He has gone to Louisville to train for the races in August.



THE CYGNET CYCLE, which the Holton Manufacturing Company are introducing to the Indianapolis cyclists this year is different, they say, from any other bicycle yet invented; as it is graceful, easy to mount, and there is no jar. The above picture is a good representation of the Cygnet, but you can see the "real thing" by calling at their salesrooms on East Washington St.

A COMPROMISE.
"Do you spell your name with a large n or a small n, Mr. McNab?"
"Oh, middlin' large, mum."

TELEPHONE 500.
The Tourist Hawkeye
A new 3½x3½ Daylight Film Camera in compact form.
A POCKET CAMERA
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Become a Member of the "INDIANA WOMAN'S" Amateur Photographers Club.

Amateur photography, already popular for many seasons, will be a fad during the coming summer. The camera can be carried on the bicycle, and the enthusiastic wheelman will bring back many beautiful views from his summer wanderings.

Do you want to learn how to photograph
correctly and well, and best of all
Free of Charge?

If so join our photographers' club.

ENTRANCE.

An entrance fee of $1 will give you THE INDIANA WOMAN for SIX months, and at the same time make you a member of the Club. The member will have the advantage of published lessons from time to time on developing, printing, and mounting. These articles will be prepared by well-known photographers specially for THE INDIANA WOMAN.

$15, $10 and $5

These prizes will be awarded by three competent judges, experts in the art of photography.

The pictures will be published for 20 consecutive weeks, at the end of which time the contest will close. They will then be divided into three classes, first, second, and third. On the first Saturday after the contest closes, all pictures in the first class will be published; on the following Saturday the pictures in the second class, and on the third Saturday, all pictures in the third class.

In the next issue will appear the names and photographs of the prize winners together with the prize winning pictures.

OPENING THE CONTEST.

These valuable articles on photography will begin in the issue of January 8, 1898. Remember they are written by men who understand their business. The contest will begin in issue of January 15, 1898 and end in the issue of June 4, 1898. Enter now as it takes some time to make the plates and you have the privilege of entering three different pictures all at the same time or at different times during the ten weeks of the contest.

For further particulars call at office of INDIANA WOMAN, 49 N. Illinois St.

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She (at the reception): "Well, Mr. Rott, how is poetry now?"

Mr. Rott (rising young poet): "Very dull indeed. Patent medicine verses bring only $1.00 a hundred words, no activity at all in porous plaster ads, and in the slump of prices yesterday children's food rhymes went down thirty pounds in fifteen minutes."

—

Suited.—Mr. Beaumonde: "How do you like the new coachman my dear?"

Mrs. Beaumonde: "Oh, he's splendid! His hair just matches our pair of chestnut carriage horses."

—

"Was he secretary or treasurer of the company?"

"Well, they supposed he was only secretary until after he had gone."

—

It was an Aberdeen landord who raised the rent of one of his houses because the walls bulged out, and therefore made the house larger.

—

Customer: "Do you suppose you can take a good picture of me?"

Photographer: "I shall have to answer you in the negative, sir."

—

Mrs. Quiverful: "Do you know, dear, that I think the baby sometimes cries in her sleep?"

Mr. Quiverful (savagely): "I don't know about that, but I know she often cries in mine."

—

"Mamma, why has the month of February twenty-nine days every fourth year!"

"What a foolish question. So that people born on February 29th can have a birthday once in a while."

—

Typewriter: "I am rapid enough, and understand business forms all right, but I must admit that I cannot spell."

Business Man: "You won't do, then, even at the price. I can't spell either."

—

Beano (who has been dining at the club with Jenks): "Just come in a minute, old fellow, and have a night-cap."

Jenks: "I'm afraid it's getting a little late. Let's see, how's the enemy?"

Beano: "Oh, that's all right. She's in bed.

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